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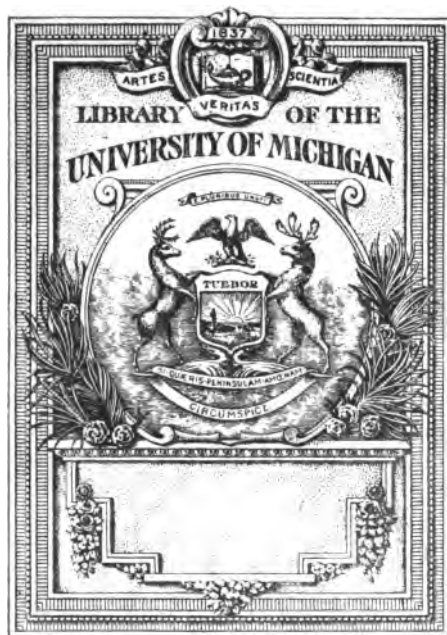
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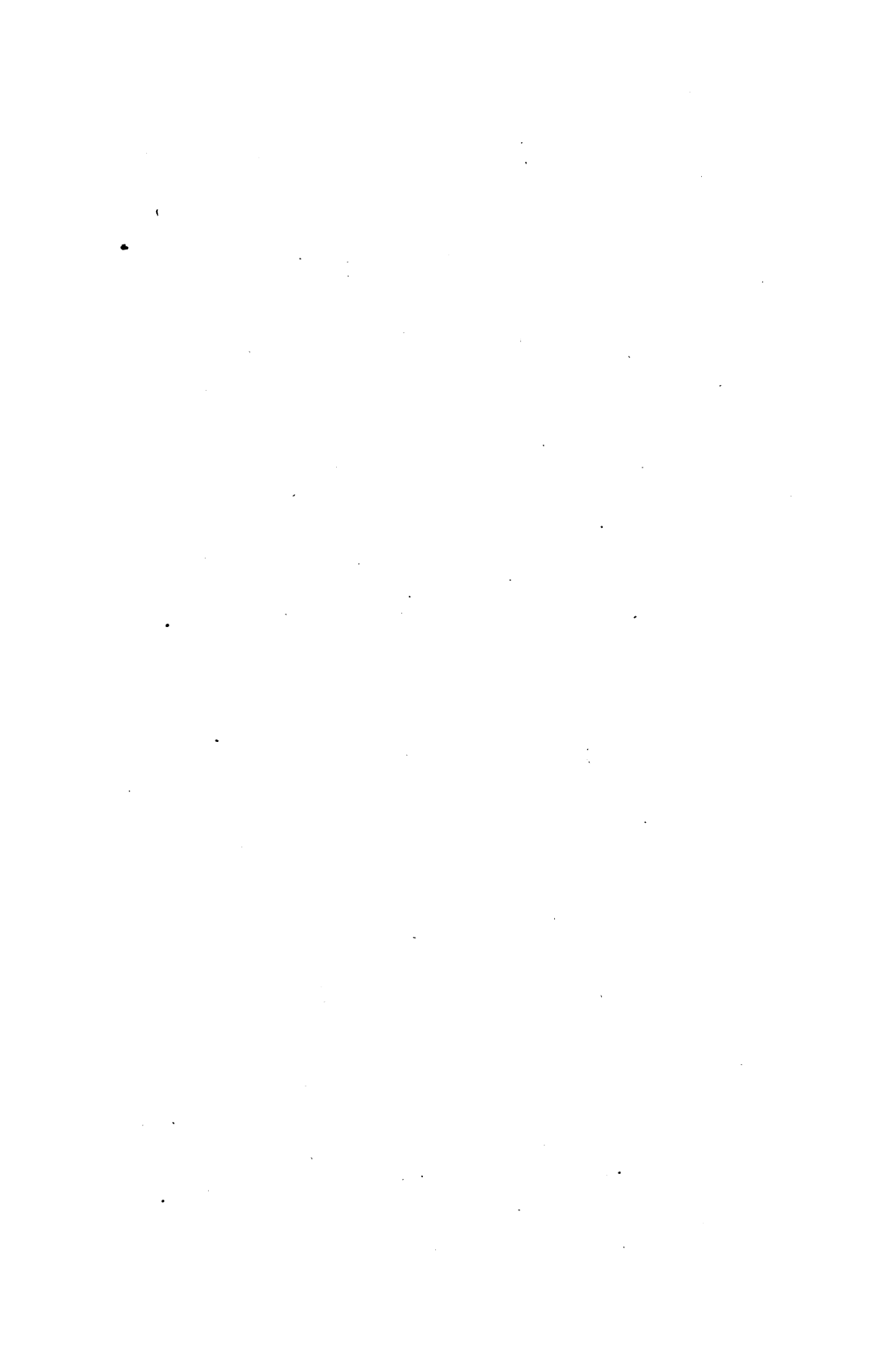
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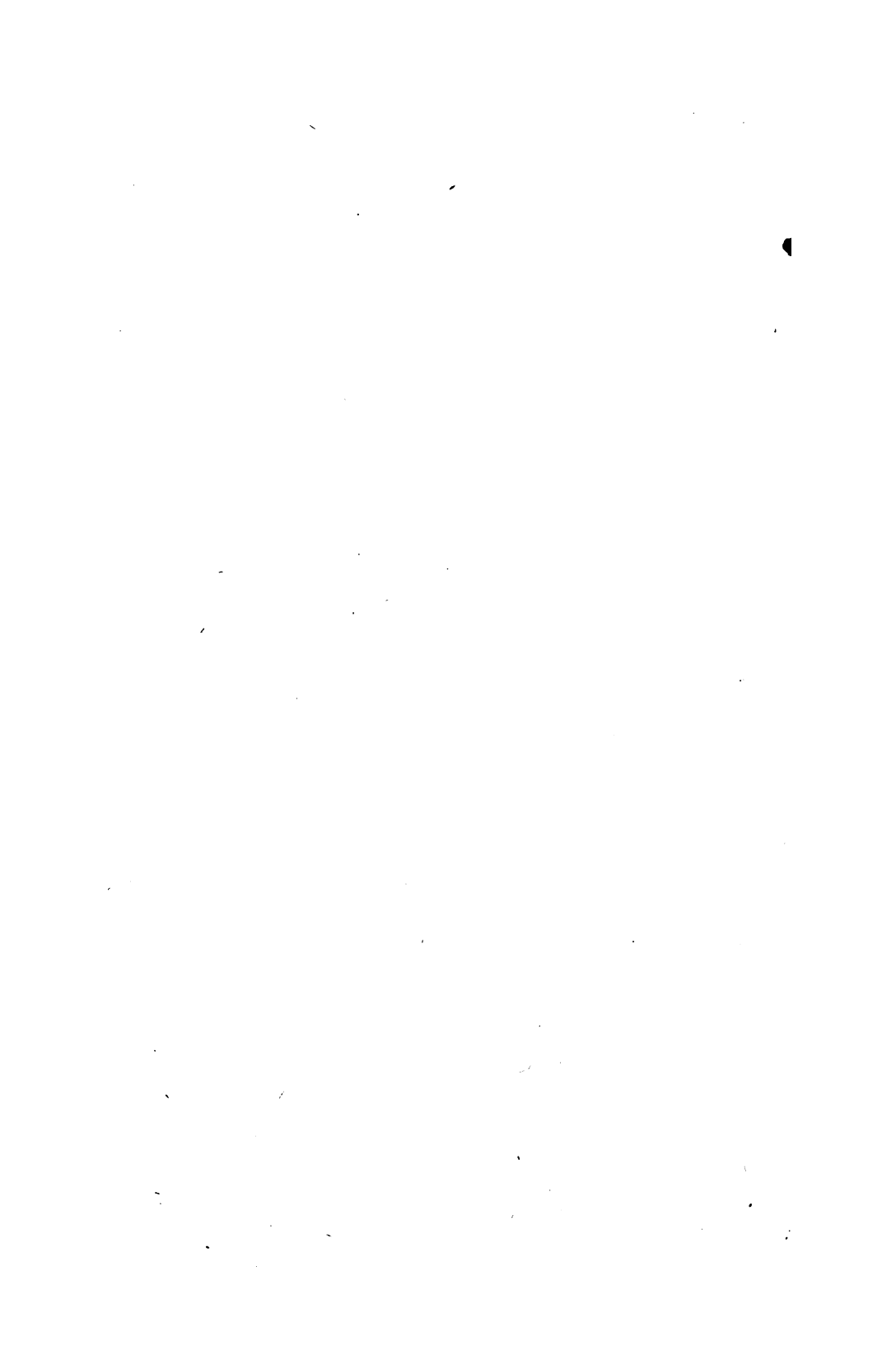


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96 CERVANTES.—ANCIENT SPANISH  
BALLADS, relating to the Twelve Peers of France  
mentioned in DON QUIXOTE, with English  
Metrical Versions by THOS. RODD on opposite  
pages; *vignette titles*, 2 vols. 8vo. *original boards*,  
*uncut edges*, 12s 1821

**HISTORY**

OF

**Charles the Great**

AND

**Orlando,**

ASCRIBED TO ARCHBISHOP TURPIN;

*Translated from the Latin in*

SPANHEIM'S LIVES OF ECCLESIASTICAL WRITERS:

TOGETHER WITH

ENGLISH METRICAL VERSIONS

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED ANCIENT

**Spanish Ballads**

RELATING TO THE

**TWELVE PEERS OF FRANCE,**

MENTIONED IN DON QUIXOTE.

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*By* **THOMAS RODD.**

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. RODD, 2, GREAT NEWPORT STREET,  
LONG ACRE; AND T. BOOSEY, OLD BROAD STREET.

**1812.**



**James Compton, Printer, Middle Street,  
Cloth Fair, London.**

## PREFACE.

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AS I can give the reader no better account of Turpin's History than Mr. Ellis has favored us with in his Specimens of Ancient Metrical Romances, I shall merely transcribe what he says upon the subject, and reserve further considerations for the Preface to the Spanish Ballads.

"This Chronicle was composed before 1122, with the title of 'Joannes Turpini Historia de vita Caroli magni & Rolandi;' and it may be presumed that the MSS. of such a history were formerly very numerous, though it appears to have principally derived its popularity from its French metrical paraphrases and imitations, some of which were probably of almost equal antiquity with the original, and are alluded to by the subsequent prose translators.

"The earliest of these, according to Fauchet, was written by a certain Jehans, who, at the instance of Regnault, Comte de Boulogne & de Daumartin (then detained as a prisoner by Philip Auguste), turned into French prose a Latin copy of Turpin, which he found in the archives of St. Denis. A copy of this work is still preserved in MS. in Bibl. Reg., 4, c. xi.

"The next translation was made by Gaguin :

it is dedicated to Francis I, and was printed at Paris in 1527, quarto.

"There is a Latin paraphrase of the original in hexameters, many of which rhyme to each other, entitled 'Karolettas,' and preserved in Bibl. Reg., 13 A. xviii.

"The original work was first printed in a collection entitled 'Germanicarum rerum quatuor Chronographi,' Frankfort, 1566, folio.

"Another pretended French translation was afterwards published at Lyons in 1583, octavo, with the title of 'La Chronique de Turpin, Archevesque et Duc de Rheims, et Premier Pair de France.' This however, which Mr. Ritson supposes to be the work ascribed by Mr. Warton to Michel le Harnes, who lived in the time of Philippe Auguste, contains, as he tells us, the Romance of Renaud de Montauban, and not that of Roland. Perhaps it may be a conversion into prose of the metrical Romance on the same subject, written, as Fauchet informs us, by Huon de Villeneuve, about the commencement of the fourteenth century.

"Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that numberless fables concerning Charlemagne were grafted on the narrative of the supposed Turpin; and, indeed, his translator Gaguin appears to be almost ashamed of the imperfect narrative contained in his original, and is very solicitous to excuse himself for suppressing many particulars concerning his hero, which,

#### PREFACE TO TURPIN'S HISTORY.

though very necessary to be known, the Archbishop had not thought fit to notice. Thus, after mentioning (chapter 26) Olivier, Gondebault Roy de Frigie, Ogier Roy de Dannemarc, Arestaigne Roy de Bretagne, Guarin Duc de Lorraine, and others, he refers us to '*leurs histoires plus au long descriptes, lesquelles je laisse pour le present à ceux qui lisent les Romans, livres, et autres escriptures.*' And, in his concluding chapter, he gives us a sketch of some important events, which, if he had thought fit, he could have communicated more at large.

"That such absurdities as these should be accepted in lieu of authentic history in a credulous age, and where better materials could not be had, would excite no astonishment; but it is very surprising that for a length of time they should have usurped the place of the numerous historical documents which record the glory of a Charlemagne, whose character, when left to the sober voice of truth, is far more amiable and respectable than that of his ideal and romantic substitute. In fact, there is good reason to believe that the name of Charlemagne was first introduced by mistake into a series of fictions, of which the real hero was of a still earlier date; and it is the opinion of Mr. Leyden, an author of much research and information, that the origin of these fictions is to be sought in Britany. I shall give his sentiments in his own words.

“ ‘That class of Romances which relates to Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, ought probably to be referred to the same source, since they ascribe to that French Monarch the feats which were performed by an Armorican Chief. The grand source from which the fabulous history of Charlemagne is thought to be derived, is the supposititious history ascribed to his contemporary Turpin, which, in 1122, was declared to be genuine by papal authority. The history of this work is extremely obscure; but as it contains an account of the pilgrimage of Charlemagne to Jerusalem, its composition must have been posterior to the Crusades. The Abbé Vellet has shewn, that the principal events which figure in the romantic history of that Monarch have no relation to him whatever, though they are historically true of the Armorican Chieftain, Charles Martel. It was this hero, whose father was named Pepin, and who had four sons, who performed various exploits in the forest of Ardenne against the four sons of Aymon; who warred against the Saxons; who conquered the Saracens at Poitiers; it was he who instituted an order of Knighthood; who deposed the Duke of Aquitaine; and who conferred the donation of the sacred territory on the See of Rome. Is it not, therefore, more probable that the history and exploits of this hero should be celebrated by the minstrels of his native country, than that they should be,

for the first time, narrated by a dull, prosing Monk some centuries after his death? Is it not more probable that, when the fame of Charles Martel had been eclipsed by the renown of Charlemagne, the Monkish abridger of the songs of the Minstrels should transfer the deeds of the one to the other, by an error of stupidity, than that he should have deliberately falsified history when he had no purpose to serve? The ingenious author to whom I have referred seems to have pointed out the sense of this error\*. In the Armoric language *meur* signifies great, *mayne*; and *marra* is a mattock, *martel*; so that, instead of Charlemagne and Charles Martel, we have *Charlemeur* and *Charlemarra*; names, which, from the similarity of sound, might easily be confounded. A similar blunder has been committed by the Norman *trouveur*, who transferred the characteristic epithet of *Caradoc* from the Welsh or Armorican to the Romance language.'

"Mr. Leyden afterwards mentions, in confirmation of his conjecture, the allusion in Turpin's History to a song or poem concerning Oell, or Howel, the Breton Earl, '*de hoc canitur in cantilena usque ad hodiernum diem*;' and it may not, perhaps, be impertinent to add that Roland, the principal actor in these Romances, is taken from the immediate vici-

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\* *Enquirer*, No. xix, App. Monthly Mag., Feb. 1800.

nity of Bretagne. 'The domain of these British princes, says D'Anville (*Etats de l'Europe*, p. 77) was confined, to speak generally, to what is properly called Lower Britany, and to the territory formerly occupied by the Veneti and by the Osismii. Upper Britany, comprehending the territories of the ancient Redones and Namnetes, was a frontier country opposed to the lands of the Bretons; and the famous Roland, nephew of Charlemagne and Count of Angers, commanded there.' Possibly, too, the terrible Ferragus may be a giant of Celtic origin: for Selden has told us\* that the war song in use among the Irish kerns was called *Pharroh*; and the vulgar Irish, as Mr. Walker informs us, suppose the subject of this song to have been *Forroch* or *Ferragh*, a terrible giant, of whom they tell many a marvellous tale†."

Besides these authorities, cited by Mr. Ellis, the original Latin of Turpin's History is inserted in Spanheim's *Lives of Ecclesiastical Writers*, from which the present translation has been faithfully made. I have since had access, through the kindness of Mr. Lang, to a copy in his possession of the *Mere des Chroniques*, Paris, 1503, which contains a French version of the same work, with additions, supposed to be copied from the *Grandes Chroniques de France*, faites par le commandement de Roy Charles VII, par Emo, or Aimoin.

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\* Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 6.

† *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, &c. London, 1786.

A  
BRIEF ACCOUNT  
OF  
*ARCHBISHOP TURPIN.*

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**TURPIN**, Archbishop of Rheims, the friend and Secretary of Charles the Great, excellently skilled in sacred and profane literature, of a genius equally adapted to prose and verse; the advocate of the poor, beloved of God in his life and conversation, who often hand to hand fought the Saracens by the Emperor's side: he relates the acts of Charles the Great in one book of Epistles, and flourished, under Charles and his Son Lewis, to the year of our Lord eight hundred and thirty.



JOHN TURPIN'S  
HISTORY

OF

*Charles the Great and Orlando.*

## CHAP. I.

*Archbishop Turpin's Epistle to Leopander.*

TURPIN, by the grace of God, Archbishop of Rheims, the faithful companion of the Emperor Charles the Great in Spain, to Leopander, Dean of Aix la Chapelle, greeting.

Forasmuch as you requested me to write to you from Vienne (my wounds being now cicatrized) in what manner the Emperor Charles delivered Spain and Gallicia from the yoke of the Saracens, you shall attain the knowledge of many memorable events, and likewise of his praise-worthy trophies over the Spanish Saracens, whereof I myself was eyewitness, traversing France and Spain in his company for the space of forty years: and I hesitate the less to trust these matters to your friendship, as I write a true history of his warfare. For indeed all your

CHARLES THE GREAT AND ORLANDO. 3

researches could never have enabled you fully to discover those great events in the Chronicles of St. Denis, as you sent me word : neither could you for certain know whether the author had given a true relation of those matters, either by reason of his proximity, or that he was not himself present when they happened. Nevertheless this book will agree with his history. Health and happiness.

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CHAP. II.

*How Charles the Great delivered Spain and Gallicia from the Saracens.*

The most glorious Christian Apostle St. James, when the other Apostles and Disciples of our Lord were dispersed abroad throughout the whole world, is believed to have first preached the gospel in Gallicia. After his martyrdom, his servants, rescuing his body from King Herod, brought it by sea to Gallicia, where they likewise preached the gospel. But soon after, the Gallicians, relapsing into great sins, returned to their former idolatry, and persisted in it till the time of Charles the Great, Emperor of the Romans, French, Germans, and other nations. Charles therefore, after prodigious toils in Saxony, France, Germany, Lorraine, Burgundy, Italy, Brittany, and other countries ; after taking innumerable cities from sea to sea, which he won by his invincible arm from the Saracens, through divine favor ; and after subjugating them with great fatigue

of mind and body to the Christian yoke, resolved to rest from his wars in peace.

But observing the starry way in the heavens, beginning at the Friezeland sea, and passing over the German territory and Italy, between Gaul and Aquitaine, and from thence in a strait line over Gascony, Bearne, and Navarre, and through Spain to Gallicia, wherein till his time lay undiscovered the body of St. James; when night after night he was wont to contemplate it, meditating upon what it might signify, a certain beautiful resplendent vision appeared to him in his sleep, and, calling him son, inquired what he was attempting to discover; at which Charles replied, "Who art thou, Lord?" "I am," answered the vision, "St. James the Apostle, Christ's disciple, the son of Zebedee, and brother of John the Evangelist, whom the Lord was pleased to think worthy, in his ineffable goodness, to elect on the sea of Galilee to preach the gospel to his people, but whom Herod the King slew. My body now lies concealed in Gallicia, long so grievously oppressed by the Saracens, from whose yoke I am astonished that you, who have conquered so many lands and cities, have not yet delivered it. Wherefore I come to warn you, as God has given you power above every other earthly prince, to prepare my way, and rescue my dominions from the Moabites, that so you may receive a brighter crown of glory for your reward. The starry way in the heavens signifies that you, with a great army, will

enter Galicia to fight the Pagans, and, recovering it from them, will visit my church and shrine; and that all the people from the borders of the sea, treading in your steps, will ask pardon of God for their sins, and return in safety, celebrating his praise; that you likewise will acknowledge the wonders he hath done for you in prolonging your life to its present period. Proceed then as soon as you are ready: I am your friend and auxiliary: your name shall become famous to all eternity, and a crown of glory be your reward in heaven."

Thus did the blessed Apostle appear thrice to the Emperor, who, confiding in his word, assembled a great army, and entered Spain to fight the infidels.

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CHAP. III.

*Of the Walls of Pampeluna, that fell of themselves.*

The first city Charles besieged was Pampeluna; he invested it three months, but was not able to take it, through the invincible strength of the walls. He then made this prayer to God: "O Lord Jesus Christ, for whose faith I am come hither to fight the Pagans; for thy glory's sake deliver this city into my hands; and O blessed St. James, if thou didst indeed appear to me, assist me in taking it." And now God and St. James, hearkening to his petition, the walls utterly fell to the ground of themselves: but Charles spared the lives of the Saracens that consented to be baptized; the rest he put to the

edge of the sword. The report of this miracle induced all their countrymen to surrender their cities, and consent to pay tribute to the Emperor. Thus was the whole land shortly subjugated.

The Saracens were amazed to see the French well clothed, accomplished in their manners and persons, and strictly faithful to their treaties; they gave them therefore a peaceful and honorable reception, dismissing all thoughts of war. The Emperor, after frequently visiting the shrine of St. James, came to Ferrol, and, fixing his lance in the sea, returned thanks to God and the Apostle for having brought him to this place, though he could then proceed no farther.

The Pagan nations, after the first preaching of St. James and his disciples, were converted by Archbishop Turpin, and by the grace of God baptized: but those who refused to embrace the faith were either slain or made slaves by the Christians. Turpin then traversed all Spain from sea to sea.

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#### CHAP. IV.

##### *Of the Idol Mahomet.*

The Emperor utterly destroyed the idols and images in Spain, except the idol in Andalusia, called Salamcadis. Cadis properly signifies the place of an island, but in Arabic it means God. The Saracens had a tradition that the idol Mahomet, which they worshipped, was made by himself in his

life-time ; and that by the help of a legion of devils it was by magic art endued with such irresistible strength, that it could not be broken. If any Christian approached it, he was exposed to great danger ; but when the Saracens came to appease Mahomet, and make their supplications to him, they returned in safety. The birds that chanced to light upon it were immediately struck dead.

There is, moreover, on the margin of the sea an ancient stone excellently sculptured after the Saracenic fashion ; broad and square at the bottom, but tapering upward to the height that a crow generally flies, having on the top an image of gold, admirably cast in the shape of a man, standing erect, with a certain great key in his hand, which the Saracens say was to fall to the ground immediately after the birth of a King of Gaul, who would overrun all Spain with a Christian army, and totally subdue it. Wherefore it was enjoined them, whenever that happened, to fly the country, and bury their jewels in the earth.



#### CHAP. V.

##### *Of the Churches the King built.*

Charles remained three years in these parts, and with the gold given him by the kings and princes greatly enlarged the church of the blessed St. James, appointing an Abbot and Canons of the order of St. Isidore, martyr and confessor, to attend it : he en-

riched it likewise with bells, books, robes, and other gifts. With the residue of the immense quantity of gold and silver, he built many churches on his return from Spain; namely, of the blessed Virgin in Aix la Chapelle, of St. James in Thoulouse, and another in Gascony, between the city commonly called Aix, after the model of St. John's at Cordova, in the Jacobine road; the church likewise of St. James at Paris, between the river Seine and Montmartre, besides founding innumerable abbies in all parts of the world.

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#### CHAP. VI.

*Of the King's Return to France, and of Argolander King of the Africans.*

After the King's return from Spain, a certain Pagan King, called Argolander, recovered the whole country with his army, driving the Emperor's soldiers from the towns and garrisons, which led him to march back his troops, under their General, Milo de Angleris.

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#### CHAP. VII.

*Of the false Executor.*

But the judgment inflicted on a false executor deserves to be recorded as a warning to those who unjustly pervert the aims of the deceased. When the King's army lay at Bayonne, a certain soldier, called Romaricus, was taken grievously ill, and, being at

the point of death, received the eucharist and absolution from a priest, bequeathing his horse to a certain kinsman in trust, to dispose of for the benefit of the priest and the poor. But when he was dead his kinsman sold it for a hundred pence, and spent the money in debauchery. But how soon does punishment follow guilt ! Thirty days had scarcely elapsed when the apparition of the deceased appeared to him in his sleep, uttering these words : " How is it you have so unjustly misapplied the alms entrusted to you for the redemption of my soul ? Do you not know they would have procured the pardon of my sins from God ? I have been punished for your neglect thirty days in fire ; to-morrow you shall be plunged in the same place of torment, but I shall be received into Paradise." The apparition then vanished, and his kinsman awoke in extreme terror.

On the morrow, as he was relating the story to his companions, and the whole army was conversing about it, on a sudden a strange uncommon clamour, like the roaring of lions, wolves, and calves, was heard in the air, and immediately a troop of demons seized him in their talons, and bore him away alive. What further ? Horse and foot sought him four days together in the adjacent mountains and vallies to no purpose ; but the twelfth day after, as the army was marching through a desart part of Navarre, his body was found lifeless, and dashed to pieces, on the summit of some rocks, a league above the sea, about four days journey from the city. There the demons



left the body, bearing the soul away to hell. Let this be a warning, then, to all that follow his example to their eternal perdition.



CHAP. VIII.

*Of the War of the Holy Facundus, where the Spears grew.*

Charles and Milo, his General, now marched after Argolander into Spain, and found him in the fields of the river, where a castle stands in the meadows, in the best part of the whole plain, where afterwards a church was built in honor of the blessed martyrs Facundus and Primitivus; where likewise their bodies rest, an abbey was founded, and a city built. When the King's army advanced, Argolander wished to decide the contest by set combat between twenties, forties, hundreds, thousands, or even by two champions only. Charles willingly consented, and marched a hundred of his soldiers against a hundred Saracens, when all of them were slain. Argolander then sent two hundred, who shared the same fate. Two thousand were then led against two thousand, part of whom were slain, and the rest fled. But on the third day Argolander cast lots, and, knowing that evil fortune threatened the Emperor, sent him word he would draw out his whole army on the open plain, on the morrow, which challenge was accepted.

Then did this miracle happen. Certain of the

Christians, who carefully had been furbishing their arms against the day of battle, fixed their spears in the evening erect in the ground before the castle in the meadow, near the river, and found them early in the morning covered with bark and branches. Those, therefore, that were about to receive the palm of martyrdom were greatly astonished at this event, ascribing it to divine power : then cutting off their spears close to the ground, the roots that remained shot out afresh, and became lofty trees, which may be still seen flourishing there, chiefly ash. All this denoted joy to the soul, but loss to the body ; for now the battle commenced, and forty thousand Christians were slain, together with Milo, their General, the father of Orlando. The King's horse was likewise slain under him ; but Charles resolutely continued the fight on foot, and with two thousand Christians gallantly hewed his way through the Saracens, cleaving many of them asunder from the shoulders to the waist.

The following day both Christians and Saracens remained quietly in their camps, but the day after four Marquisses brought four thousand fresh troops from Italy to the King's assistance ; whereupon Argolander retreated with his army to Leon, and Charles led back his forces to France.

And here it is proper to observe we should strive for Christ's blessing ; for as the soldiers prepared their arms against the day of battle, so we in like manner should prepare ours, namely our virtues to

resist our passions. For he that would oppose faith to infidelity, brotherly love to hatred, charity to avarice, humility to pride, chastity to lust, prayer to temptation, perseverance to instability, peace to strife, obedience to a carnal disposition, must fortify his soul with grace, and prepare his spear to flourish against the day of judgment. Triumphant indeed will he be in heaven who conquers on earth! As the King's soldiers died for their faith, so should we die to sin, and live in holiness in this world, that we may receive the palm of glory in the next, which shall be the reward of those who fight manfully against their three grand adversaries, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

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## CHAP. IX.

*Of King Argolander's Army.*

Argolander now assembled together innumerable nations of Saracens, Moors, Moabites, Parthians, Africans, and Persians: Texephin, King of Arabia; Urabell, King of Alexandria; Avitus, King of Bugia; Ospin, King of Algarve; Facin, King of Barbary; Ailis, King of Malclos; Manuo, King of Mecca; Ibrahim, King of Seville; and Almazor, King of Cordova. Then, marching to the city of Agen, he took it, and sent word to Charles he would give him sixty horse-load of gold, silver, and jewels, if he would acknowledge his right to the sceptre. But Charles returned this answer, "that he would ac-

knowledge him no otherwise than by slaying him whenever it should be his chance to meet him in battle."

The Emperor had by this time approached within four miles of Agen, when, secretly dismissing his army, he proceeded with only sixty soldiers to the mountain near the city. There he left them, and, changing his dress, came with his shield reversed, after the custom of messengers in time of war, accompanied by one soldier only to the city: and when the people inquired his business, he informed them he had brought a message from King Charles to Argolander, whereupon he was admitted into his presence, and addressed him in these words: "My King bids me say, you may expect to see him, provided you will come out with sixty only of your people to meet him." Now Argolander little thought it was Charles himself to whom he was speaking, who all the while took especial note of his person, and of the weakest parts of the walls of the city, as well as of the auxiliary kings that were then within it. Argolander then armed himself, and Charles rejoined his sixty soldiers, and soon after the two thousand that at first accompanied him. But Argolander came out with seven thousand men, thinking to slay the Emperor, but was himself compelled to fly.

The King then recruited his army, and besieged the city for six months. On the seventh his battering rams, wooden castles, and other engines, were ready to storm it; but Argolander and the rest of the

Kings made their escape in the night through the common sewers, and, passing up the Garonne, got clear off. Charles entered the city in triumph the next day, and slew ten thousand of the remaining Saracens.

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CHAP. X.

*Of the City of Xantonge, where the Spears grew.*

Argolander now came to Xantonge, at that time under the dominion of the Saracens; but Charles, pursuing him, summoned him to restore the city, which Argolander refused, resolving first to fight, and that it should be the conqueror's reward. But on the eve of battle, when the battering rams were ready to attack the castle in the meadows, called Taleburg, and that part of the city near the river Carenton, certain of the Christians fixed their spears in the ground before the castle, and on the morrow found them covered with bark and branches. Those therefore that were to receive the crown of martyrdom perished in the fight, after slaying a multitude of the Saracens, namely about four thousand men. The King's horse was likewise slain under him, but, valiantly placing himself at the head of his infantry, he slew so many of his enemies, that they were forced back into the city, which Charles invested on every side but the river, through which Argolander made his escape, with the loss of the Kings of Algarve and Bugia, and about four thousand of his army.

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## CHAP. XI.

*Of Argolander's Flight, and of the King's Warriors.*

Argolander fled beyond the passes of the Pyrenees, and came to Pampeluna, where he sent Charles word he would stay for him. Charles then returned to France, and with the utmost diligence summoned his troops from all parts to his assistance, proclaiming free pardon to all banished persons, on condition they would join him against the Pagans. What further? He liberated all the prisoners; made the poor rich; cloathed the naked; reconciled the disaffected; bestowed honors on the disinherited; preferred the most experienced to the best commands; making friends of enemies, and associating both the civilized and the barbarian in the war of Spain, uniting them through the favor of God in the bond of love. Then did I, Turpin, absolve them from their sins, and give them my benediction.

These are the names of the warriors that attended the King:—Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, who by the precepts of Christ, and for his faith's sake, brought the people to fight valiantly, fighting likewise himself hand to hand with the Saracens. Orlando, General of the whole army, Count of Mans and Lord of Guienne, the King's nephew, son of Milo de Angleris and Bertha, the King's sister. His soldiers were four thousand. Another Orlando likewise, of whom we are silent. Oliver, a General also, and a valiant soldier, renowned for strength and skill in war, led three thousand troops. Aristaguna,

King of Brittany, seven thousand. Another King of Brittany, of whom little mention is made. Angelerus, Duke of Aquitaine, brought four thousand valiant bowmen. At this time likewise there was in the city of Poitiers another Duke of Aquitaine, but Angelerus was the son of Gascon, Duke of the city of Aquitaine, lying between Limorge, Bourges, and Poitiers, which city Augustus Cæsar founded ; and the rest of the cities, as well as Xantonge and Angoulême, with their provinces, were subject to it ; the whole country was also called Aquitaine. But after the death of its lord, who perished with all his people in the fatal battle of Ronceval, it was never fresh colonized, and fell utterly to ruin.

Gayfere, King of Bordeaux, led three thousand warriors. Galerius, Galinus Solomon, Estolfo's friend and companion ; Baldwin, Orlando's brother, Galdebode, King of Friezeland, led seven thousand heroes ; Ocellus, Count of Nantes, two thousand, who achieved many memorable actions, celebrated in songs to this day. Lambert, Count of Berry, led two thousand men. Rinaldo of the White Thorn, Vulterinus Garinus, Duke of Lorraine, four thousand. Hago, Albert of Burgundy, Berard de Miblis, Gumard Esturinite, Theodoric, Juonius, Beringaire, Hato, and Ganelon, who afterwards proved the traitor, attended the King into Spain. The army of the King's own territory was forty thousand horse, and foot innumerable.

These were all famous heroes and warriors, mighty

in battle, illustrious in worldly honor, zealous soldiers of Christ, that spread his name far and near, wherever they came. For even as our Lord and his twelve Apostles subdued the world by their doctrine, so did Charles, King of the French and Emperor of the Romans, recover Spain to the glory of God. And now the troops, assembling in Bordeaux, overspread the country for the space of two days' journey, and the noise they made was heard at twelve miles distance. Arnold of Berlanda first traversed the pass of the Pyrenees, and came to Pampeluna. Then came Astolfo, followed by Aris- tagnus; Angelerus, Galdebode, Ogier the King, and Constantine, with their several divisions. Charles and his troops brought up the rear, covering the whole land from the river of Rume to the mountains, that lie three leagues beyond them on the Compostella road. They now halted for eight days. In the interval Charles sent Argolander word, if he would restore the city he had built, he would return home, or otherwise wage cruel war against him: but Argolander, finding he could not keep possession of the city, resolved to march out, rather than tamely perish in it. Charles then granted him a truce to draw out his army and prepare for battle; expressing moreover his willingness to see him face to face, agreeable to Argolander's wishes,

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## CHAP. XII.

*Of the Truce, and of the Discourse between the King and Argolander.*

A truce thus being granted, Argolander drew out his people from the city, and attended by sixty guards came into the King's presence, who was at this time encamped about a mile from Pampeluna. The two armies occupied a spacious plain six miles square, separated by the main road to Compostella. When Charles perceived Argolander, he addressed him in these words:

"You are, then, he that have fraudently taken possession of my territories in Spain and Gascony, which I conquered by the favor of God, and reduced to the faith of Christ. You have perverted the princes from my allegiance, and slain the Christians with the edge of the sword. Availing yourself of my return to Gaul, you have destroyed my towns and castles, and laid waste the territory with fire and sword. At present, therefore, you have the advantage of me."

Now when Argolander heard the King speak in the Arabic tongue, he was greatly pleased and astonished, for Charles had learnt it in his youth in the city of Thoulouse, where he had spent some time. Argolander then answered in these terms: "I wonder you should reason thus, for the territory did not belong to you; neither was it your father's, grandfather's, or great grandfather's. Why then

did you take possession of it?" "Because," replied Charles, "our Lord Jesus Christ, the creator of heaven and earth, elected us in preference to others, and gave us dominion over all the earth: therefore I endeavoured to convert the Saracens to the Christian faith."—"It would be unworthy of us to submit to you," rejoined Argolander, "when our own faith is best. We have Mahomet, a prophet of God, whose precepts we obey. Therefore we have a powerful God, who through his prophet has declared his will, and by him we live and reign." "O Argolander," said the King, "how widely do you err! You follow the vain precepts of a man; we believe and worship Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: you worship mortal man. After death our souls are received into Paradise, and enjoy everlasting life, but yours descend to the abyss of hell. Wherefore our faith is evidently best. Accept then baptism, or fight and perish."

"Far be it from me," said Argolander, "to accept baptism, and deny Mahomet and my God! But I will fight you on these terms: if your faith is best, you shall gain the victory, otherwise heaven shall give it to me; and let shame be the portion of the conquered, but eternal glory reward the conqueror. Furthermore, if my people are subdued, and I survive the contest, I will receive baptism."

These terms being mutually agreed, twenty Christians were sent against twenty Saracens, and the battle commenced. What further? Nearly all the

Saracens fell. Forty were then sent against forty, and they were defeated also. A hundred then fought together; but the Saracens turned their backs from the face of the Christians, and were all slain. Are not these Christians then types for us? Does it not argue that we likewise should fight manfully against our sins; should face our spiritual enemies, and never ignobly yield to them, since they will infallibly lead us into perdition? He only, says the Apostle, shall receive the crown that fights the good fight, and overcomes.

Two hundred Saracens were then sent out, and were all slain; lastly a thousand, who shared the same fate. A truce being then granted, Argolander promised to be baptized on the morrow with all his people, and, calling his Kings and Captains together, told them his intention, to which they likewise assented, a few only refusing to follow his example,

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#### CHAP. XIII.

*Of the King's Banquet, and of the Poor, at whom Argolander took so great Offence that he refused to be baptized.*

On the third day Argolander attended the King, as he promised, and found him at dinner. Many tables were spread at which the guests were sitting; some in military uniform; some in black; some in Priests' habits; which Argolander perceiving, inquired what they were? "Those you see in robes of one colour," replied the King, "are priests

and bishops of our holy religion, who expound the gospel to us, absolve us from our offences, and bestow heavenly benediction. Those in black are monks and abbots; all of them holy men, who implore incessantly the divine favor in our behalf." But in the mean time Argolander espying thirty poor men in mean habiliments, without either table or tablecloth, sitting and eating their scanty meals upon the ground, he inquired what they were? "These," replied the King, "are people of God, the messengers of our Lord Jesus, whom in his and his Apostles names we feed daily." Argolander then made this reply: "The guests at your table are happy; they have plenty of the best food set before them; but those you call the messengers of God, whom you feed in his name, are ill fed, and worse cloathed, as if they were of no estimation. Certainly he must serve God but indifferently who treats his messengers in this manner, and thus do you prove your religion false." Argolander then refused to be baptized, and, returning to his army, prepared for battle on the morrow.

Charles, seeing the mischief his neglect of these poor men had occasioned, ordered them to be decently cloathed and better fed. Here then we may note the Christian incurs great blame who neglects the poor. If Charles, from inattention to their comfort, thereby lost the opportunity of converting the Saracens, what will be the lot of those who treat them still worse? They will hear this sentence

pronounced—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire : for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat ; naked, and ye cloathed me not."

We must consider likewise that our faith in Christ is of little value without good works. As the body, says the Apostle, without the soul is dead, so is faith dead if it produce not good fruit. And as the Pagan King refused baptism because he found something wrong after it, so our Lord, I fear, will refuse our baptism at the day of judgment if superfluity of faults be found in us.

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#### CHAP. XIV.

##### *Of the Battle of Pampeluna, and of Argolander's Death.*

Both armies now prepared for battle in the morning, contending for their different faiths. The King mustered one hundred and thirty thousand men, but Argolander only one hundred thousand. The Christians formed themselves into four squadrons ; the Saracens into five ; whose first corps being speedily discomfited, they all joined in one phalanx, with Argolander in the midst. The Christians then surrounded them on all sides. First Arnaldo de Berlanda and his troops ; then Astolfo ; next Aristagnus, Galdebode, Ogier, and Constantine ; lastly the King himself, and his innumerable warriors. Arnaldo was the first that broke in upon the enemy, overthrowing them to right and left till he reached Argolander himself in the centre, and slew him with his own hand. Then ensued a great shout, and the Christians,

rushing in upon the Saracens, slew them on all sides, making so great a slaughter that none escaped but the Kings of Seville and Cordova, and a few of their troops. So great, indeed, was the effusion of blood, that the Christians waded in it to their very knees. They slew likewise all the Saracens left in the city. Charles fought for the faith, and therefore triumphed over Argolander. Note then, O Christian, that whatsoever thou undertakest thou likewise shalt accomplish, if thou hast faith, for all things are possible to them that believe. Greatly rejoiced at this victory, the King marched forward, and came to the bridge of Arge in the Compostella road.

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## CHAP. XV.

*Of the Christians that returned unlawfully to spoil the Dead.*

Certain of the Christians however, coveting the spoils of the dead, returned that same night to the field of battle, and loaded themselves with heaps of gold and silver. But as they were returning to the camp, Almanzor, King of Cordova, who had fled for refuge to the mountains with the Saracens that made their escape, came pouring down, and slew them all to the number of a thousand men. These, then, are types of such as strive against sin, but afterwards relapse; who, when they have overcome, continue not stedfast, but seek unlawful pleasures, suffering themselves to be mastered in turn by

their grand adversary. So likewise the religious, that forsake their vocation to re-engage in worldly concerns and profits, lose the reward of eternal life, and entail upon themselves everlasting perdition.

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## CHAP. XVI.

*Of the War of Furra.*

The day after the King was informed that a certain King of Navarre, called Furra, designed to fight him at Mount Garzim. Charles therefore prepared for battle; but desiring to know who should perish in it, he entreated the Lord to shew him; whereupon in the morning a red cross appeared on their shoulders behind. In order therefore to preserve them, he confined them in his Oratory. Then joining battle, Furra and three thousand of his troops were slain. These were all Saracens of Navarre. The King now returned to his Oratory, but found them all dead that he had left in it, to the number of one hundred and fifty men.

“O holy band of Christian warriors, though the sword slew you not, yet did you not lose the palm of victory, or the prize of martyrdom!” Charles then made himself master of the mountain and castle of Garzim, and subdued the whole country of Navarre.

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## CHAP. XVII.

*Of the War with Ferracute, and of Orlando's admirable  
Dispute with him.*

Charles now received news that a certain Giant, called Ferracute, of the race of Goliath, was come to Nager, sent thither by Admiraldus, with twenty thousand Turks of Babylon to fight him. This Giant neither feared spear nor dart, and was stronger than forty men. Charles therefore marched to Nager, and Ferracute, hearing of his arrival, sallied out from the city to challenge any warrior to single combat.

Charles then sent Ogier the Dacian, whom the Giant no sooner perceived, than, leisurely approaching, he caught him up under his right arm, as easily as he would a lamb, and bore him off in sight of all his friends to the city: for the Giant's stature was twelve cubits; his face a cubit long; his nose a palm; his arms and thighs four cubits; and his fingers three palms in length.

Rinaldo of the White Thorn was next sent against him, but he seized him in like manner, and imprisoned him with Ogier. The King then sent Constantine and Ocellus, but, seizing one under each arm, he bore them off likewise. He then sent twenty warriors by pairs against him, but they shared the same fate. Charles dared not then venture to send more warriors: but Orlando with the King's permission approached the Giant, who seized him



instantly by the right arm, and seated him upon his steed before him.

But as he was bearing him to the city, Orlando recovering his strength, and trusting in the Almighty, seized the Giant by the beard, and tumbled him from his horse, so that both came to the ground together. Orlando, then, thinking to slay the Giant, drew his sword, and struck at him, but the blow fell upon his steed, and pierced him through. The Giant being thus on foot, drew his enormous sword, which Orlando perceiving, who had remounted his own charger, struck him on the sword arm, and, though he did not wound him, struck the sword out of his hand ; which greatly enraging Ferracute, he aimed a blow at Orlando with his fist, but, missing him, hit his horse on the forehead, and laid him dead upon the spot. And now the fight lasted till noon with fists and stones. The Giant then demanded a truce till next day, agreeing to meet Orlando without horse or spear. Each warrior then retired to his post.

Next morning they accordingly met once more. The Giant brought a sword, but Orlando a long staff to ward off the Giant's blows, who wearied himself to no purpose. They now began to batter each other with stones, that lay scattered about the field, till at last the Giant begged a second truce, which being granted, he presently fell fast asleep upon the ground. Orlando, taking a stone for a pillow, quietly laid himself down also. For such was the law of

honor between the Christians and Saracens at that time, that no one on any pretence dared to take advantage of his adversary before the truce was expired, as in that case his own party would have slain him.

When Ferracute awoke, he found Orlando awake also, who thereupon rose, and seated himself by the Giant's side, inquiring how it came to pass he was so very strong? "Because," replied the Giant, "I am only vulnerable in the navel." Ferracute spoke in the Spanish language, which Orlando understanding tolerably well, a conversation now followed between them, which Ferracute recommenced by inquiring his name, which Orlando told him. "And what race are you of?" said the Giant. "Of the race of the Franks."—"What law do you follow?" "The law of Christ, so far as his grace permits me."—"Who is this Christ in whom you profess to believe?" "The Son of God, born of a Virgin, who took upon him our nature, was crucified for us, rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven, where he sitteth on the right hand of his Father."

"We believe," said Ferracute, "that the Creator of heaven and earth is one God, and that, as he was not made himself, so cannot another God spring from him. There is therefore only one God, not three, as I understand you Christians profess." "You say well," said Orlando; "there is but one God, but your faith is imperfect; for as the Father is God, so likewise is the Son, and so is the Holy Ghost. Three persons, but one God."—"Nay," said

Ferracute : "if each of these three persons be God, there must be three Gods."

"By no means," replied Orlando ; " he is both three and one. The three persons are co-eternal and co-equal. There is indeed distinction of person, but unity of essence, and equality of majesty. Abraham saw three, but worshipped one. Let us recur to natural things. When the harp sounds, there is the art, the strings, and the hand, yet but one harp. In the almond there is the shell, the coat, and the kernel. In the sun, the body, the beams, and the heat. In the wheel, the centre, the spokes, and the nave. In you likewise, there is the body, the members, and the soul. In like manner may Trinity in Unity be ascribed to God."

"I now comprehend," replied Ferracute, "how God may be three in one, but I know not how he begot the Son." "Do you," answered Orlando, "believe that God made Adam?"—"I do." "Adam himself was not, then, born of any, and yet he begot sons. So God the Father is born of none, yet of his own ineffable grace begot the Son from all eternity."—"Your arguments," said the Giant, "please me exceedingly, but still I am at a loss to know how he that was God became man." "The Creator of heaven and earth, who made all things out of nothing, could certainly," said Orlando, "engender his Son of a pure Virgin, by divine afflation."—"There lies the difficulty," returned Ferracute, "how without human aid, as you affirm, he could spring from

the womb." "Surely," said Orlando, "God, who formed Adam from no seed, could form his Son in like manner; and as from God the Father he was without Mother, so from his Mother did he spring without an earthly Father."—"It makes me blush," said the Giant, "to think that a virgin should conceive without a man." "He," answered Orlando, "that causes the worm in the bean, and many species of birds, beasts, and serpents, to engender without the help of the male, could produce God and Man of a pure Virgin without the help of Man. For as his power enabled him to produce the first man from the ground, so could he produce the second from a virgin."—"I grant it," replied the Giant; "he might be born of a virgin; but if he was the Son of God, how could he die, for God never dies?" "That indeed is true," said Orlando: "as God, he could not die; but when he took our nature upon him, and was made man, he became subject unto death, for every man dies. As we believe his nativity, so may we likewise believe his passion and resurrection."

"And what is it we are to believe of his resurrection?" inquired Ferracute. "That he died, and rose again the third day."—The Giant, hearing this, was greatly astonished, and exclaimed to Orlando, "Why do you talk so idly? It is impossible that a man, after he is once dead, can return to life again." "Not only did the Son of God rise from the dead," replied Orlando, "but all the men that

have died since the creation of the world shall rise again, and appear before his tribunal, where they shall be rewarded every one according to his deeds, whether they be good or evil. That God, who makes the tree spring from the soil, and the grain of wheat to rot in the ground, that it may revive with fresh increase, can at the last day clothe the souls of men with their own bodies, and restore them to life. Take the mystic example of the lion, which on the third day revives his dead cubs with his breath by licking them. What wonder, then, that God should after three days revive his Son? Nor ought it to seem strange, that, as the Son of God rose from the dead, many others of the dead should rise even before his own resurrection. If Elijah and Elisha by the power of God could perform this miracle, how much more easily could the Father restore the Son, whom it was indeed impossible that Death could retain in his fetters. Death fled at his sight, as he shall fly likewise at the sound of his voice, when the whole phalanx of the dead shall rise again."—"Enough," said Ferracute, "I clearly perceive all this; but how could he ascend into heaven?" "He that descended," answered Orlando, "could easily ascend. He that rose of himself could enter the skies in triumph. Does not the wheel of the mill descend low, and return to its height again? Does not the bird in the air ascend and descend? Can you not yourself come down from a mountain, and return thither? Did not the

sun yesterday rise in the east and set in the west, and yet rise again in the east to-day ? To that place from whence the Son of God descended, did he likewise ascend."

"Well," said Ferracute, "to end our arguments, I will fight you on these terms : If the faith you profess be the true faith, you shall conquer ; otherwise the victory shall be mine ; and let the issue be eternal honor to the conqueror, but dishonor to the vanquished." "Be it so !" said Orlando : whereupon they immediately fell to blows. But the very first which the Giant aimed at him would have certainly been fatal, if Orlando had not nimbly leaped aside, and caught it on his staff, which was however cut in twain. The Giant, seeing his advantage, then rushed in upon him, and both came to the ground together. Orlando then, finding it impossible to escape, instantly implored the divine assistance, and, feeling himself re-invigorated, sprung upon his feet, when, seizing the Giant's sword, he thrust it into his navel, and made his escape. Ferracute, finding himself mortally wounded, called aloud upon Mahomet ; which the Saracens hearing, sallied from the city, and bore him off in their arms. Orlando returned safe to the camp ; the Christians then boldly attacked the city, and carried it by storm. The Giant and his people were slain, his castle taken, and all the Christian warriors liberated.

## CHAP. XVIII.

*The War of the Masks.*

Soon after the Emperor heard that Ibraim, King of Seville, and Almanzor, who escaped from the battle of Pampeluna, had gathered together at Cordova a body of troops from seven\* of the neighbouring cities of Seville. Thither then did the King pursue his march with six thousand men, and found the Saracens, ten thousand strong, about three miles from the city. The King formed his army into three divisions. The first composed of his best troops, all cavalry; the two last, foot. The Saracens formed theirs in a similar manner. But when the King in person advanced against the first squadron of Pagans, he found them all disguised in bearded masks, with horns upon their heads, like demons, making so strange a din with their hands upon their drums and other instruments, that the horses were terrified, and galloped back in spite of all their riders could do to prevent them. Whereupon the foot retreated likewise to an adjacent mountain, where, uniting in one squadron, they stopped for the Saracens, who would then advance no further, but gave our people time to pitch their tents, and encamp that night.

Charles then called a council of his captains, and agreed to tie bandages over their horses' eyes, and to stuff their ears, in order to disconcert this stratagem on the morrow. Admirable experiment! For

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\* The names of four of these cities were—Ubeda, Abela, Baeza, and Granada.

now we fought the enemy from morning till night, and slew a great number, though it was by no means a general slaughter; for the Saracens, again joining in martial array, brought forward a castle, drawn by eight oxen, with a certain red banner waving upon it, which so long as they saw present, it was their rule never to fly. The King, knowing this, armed himself with a strong breast-plate, a mighty spear, and invincible sword, and, aided by divine assistance, hewed his way through his enemies, overturning them to right and left, till he reached the car, when, cutting the flag-pole with his sword, the Saracens instantly fled in all directions. Prodigious shouts were made by both armies. We then slew eight thousand Moors, together with Ibraim, King of Seville. Almanzor made good his retreat into the city, but submitted to Charles the day after, consenting to be baptized, and to do homage for his dominions.

The King now divided the conquered countries of Spain amongst his soldiers. Navarre and Bearn he gave to the inhabitants of Brittany; Castile to the Franks; Nades and Saragossa to the Apulians; Arragon to the Ponthieu; Andalusia, on the sea coast, to the Germans; and Portugal to the Dacians and Flemings. But the French would not settle in the mountainous parts of Gallicia. Thus apparently there remained no more enemies in Spain to molest the Emperor.



## CHAP. XIX.

*Of the Council the Emperor summoned ; and of his Journey to Compostella.*

Charles then dismissed the greatest part of his troops, and came to Galicia, where he behaved very liberally to the Christians he found there, but either put to death or banished those that had revolted to the Moorish faith. He then appointed bishops and prelates in every city, and, assembling a council of the chief dignitaries in Compostella, decreed that the church of St. James should be henceforth considered as the Metropolitan, instead of Iria, as it was no city, subjecting Iria likewise to Compostella. In the same council ~~Isidore~~ Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, together with ~~forty~~ other Bishops and Prelates, dedicated, by the King's command, the church and altar of St. James with extraordinary splendor and magnificence. All Spain and Galicia were made subject to this ~~holy~~ place : it was moreover endowed with four pieces of money from every house throughout the kingdom, and at the same time totally freed from the royal jurisdiction ; being from that hour styled the Apostolic See, as the body of the holy Apostle laid entombed within it. Here likewise the general councils of Spain are held ; the Bishops ordained, and the Kings crowned by the hand of the Metropolitan Bishop, to the Apostle's honor. Here too, when any crying sin is committed, or innovations made in the faith and precepts of our Lord, through

the meritoriousness of this venerable edifice the grievance is discovered, and atonement made. As the Eastern Apostolic See was established by St. John, the brother of St. James, at Ephesus, so was the Western established in Gallicia by St. James.

And those Sees are undoubtedly the true Sees. Ephesus on the right hand of Christ's earthly kingdom, and Compostella on the left, both which fell to the share of the sons of Zebedee, according to their request. There are, then, three Sees which are deservedly held pre-eminent, even as our Lord gave the pre-eminence to the three Apostles, Peter, James, and John, who first established them. And certainly these three places should be deemed more sacred than others, where they preached, and their bodies lie enshrined. Rome claims the superiority from Peter, Prince of the Apostles. Compostella holds the second place from St. James, the elder brother of St. John, and first inheritor of the crown of martyrdom. He dignified it with his preaching, consecrated it with his sepulchre, and ceases not to exalt it by miracles and dispensations of mercy. The third See justly is Ephesus; for there St. John wrote his gospel, "In the beginning was the Word," assembling there likewise the bishops of the neighbouring cities, whom he calls Angels in the Apocalypse. He established that church by his doctrine and miracles, and there his body was entombed. If, therefore, any difficulty should occur that cannot elsewhere be resolved, let it be brought before these Sees, and it

shall, by divine grace, be decided. As Galicia was freed in these early ages from the Saracen yoke, by the favor of God and St. James, and by the King's valour, so may it continue firm in the Orthodox faith till the consummation of ages !

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CHAP. XX.

*Of the Emperor's Person and Courage.*

The Emperor was of a ruddy complexion, with brown hair ; of a well-made handsome form, but a stern visage. His height was about eight of his own feet, which were very long. He was of a strong robust make ; his legs and thighs very stout, and his sinews firm. His face was thirteen inches long ; his beard a palm ; his nose half a palm ; his forehead a foot over. His lion-like eyes flashed fire like carbuncles ; his eye-brows were half a palm over. When he was angry, it was a terror to look upon him. He required eight spans for his girdle, besides what hung loose. He ate sparingly of bread ; but a whole quarter of lamb, two fowls, a goose, or a large portion of pork ; a peacock, crane, or a whole hare. He drank moderately of wine and water. He was so strong, that he could at a single blow cleave asunder an armed soldier on horseback from the head to the waist, and the horse likewise. He easily vaulted over four horses harnessed together ; and could raise an armed man from the ground to his head, as he stood erect upon his hand.

He was liberal, just in his decrees, and fluent of speech. Four days in the year, especially during his residence in Spain, he held a solemn assembly at court, adorning himself with his royal crown and sceptre ; namely, on Christmas-day, at Easter, Whitsuntide, and on the festival of St. James. A naked sword, after the imperial fashion, was then borne before him. A hundred and twenty orthodox soldiers watched nightly round his couch, in three courses of forty each. A drawn sword was laid at his right hand, and a lighted candle at his left. Although many would delight to read his great actions, they would be too tedious to relate. How he invested Galifer, Admiral of Coletto, where he was banished, with the military order, and, in return for his kindness, slew Bramantes, his enemy, the proud Saracen King ; how many kingdoms and countries he conquered ; Abbies he founded ; bodies of the saints and relics he enshrined in gold ; how he was made Emperor of Rome, and visited the holy sepulchre, bringing back with him the wood of the Holy Cross, wherewith he endowed the shrine of St. James ; of all this I shall say no more : the hand and the pen would sooner fail than the history. But what befel his army at his return to France, we now briefly proceed to relate.

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## CHAP. XXI.

*Of the Treachery of Ganalon; the Battle of Ronceval, and the Sufferings of the Christian Warriors.*

When this famous Emperor had thus recovered Spain to the glory of our Lord and St. James, after a season he returned to Pampeluna, and encamped there, with his army. At that time there was in Saragossa two Saracen Kings, Marsir, and Beligard, his brother, sent by the Soldan of Babylon from Persia to Spain. Charles had subjugated them to his dominion, and they served him upon all occasions, but only with feigned fidelity. For the King having sent Ganalon to require them to be baptized, and to pay tribute, they sent him thirty horse-load of gold, silver, and jewels; forty load of wine likewise for his soldiers, and a thousand beautiful Saracen women. But at the same time they covenanted with Ganalon to betray the King's army into their hands for twenty horse-load of gold and silver: which wicked compact being accordingly made, Ganalon returned to the King with intelligence that Marsir would embrace the Christian faith, and was preparing to follow him into France to receive baptism there, and would then hold all Spain under oath of fealty to him. The old soldiers would accept the wine only, but the young men were highly gratified with the present of the women.

Charles, confiding in Ganalon, now began his

march through the pass of the mountains, in his return to France; giving the command of the rear to his nephew, Orlando, Count of Mans and Lord of Guienne, and to Oliver, Count of Auvergne, ordering them to keep the station of Ronceval with thirty thousand men, whilst he passed it with the rest of the army. But many, who had on the night preceding intoxicated themselves with wine, and been guilty of fornication with the Saracen women, and other women that followed the camp from France, incurred the penalty of death. What more shall we say? When Charles had safely passed the narrow strait that leads into Gascony, between the mountains, with twenty thousand of his warriors, Turpin, the Archbishop, and Ganalón, and while the rear kept guard, early in the morning Marsir and Beligard, rushing down from the hills, where, by Ganalón's advice, they had lain two days in ambush, formed their troops into two great divisions, and with the first of twenty thousand men attacked our army, which making a bold resistance, fought from morning to the third hour, and utterly destroyed the enemy. But a fresh corps of thirty thousand Saracens now poured furiously down upon the Christians, already faint and exhausted with fighting so long, and smote them from high to low, so that scarcely one escaped. Some were transpierced with lances; some killed with clubs; others beheaded, burnt, fled alive, or suspended on trees; only Orlando, Baldwin, and Theodoric, were left: the two last

gained the woods, and finally escaped. After this terrible slaughter the Saracens retreated a league from the field of battle.

And here it may be asked, why God permitted those to perish who in no wise had defiled themselves with women? It was, indeed, to prevent them from committing fresh sins at their return home, and to give them a crown of glory in reward for their toils. But neither is it to be doubted but those who were guilty of this fault amply atoned for it by their death. In that awful hour they confessed his name, bewailing their sins, and the all-merciful God forgot not their past labours for the sake of Christ, for whose faith they lost their lives. The company of women is evidently baneful to the warrior: those earthly Princes Darius and Mark Anthony were attended by their women, and perished; for lust at once enervates the soul and the body.

Those who fell into intoxication and lasciviousness typify the priests that war against vice, but suffer themselves to be overcome by wine and sensual appetites, till they are slain by their enemy the devil, and punished with eternal death.

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CHAP. XXII.

*Of the Death of Marsir, and the Flight of Beligard.*

As Orlando was returning after the battle was over to view the Saracen army, he met a certain black Saracen, who had fled from the field, and

concealed himself in the woods, whom he seized and bound to a tree with four bands. Then, ascending a lofty hill, he surveyed the Moorish army, and, seeing likewise many Christians retreating by the Ronceval road, he blew his horn, and was joined by about a hundred of them, with whom he returned to the Saracen, and promised to give him his life if he would shew him Marsir; which having performed, he set him at liberty. Animating his little band, Orlando was soon amidst the thickest of the enemy, and, finding one of huger stature than the rest, he hewed him and his horse in twain, so that the halves fell different ways. Marsir and his companions then fled in all directions, but Orlando, trusting in the divine aid, rushed forward, and, overcoming all opposition, slew Marsir on the spot. By this time every one of the Christians was slain, and Orlando himself sorely wounded in five places by lances, and grievously battered likewise with stones. Beligard, seeing Marsir had fallen, retired from the field with the rest of the Saracens; whilst Theodoric and Baldwin, and some few other Christians, made their way through the pass, towards which Orlando, wandering, came likewise to the foot of it, and, alighting from his steed, stretched himself on the ground, beneath a tree, near a block of marble, that stood erect in the meadows of Ronceval.

Here drawing his sword, Durenda, which signifies a hard blow, a sword of exquisite workmanship, fine temper, and resplendent brightness, which he would



sooner have lost his arm than parted with, as he held it in his hand, regarding it earnestly, he addressed it in these words: "O sword of unparalleled brightness, excellent dimensions, admirable temper, and hilt of the whitest ivory, decorated with a splendid cross of gold, topped by a berylline apple, engraved with the sacred name of God, endued with keenness, and every other virtue, who now shall wield thee in battle? who shall call thee master? He that possessed thee was never conquered, never daunted at the foe; phantoms never appalled him. Aided by Omnipotence, with thee did he destroy the Saracen, exalt the faith of Christ, and acquire consummate glory. Oft hast thou vindicated the blood of Jesus, against Pagans, Jews, and Heretics; oft hewed off the hand and foot of the robber, fulfilling divine justice. O happy sword, keenest of the keen; never was one like thee! He that made thee, made not thy fellow! Not one escaped with life from thy stroke! If the slothful timid soldier should now possess thee, or the base Saracen, my grief would be unspeakable! Thus, then, do I prevent thy falling into their hands."—He then struck the block of marble thrice, which cleft it in the midst, and broke the sword in twain.

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## CHAP. XXIII.

*Of the Sound of Orlando's Horn; of his Confession, and Death.*

He now blew a loud blast with his horn, to sum-

mon any Christian concealed in the adjacent woods to his assistance, or to recal his friends beyond the pass. This horn was endued with such power, that all other horns were split by its sound; and it is said that Orlando at that time blew it with such vehemence, that he burst the veins and nerves of his neck. The sound reached the King's ears, who lay encamped in the valley still called by his name, about eight miles from Ronceval, towards Gascony, being carried so far by supernatural power. Charles would have flown to his succour, but was prevented by Ganalon, who, conscious of Orlando's sufferings, insinuated it was usual with him to sound his horn on light occasions. "He is, perhaps," said he, "pursuing some wild beast, and the sound echoes through the woods; it will be fruitless, therefore, to seek him." O wicked traitor, deceitful as Judas! What dost thou merit?

Orlando now grew very thirsty, and cried for water to Baldwin, who just then approached him; but unable to find any, and seeing him so near his end, he blessed him, and, again mounting his steed, galloped off for assistance to the army. Immediately after Theodoric came up, and, bitterly grieving to see him in this condition, bade him strengthen his soul by confessing his faith. Orlando had that morning received the blessed Eucharist, and confessed his sins before he went to battle, this being the custom with all the warriors at that time, for which purpose many bishops and monks attended

the army to give them absolution. The martyr of Christ then cast up his eyes to heaven, and cried, "O Lord Jesus, for whose sake I came into these barbarous regions; through thy aid only have I conquered innumerable Pagans, enduring blows and wounds, reproach, derision, and fatigue, heat and cold, hunger and thirst. To thee do I commit my soul in this trying hour. Thou, who didst suffer on the cross for those who deserved not thy favor, deliver my soul, I beseech thee, from eternal death! I confess myself a most grievous sinner, but thou mercifully dost forgive our sins: thou pitiest every one, and hatest nothing which thou hast made, covering the sins of the penitent in whatsoever day they turn unto thee with true contrition. O thou, who didst spare thy enemies, and the woman taken in adultery; who didst pardon Mary Magdalen, and look with compassion on the weeping Peter; who didst likewise open the gate of Paradise to the thief that confessed thee upon the cross; have mercy upon me, and receive my soul into thy everlasting rest!

"Thou art he who preventest our bodies from perishing in the grave, changing them to greater glory: thou, O Lord, art he, who hast said, 'thou rather wouldest the sinner should live than die.' I believe in thee with my whole heart, and confess thee with my lips; therefore I beseech thee to receive me into the enjoyment of a better life when this is ended. Let my sense and intellects be in the

same measure improved as the shadow differs from the substance." And now, grasping the flesh and skin near his heart (as Theodoric afterwards related), he continued his speech with bitter groanings. "O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, and of the blessed Virgin, with my inmost soul do I confess that thou, my Redeemer, dost live, and that at the day of judgment I shall rise, and in my flesh behold thee, my God and my Saviour!" And thrice, thus grasping his breast, did he repeat those words; and, laying his hand upon his eyes in like manner, he said, "And these eyes shall behold thee!" Uncovering them, he again looked up to heaven, and, signing himself with the sign of the cross, he uttered, "All earthly things are vain and unprofitable; I am now taught of Christ, that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the good things that God hath prepared for them that love him." Then, stretching his hands to heaven, he uttered this prayer for them that perished in the battle:—

"Let thy bowels of compassion, O Lord, be open to thy faithful servants, who have this day perished by the hand of the barbarians. Hither did they come to vindicate thy faith; for thy sake are they fallen. Do thou, O Lord, mercifully blot out their offences, accounting them worthy to be delivered from the pains of hell. Send thy archangels to rescue their souls from darkness, and bear them to the regions of light, where thy blessed martyrs

eternally live and reign with thee, who dost live and reign with God the Father, and the Holy Spirit, to all ages. Amen!"—Immediately after this confession and prayer, his soul winged its flight from his body, and was borne by angels to Paradise, where he reigns in transcendent glory, united by his meritorious deeds to the blessed choir of martyrs.

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CHAP. XXIV.

*Of Orlando's Rank and Virtues.*

No longer it becomes the heart to mourn  
 A hero of immortal joys possess'd ;  
 Of noble rank, and noble parents born,  
 For nobler deeds in heav'n with glory blest.

To none inferior, thine was native worth ;  
 Thy feet still tending to the temple's bounds ;  
 A glorious model to the wond'ring earth,  
 A faithful balsam to thy country's wounds.

The Clergy's refuge, and the Widow's friend,  
 Bounteous to guests, and liberal to the poor ;  
 To heav'n thy parting steps may safely bend,  
 Whose works have open'd wide salvation's door.

Thy tongue the fount of heav'nly eloquence,  
 That still would slake the thirst, and never pall,  
 Endued with graceful wit, and manly sense,  
 Proclaim'd thee common father, friend of all.

Blest Chief, farewell ! but not the marbled urn  
That holds thy ashes can thy soul contain :  
Our wond'ring eyes to heav'n above we turn,  
Where thou for ever dost triumphant reign.



CHAP. XXV.

*Archbishop Turpin's Vision, and the King's Lamentation  
for Orlando.*

What more shall we say ? Whilst the soul of the blessed Orlando was leaving his body, I, Turpin, standing near the King in the valley of Charles, at the moment I was celebrating the mass of the dead, namely on the 16th day of June, fell into a trance, and, hearing the angelic choir sing aloud, I wondered what it might be. Now, when they had ascended on high, behold there came after them a phalanx of terrible ones, like warriors returning from the spoil, bearing their prey. Presently I inquired of one of them what it meant, and was answered, " We are bearing the soul of Marsir to hell, but yonder is Michael bearing the Horn-winder to heaven." When mass was over, I told the King what I had seen ; and whilst I was yet speaking, behold Baldwin rode up on Orlando's horse, and related what had befallen him, and where he had left the hero in the agonies of death, beside a stone in the meadows at the foot of the mountain ; whereupon the whole army immediately marched back to Ronceval.

The King himself first discovered the hero, lying in the form of the cross, and began to lament over him with bitter sighs and sobs, wringing his hands, and tearing his hair and beard. "O right arm," cried he, "of thy sovereign's body; honor of the French; sword of justice, inflexible spear, inviolable breast-plate, shield of safety; a Judas Maccabeus in probity, a Samson in strength; in death like Saul and Jonathan; brave, experienced soldier, great and noble defender of the Christians, scourge of the Saracens; a wall to the clergy, the widow's and orphan's friend, just and faithful in judgment!—Renowned Count of the French, valiant captain of our armies, why did I leave thee here to perish? How can I behold thee dead, and not expire myself? Why hast thou left me sorrowful and alone? A poor miserable King! But thou art exalted to the kingdom of heaven, and dost enjoy the company of angels and martyrs. Without cease shall I lament over thee, as David did over Saul and Jonathan, and his son Absalom.

Thy soul is fled to happier scenes above,  
And left us mourning to lament thee here;  
Blest in thy God and Saviour's fav'ring love,  
Who wipes from ev'ry eye the trickling tear.

Six lustres and eight years thou dwell'dst below,  
But, snatch'd from earth to heav'n, thou reign'st on high,  
Where feasts divine immortal spirits knew,  
And joys transcendent fill the starry sky.

Thus did Charles mourn for Orlando to the very last day of his life. On the spot where he died he encamped; and caused the body to be enbalsmed with balsam, myrrh, and aloes. The whole camp watched it that night, honoring his corse with hymns and songs, and innumerable torches and fires kindled on the adjacent mountains.

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CHAP. XXVI.

*How the Sun stood still for three Days; the Slaughter of four thousand Saracens; and the Death of Ganalon.*

Early on the next day they came to the field of battle in Ronceval, and found the bodies of their friends, many of them still alive, but mortally wounded. Oliver was lying on his face, pinioned to the ground in the form of the cross, and flead from the neck to his finger ends; pierced also with darts and javelins, and bruised with clubs. The mourning was now dismal; every one wept for his friend, till the groves and vallies resounded with wailing. Charles solemnly vowed to pursue the Pagans till he found them; and, marching in pursuit with his whole army, the sun stood still for three days till he overtook them on the banks of the Ebro, near Saragossa, feasting and rejoicing for their success. Attacking them valiantly, he then slew four thousand, and dispersed the rest. What further? We now returned to Ronceval, bearing



with us the sick and wounded to the spot where Orlando fell. The Emperor then made strict inquiry after the treachery of Ganalon, which began to be universally rumoured about. Trial was ordained by single combat, Pinabel for Ganalon, and Theodoric for the Accuser; when, the latter gaining the victory, the treason was proved. Ganalon was now sentenced to be torn to pieces by four wild horses, which was accordingly executed.

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## CHAP. XXVII.

*The Embalming of the Dead.*

They now embalmed the dead bodies of their friends; some with myrrh and balsam, some with salt, taking out the bowels, and filling the bodies with aromatic drugs, or with salt only. Some were buried on the spot; others conveyed to France; but many that became putrid and offensive were buried on the road. Wooden carriages were made for the dead, but the sick and wounded were borne away on litters upon their shoulders.

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## CHAP. XXVIII.

*Of the consecrated Cemeteries of Arles and Bordeaux.*

Two chief burying grounds were now consecrated at Arles and Bordeaux by seven Bishops; Maximin of Aix, Trophimus of Arles, Paul of Narbonne, Saturnine of Thoulouse, Frontorne of Perigord, Martial of Limoges, and Eutropius of Xantonge; where the

major part of the warriors were interred that fell in the battles of Ronceval and Mount Garzim.



CHAP. XXIX.

*Of the Burial of Orlando and his Companions at Blaye, and other Places.*

Charles deferred the burial of Orlando till he came to Blaye. His body was laid upon gold tapestry on two mules, covered with a pall, and at length honorably interred in the Church of St. Roman, which he had formerly built, and endowed with regular Canons. His helmet was placed upon his head, and his ivory horn at his feet. But the body was afterwards translated to St. Severin in Bordeaux, the chief city of these provinces, where it was joyfully welcomed, as it had liberally tasted his munificence.

At Blaye likewise were buried Oliver, and Galdebode King of Friezeland; Ogier, King of Dacia; Aristagnus, King of Brittany; Garin, Duke of Lorraine; and many other warriors. Happy town! graced with the sepulchres of so many heroes. At Bordeaux, in the Cemetery of St. Severin, were buried Gayfere, King of Bordeaux; Angelerus, Duke of Aquitaine; Lambert, Prince of Bourges; Galerius Galin; Rinaldo of the White-Thorn; Walter of the Olive-Trees; Vulterinus, and five thousand of their soldiers. Ocellus, Count of Nantes, and most of the inhabitants of Brittany,

were buried in that city. Charles gave twelve thousand pieces of silver and talents of gold for the repose of their souls, and fed the poor for many miles round the city of Blaye; endowing the church likewise with rich vestments, and silver ornaments, for the love he bore Orlando; freeing the Canons from all service but prayers for him and his companions. He moreover cloathed and entertained thirty poor men on the anniversary of their martyrdom, establishing Minstrels, Masses, and other solemnities, which the Canons were not to neglect on that day, as they hoped to merit a crown of glory; which they promised to perform.



CHAP. XXX.

*Of those buried at Arles.*

After this the King and his army proceeded by the way of Gascony and Thoulouse, and came to Arles, where we found the army of Burgundy, which had left us in the hostile valley, bringing their dead by the way of Morbihan and Thoulouse, to bury them in the plain of Arles. Here we performed the rites of Estolfo, Count of Champagne; of Solomon; Sampson, Duke of Burgundy; Arnold of Berlanda; Alberic of Burgundy; Gumard, Esturinite, Hato, Juonius, Berard, Berengaire, and Naaman Duke of Bourbon, and of ten thousand of their soldiers. Constantine, Governor of Rome, and other Romans, were conveyed thither by sea, and buried in Apulia.

The King gave twelve thousand pieces of silver, and as many talents of gold, for the repose of their souls, and to the poor of Arles,



CHAP. XXXI.

*Of the Council held at St. Denis.*

We then came to Vienne, where I remained to be healed of the scars and wounds I received in Spain. The King, much fatigued, at length arrived at Paris; and, assembling a council of his chief princes and bishops at St. Denis, returned thanks to God for his victory over the Pagans, and gave all France as a manor to that church, in the same manner as St. Paul and St. Clement had formerly endowed the bishopric of Rome. The French Bishops were likewise to be ordained there, and not made amenable to the See of Rome. Then, standing by the tomb of St. Denis, he entreated the Lord for all who had died in his cause.

The very next night St. Denis appeared to the King in his sleep, assuring him that full pardon of sin was granted to all that followed him, and had fought and perished in the wars with the Saracens; that they likewise should recover of their wounds who had bestowed money on the church; which being made known by the King, very liberal offerings were made by the people, who thus acquired the name of Franks; and the whole land, formerly called Gaul, was now changed to France,

as being freed from all servitude, and having dominion over other nations. The King then went to Aix la Chapelle, in the county of Liege, to bathe and drink the waters, where he liberally endowed St. Mary's Church with gold and silver, ordering it to be painted with ancient and modern histories, and his palace to be decorated with the representation of his wars in Spain ; with emblems of the seven liberal arts, and other excellent embellishments.



## CHAP. XXXII.

*Of the King's Death.*

Soon after, the King's approaching death was revealed to me ; for, behold, as I was praying in the church of Vienne, I fell into a trance, as I was singing psalms, and saw innumerable companies of soldiers pass before me by the Lorraine road. A certain one, black as an Ethiop, followed them, of whom I inquired whither he was going, and received for answer that he was awaiting the death of Charles to take possession of his soul. " I conjure you, then," said I, " by the name of the Lord Jesus, to return when you have completed your errand." When I had rested some time, and begun to explain the psalms, behold they returned back, and, speaking to the same person I before addressed, I inquired whom he had been seeking, and was answered, " the Gallician ;" but the stones and timber of the churches he founded balanced so greatly in his favor, that his

good works out-weighed his bad, and his soul was snatched from us, and at this the demon vanished. Thus I understood Charles died that day, and was carried into the bosom of God and St. James. But as I had requested him, before we parted at Viënnë, to send me notice of his decease in case it preceded mine, being then grievously sick, and remembering his promise, he encharged a certain learned soldiet to bring me word the moment he died. What more need I add ? The messenger arrived on the fifteenth day after it happened. He had, indeed, been grievously afflicted with illness from the hour he left Spain, and suffered still more in mind than in body for the friends he lost on the unfortunate 16th of June. On the same day that I saw the vision, namely on the 5th of February, in the year of our Lord 814, he departed this life, and was sumptuously buried in the round church of St. Mary, which he had himself built ; and this sign I was credibly informed happened yearly for three years together before his death,—“The Sun and Moon became dark, and his name, Charles the Prince, inscribed on the church, was totally obliterated of itself ; and the portico likewise, between the church and the palace, fell to the very foundation.” The wooden bridge also which he built six years before over the Rhine at Mentz was destroyed by fire, self-kindled. And the same day, as a traveller was on his journey, he saw a great flame, like the flame of a funeral pile, pass from right to left before him ; which terrifying him greatly, he fell

from his horse, but was presently relieved by his friends.

We therefore believe that he now enjoys the crown of the blessed martyrs, whose labours he imitated, whose pattern and example he followed. Whereby we may understand, that whoever builds a church to God's glory, provides for himself a residence in his kingdom. For this cause was Charles snatched from the hands of demons, and borne by good angels to heavenly habitations.

# FLORESTA

DE VARIOS

## ROMANCES

SACADOS

DE LAS HISTORIAS ANTIGUAS

DE LOS

**Doce Pares de Francia.**

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*Por DAMIAN LOPEZ de TORTAJADA.*

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# THE FLOWER

OF THE

## *BALLADS*

OF THE

**Twelve Peers of France,**

TAKEN FROM ANCIENT HISTORIES:

WITH

ENGLISH METRICAL VERSIONS,

*By THOMAS RODD.*





## **PREFACE**

### **TO THE BALLADS.**

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FEW gentlemen, I believe, have visited Spain without contracting a great predilection for the ancient literature of the country : not that the Spaniards of modern days are by any means deficient in works of merit and genius, but their true Augustan era is the age of Philip the Second. Before his time, however, and soon after the invention of printing, the works of Boiardo and Ariosto contributed to increase the love of Romance already so prevalent in Spain, whether originating in the ancient Celtæ, the Moors and Arabians, or in the Provençal language, which at this very time is, or was, spoken by many of the French settled on its southern coasts, prior to the invasion of Bonaparte. In these warm countries, the clear serenity of the evening sky, after the intense heat of the day, leads the inhabitants to assemble in parties, and chaunt their ditties to the simple notes of the guitar : but the very long ballads are not sung

throughout by one person ; each, in succession, repeats his verse till the whole is completed.

The real or supposed invasion of Spain, in ancient times, by the French, has furnished the subject of the Paladine Ballads, which are so frequently mentioned in *Don Quixote*. References to them are continually occurring, so that I flatter myself they will be no unacceptable present to English literature. Even in Spain the collection is far from common, especially the earlier editions of it. But, before we proceed further, I shall present the reader with an account of Charlemagne's expedition, as I find it recorded by Antonio Beuter, an eminent Spanish historical writer, who, after mentioning several miracles performed in favor of Alfonso the Second, the ninth King of Leon, proceeds in these words :—

“ During this interval the King's sister Doña Ximena was brought to bed of a son, whom she had by Don Sancho (or as others called him Sandias) of Saldaña, of whom she was enamoured, and was privately married to him with-

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En este comedio su hermana Doña Ximena pario un hijo del Conde Don Sancho (otros dizen Sandias) de Saldaña, de quien se enamorava, y sin saberlo el Rey se casaran. Quando el Rey lo supo con grandissimo enojo puso a su hermana en un monasterio, y al Conde mando

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out the King's knowledge. The moment he heard of it, he was highly incensed, confined his sister in a monastery, and laid the Count in irons in the castle of Luna, or Lima; but took the boy, named Bernardo, afterwards (from a certain castle he built near Salamanca) Bernardo del Carpio, and brought him up as his own son. This Bernardo in the sequel became so valiant and experienced, that the King governed the whole court by his assistance. At this juncture Charles the Emperor and King of France was warring against the Moors in Catalonia, gaining fresh territory, which when Alfonzo heard, it appeared to him that the whole of Spain would be happy under his protection; he therefore privately sent ambassadors, offering to surrender up the whole kingdom of Leon, if he would assist

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poner en hierros en el castillo de Luna, otros dicen Lima, y tomo el muchacho que se llama Bernaldo, y por un castillo que despues labro cerco de Salamanca, llamado el Carpio, se dixo del Carpio, y hizole criar como à su hijo. Este salio tan valeroso y bien quisto, que se governava casi toda la Corte por el. En este sazón Don Carlos, Rey de Francia y Emperador, hazia guerra en Cathaluña contra los Moros, gañando la tierra, y llegado las nuevas dello al Rey Don Alfonso, pareciole que en manos de tan buen Rey estaria bien la España, por este embiándole secretamente sus Embaxadores, offreciendole darle el Regno de Leon, si le venia à socorrer contra los Moros

him in his wars against the Moors of Cordova, as he was now old and without children. The Emperor accepted the offer, and the ambassadors returned home. But when this agreement was publicly divulged, the Princes or Grandees of Spain assembling in council, emboldened greatly by Bernardo del Carpio, plainly told the King they would rather die free than live subjects to the French, and that therefore he must disannul the treaty with the Emperor, otherwise they would deprive him of the kingdom. King Alfonzo then sent a message to Charles to beg he would hold him excused, but the latter, greatly resenting it, marched his army forward, declaring that since he had broken his word he would deprive him of the kingdom, and chastise those persons that would not own himself for their

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de Cordova, pues que se hallava viejo y sin hijos. El Emperador acepto el ofrecimiento y dixo que era contento, y assi se bolvieron los Embaxadores. Luego se supo en la corte este concierto, y juntandole los Principes de España, insiendiendo mucho Bernardo del Carpio, dixerón el Rey, que mas querian morir libres que sugetos a Franceses, porende que deshiziesse lo que concertara con el Emperador Carlos, sino queria que lo echassen del Reyno. Por esto embio el Reyna dezir al Emperador que le tuviesse por escusado. Mas ensañandose desta el Emperador, movio el exercito contra el, diziendo, que pues le quebrava la palabra, que le havia de quitar el Reyno, y castigar los que no le que-

master. When the Spaniards accordingly heard the French were approaching, they united together from the Asturias, Biscay, Alva, Navarre, Ruchonia, and Arragon, and summoning the Moorish Kings, their allies and subjects, to their assistance, marched boldly to meet the enemy. King Charles's army lay at the back of the Pyrenees, near France, in the valley still called Hospitaval; but, hearing that the Spaniards were coming, he marched through the valley of Charles, which lay more convenient to ascend the mountainous road, with his troops in good order.

"In the first squadron of the French army came Orlando, Count of Britany, Count Anselm, and Æghard, the Emperor's Chamberlain, with several of the twelve Peers, and a great body of cavalry. The centre likewise had many brave

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rian por señor. Quando los Españoles supieron la venida de los Franceses, ayuntaranse de las Asturias, Viscaya, Alva, Navarra, Ruchonia, y Aragon, muchas gentes, y llamando los Reyes Moros que eran sus vasallos, o aliados, salieron al encuentro à los enemigos. El exercito de Carlos estava a las haldas de los Pyrineos hazia Francia en el valle que aun se llama Hospitaval, y sabiendo que los Españoles vinieran, movio por la valle dicha de Carlos, que es mas llana para subir à la cumbre de los Pyrineos, puesta la gente en muy buen orden. En la primera esquadra iba Don Roldan adelantado de Bretanie, y el Conde Anselmo, y Egiado mastresalo del Emperador

Knights attached to it. The Emperor, with whom marched Count Galaron, brought up the rear. The Spanish army lay in the red valley, which we call Ronceval; and, as the first squadron came up, they attacked it so furiously, that those were best off who died upon the spot, for those that fled were dashed to pieces by falls from the rocky precipices. The van thus suddenly destroyed, and Orlando and his companions slain, as the main body slowly advanced, fatigued and encumbered with their arms, the Moors reserved for this purpose resolutely attacked it, who, seeing the van routed, were likewise defeated in turn, and fled, pursued

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Carlos, y muchos de los doze Pares con gran cavalleria. La segunda esquadra llevaba gran numero de Cavalleros, y el Emperador iba en la postrera batalla, do se hallava el Conde Galaron. El exercito de los Españolos estava en la valle Rocida, que dezimos Roncesvalles, y assi como la primera esquadra llevo, dieronle tal mano, que los que mejor libraron fueron los que alli murieron à manos de los Españoles, porque los que quisieron salearse despediéndose por los riscos del monte, penaron mas en morir despedezados. Destrocada subitamente la primera batalla y muertos Roldan y los otros que alli venian, como ivan cargados de armas y cansados de la subida, dieron los Moros en la segunda batalla, para la qual fueran assignados, y como vieron los Franceses, perdida y destrozada la primera batalla, de ellos tenian la mayor fuerça,

by the Moors, who destroyed the rest of the twelve Peers. All this was achieved while the Emperor lay in the valley of Charles, marching leisurely on. French and Spanish chronicles ascribe this loss to Count Galaron, who detained the Emperor on the road, so that he could not assist his friends. The Moors, slaughtering and making prisoners all they overtook, King Charles saw the magnitude of his loss, and retired greatly terrified, under the impression that Bernardo del Carpio was ready to fall upon his rear, having made his way by the back of the mountains of Aspe and Serla, with a great troop of Moors and Christians.

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enflaquescieron peleando desmayadamente, y assi fueron tambien vencidos y puestos en huyda, muriendo los que hizieron rostro a los Moros, como fueron los que alli iban de los doze Pares. Todo esto fue despachado deteniendose el Emperador en dicha valle de Carlos, viniendo muy a su passo y de espacio. Dizen la Coronica de España y la Francesa, que el Conde Galaron, dio ocasion a la esta perdida de los Franceses, causando que el Emperador se detuviesse, y no pudiesse socorrer a los suyos. Siguiendo pues los Moros a los que huyan, matando y aprisionando los que alcançaron, vio Carlos su grandissima perdida, y subitamente amedrentado, porque le dixeron que Bernardo del Carpio le venia por las espaldas que passara los montes por Aspe y Serla con grandissimo poder de Moros y Christianos, sono su bozina recogiendo



## PREFACE TO THE BALLADS.

Sounding therefore a retreat, he collected the few that escaped, and departed in amazement at his loss, raised his camp confusedly, and returned to his own country. The camp was pillaged, and, the dead being ascertained, a Monastery was built upon the spot for the interment of the twelve Peers, with a hospital to this day remaining. The body of Orlando was taken to Blaye, which was his seigniory, and there interred.

“Bernardo performed many memorable actions in this battle, but nevertheless King Alfonso would not liberate his father from prison.

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a su compania, los que iban derramados, y huyendo, y rehaziendose conocio su grandissimo daño y perdimiento. Assi lleno de confusion y de llores alzo su real, y bolviose a sus tierras. Fue robado el Campo y reconidos los muertos, hizose un monasterio en el mismo lugar por enterimiento de los doze Pares con un hospital que hasta hoy permanecen. El cuerpo de Roldan fue traydo a Blays, cuyo era señor, do esta en un sepulchro. Hizo estrañas cosas en la batalla don Bernaldo del Carpio, mas no pudo recaudar con el Rey Don Alfonso que sacasse de prision a su padre el Conde Don Saldaña. Murio poco despues el Emperador Carlos en la villa de Grigi, frontera de Brabancia y fue enterrado en Aquisgran, donde se tiene hasta hoy como Santo, y le hazen oracion. Huvo despues el Rey Don Alfonso muchas vitorias de los Moros, y murio año del señor Ochocientos y veynte.

*Chronica de Valencia, por Ant. Beuter, fol. 1604, p. 178.*

The Emperor soon after died in the town of Ghent on the frontiers of Brabant, and was buried at Aix la Chapelle, where prayers are still made for his repose. King Alfonzo afterwards won many victories over the Moors, and died in the year 820."

Such is Antonio Beuter's \* narrative: in confirmation may be added what is said at the end of the *Mere des Chroniques*, "Thus say the French and Spanish Chronicles, but the Germans speak differently."

French historians are very solicitous to lessen their loss at Ronceval; there is likewise a confusion in their accounts: some assert that the Emperor returned into Spain after his defeat, that he slew King Ibraim, and experienced this loss at his return into France. Indeed, the whole history of his conquests must be regarded as problematical. It may be wondered, however,

---

\* Beuter's history will at least furnish us with one reflection, *The danger of breaking the spirit of a free people*; for it may be presumed, when under the like pretences, in modern times, Bonaparte marched his troops into Spain, and treacherously seized the chief garrisons, that, if the Cortes had then been in existence, some wise head among them would have foreseen French perfidy, and steadily denied them admittance into the kingdom. Good heavens! what miseries, what calamities, would not this have prevented! Centuries of peace will scarcely heal them: happy if at last the efforts of Freedom prevail, the spirit of Patriotism conquers!

that these Ballads came to obtain so great a share of popularity in a country that was the object of his invasion. But the wonder will cease, when we reflect that the motive of his expedition was subsequently considered as directed wholly against the Moors, the natural and avowed enemies of the Spaniards, with whom they never ceased to wage war till they finally expelled them from the kingdom. Their own songs of Bernardo del Carpio, the Cid, and other heroes, in the *Romancero*, the *Cancionero General*, and numerous other collections, abound with victories over them, composed, perhaps, at the very time they happened ; for the Spaniards are remarkably ready at extempore productions of this nature, deriving the custom (as we mentioned before) from the Eastern or Northern nations of the world, either of which may claim equal antiquity on their side for this practice\*.

---

\* We have two remarkable instances of the ancient ballad in the 21st Chapter of Numbers, which may be thus paraphrased :

Spring up, O well, oh ! sweetly spring,  
 Let thy pleasant waters flow,  
 And the laughing vallies sing,  
 Where they, sweetly murmuring, go.

The Lawgiver, he gave command,  
 The willing Princes heard the sound,  
 And all the Nobles of the land  
 With staves up-delv'd the oozy ground.

The measure of verse, I have uniformly adopted, bears a near resemblance to the Spanish, so far as to eight and seven alternate syllables, which to me seemed most apposite.

The word Floresta properly signifies a Wood or Forest, but I have rendered it Garden, as more analogous to our ideas. I am of opinion the whole of the Spanish collection has been made expressly to illustrate Don Quixote, as several others in the book are mentioned in Avellanada's Pseudo-Don Quixote, and are none of them to be found in other collections.

I now take leave of the reader, wishing him entertainment from the productions submitted to his perusal.

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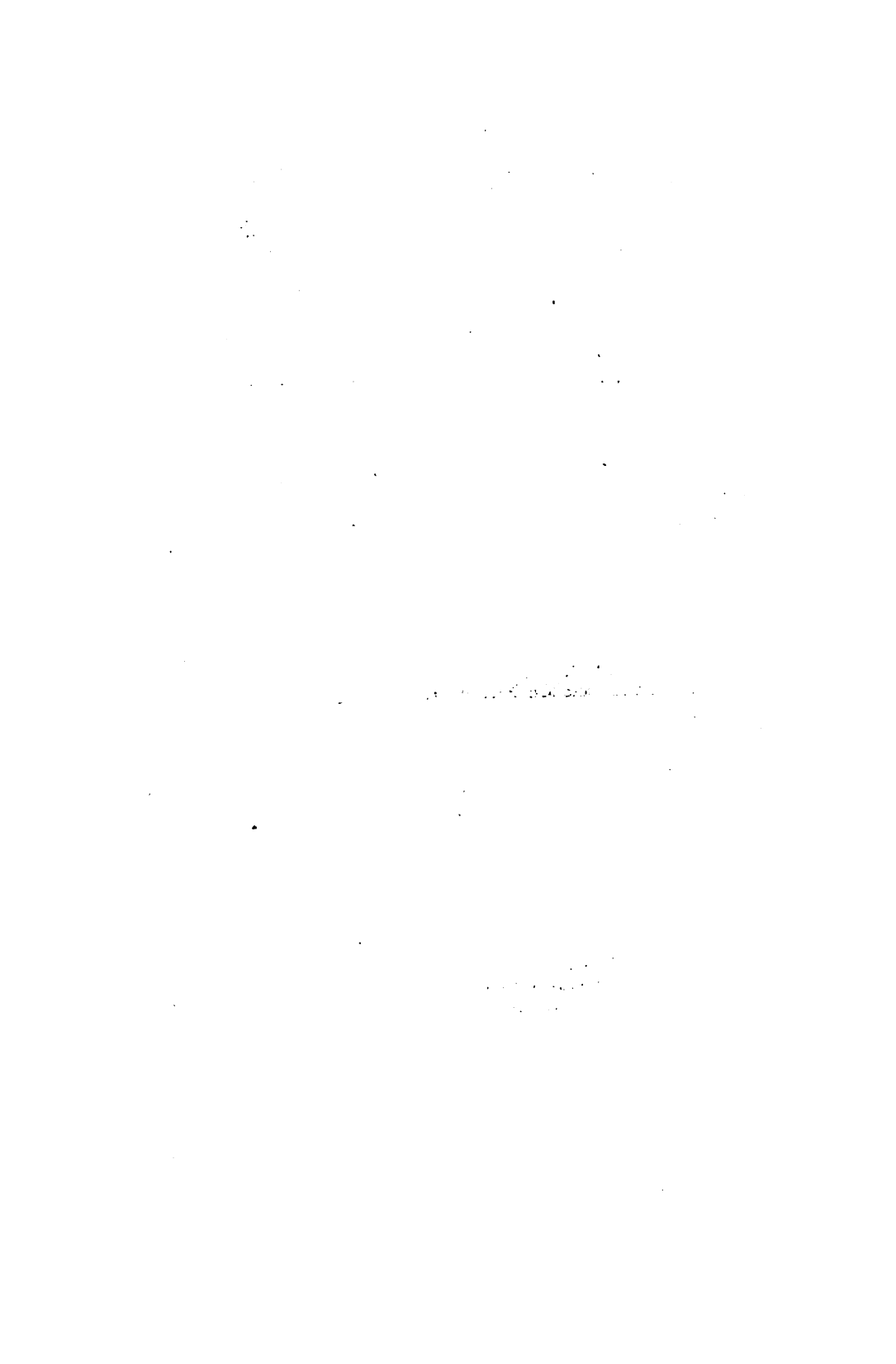
Again, at verse 27th,

To Israel's sons, at God's command,  
The voice of ancient proverbs said,  
Come into Heshbon, sons of men,  
Be Sihon's strong foundations laid.

A wasting fire from Heshbon's gone,  
We saw the flame through Sihon go,  
That Ar of Moab hath consum'd,  
And laid the Lords of Arnon low.

Woe, woe to Moab ! let her weep,  
Their hands let Chemosh' people wring  
Her sons are ta'en, her daughters made  
Fast captive to a mighty King.

We shot our arrows at the foe,  
Heshbon to Dibon is destroy'd ;  
E'en unto Nophah all is waste,  
That reacheth to Medeba's side.



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## ERRATA.

Page 30, line 13, for "tow'rds" read "towards."

Page 242, line 15, for

"With his hand Bayarte harness'd,"

read

"Brillador himself he harness'd."

Brillador was the name of Orlando's horse, Bayarte of Rinaldo's.

THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
CALAINOS.

---

THIS Ballad (supposed by Ritson to be one of the most ancient) is mentioned in the 1st book of the 3d volume of Don Quixote, chapter 9th. Whilst the Knight and Sancho are conversing together in the streets of Toboso, a peasant chances to pass by singing the Ballad of Roncesvalles, which the Knight hearing, exclaims, "Let me die, Sancho, if any thing lucky will befall us to-night: don't you hear what that peasant is singing?"—"Yes," said Sancho; "but what has the defeat at Roncesvalles to do with our affair? If he had sung the Ballad of Calainos, it would have been all the same with regard to our good or evil fortune."



BALLAD of the MOOR  
CALAINOS.

---

**I**N yon Olive's shade Calainos  
Mounts his gallant steed to ride,  
Sets his foot upon the stirrup  
Gracefully to vault astride.

At Sansueña is he looking,  
At its lofty tow'rs looks he,  
For some Moor to shew the palace  
Where he may the Princess see.

Watching on the highest turret,  
He at length a Moor espies;  
And, "where lives the sweet Sybilla,  
"Prythee, gentle Moor?" he cries.

"Long I've been her faithful captive,  
"Long have felt the tender pain;  
"With her heav'nly smiles unfavour'd,  
"Life I can no more sustain.

"Yet, fond life for her resigning,  
"Idly lost let no one deem;  
"He that dies for such a lady  
"Shall be envy's happy theme.

CALAINOS.

"For the fairest am I asking  
"Of the lovely Moorish race,  
"Sweet Sybilla, you shall know her  
"By her beauty, wit, and grace."

All this heard the youthful Princess,  
At the window as she stood,  
List'ning to the Moor Calainos,  
Who his courtly speech pursu'd.

(In pale yellow robes so lovely  
Shone the sweet enchanting maid,  
And her person ev'ry beauty,  
Each attracting grace display'd.)

"Hark!" he cries, in gentle accents,  
"From Almanzor, from the King;  
"Whom I serve, your noble father,  
"Lady, I a letter bring.

"Hasten, hasten from the window,  
"And your father's letter read."  
Fair Sybilla then descended,  
And Calainos left his steed.

From his back alighting nimbly,  
On his knees he graceful bends,  
"Who is he," cries fair Sybilla,  
"Who is he, my father sends?"

" Lady, you behold Calainos  
" Of Arabia's happy land ;  
" Constantina's pleasant city  
" Humbly bows to my command.

" Tribute does the Grand Turk pay me,  
" Babylon's rich Soldan too ;  
" Prester John with gifts attends me,  
" Gifts of value not a few.

" Lords, and princely Moors unnumber'd,  
" My supreme commands obey,  
" Save the King alone, your father,  
" And to him respect I pay.

" Not that such my bounden duty ;  
" But to him a daughter's born,  
" Loveliest of the Moorish ladies,  
" Lovelier than the blushing morn.

" You belov'd, ador'd Sybilla, .  
" And for your dear valu'd sake,  
" Sev'n long years I serv'd your father,  
" But his pay I scorn'd to take.

" You to win what toils I suffer'd,  
" Vent'ring on the stormy sea !  
" Life itself's of little value,  
" Fairest, if unblest with thee."

When his speech Calainos ended,  
Silence thus the damsel broke:—  
“ New to me, my Lord Calainos,  
“ Ev’ry single word you spoke.

“ Nurses sev’n had I to tend me,  
“ Six were Moors, a Christian one;  
“ And the last instruction gave me,  
“ But the others food alone.

“ Well indeed do I remember  
“ What the subtle Christian taught,  
“ Not to be of Knights enamour’d  
“ Till they had my pleasure wrought;

“ Till they had a portion giv’n me,  
“ Gifts that I might gladly chuse;  
“ Nor till these they humbly proffer’d  
“ E’er my youthful heart to lose.”

When Calainos heard the Princess,  
He without delay reply’d,—  
“ Lady, say what best will please you;  
“ It can never be deny’d.

“ Will fair towns or castles suit you,  
“ On the mountain, on the plain?  
“ Gold and silver shall I bring you,  
“ Slaves a rich and costly train?”

All these gifts the Moorish damsel  
Did alike with scorn reject ;  
" If," cry'd she, " you prize my favor,  
" If my person you respect ;

" To fair France, to Paris bend you,  
" Where resides its potent king,  
" And three heads that I shall mention  
" As a welcome tribute bring."

To the maid Calainos listen'd,  
Wond'ring at this strange demand,  
That she chose nor gold, nor silver,  
Castles strong, nor fertile land :

But three heads alone requested,  
Little costing to bestow—  
" Tell me, tell me, fair Sybilla ;  
" Whose the heads I fain would know."

" One," she cry'd, " is Oliveros,  
" One Orlando highly fam'd ;  
" Stout Rinaldo of Montalban  
" Is the third bold warrior nam'd."

When he knew the three brave chieftains,  
Ev'ry head that she requir'd,  
Courteously, before he left her,  
He to kiss her hand desir'd.

" By this lovely hand, Signora,  
 " You then plight your faith to mine,  
 " When I lay these heads before you,  
 " In fair wedlock's chains to join ?"

" Take my hand, I freely give it,  
 " This the pledge that I comply ;  
 " When you lay those heads before me,  
 " Nothing shall my lips deny.

" Single you shall surely find me  
 " When from France you come again ;  
 " Chance what may, each falsehood scorning,  
 " I your future bride remain."

Joyous now departs Calainos,  
 Quick to France pursues his way ;  
 See his banners, proudly waving,  
 High the red half moon display.

Never rests he till he enters  
 Paris, round so strongly wall'd ;  
 At the guard-house boldly stopping,  
 Near the church the Lateran call'd.

There his banners high he raises,  
 Then he bids his trumpets sound,  
 That the Twelve may hear the challenge,  
 All in Paris so renown'd.

That same morn the Emperor sally'd  
With his nobles to the chase ;  
With him valiant Oliveros,  
And Orlando high of race.

Brave Rinaldo of Montalban,  
And Dardeña sternly bold ;  
Gaston Claros of Montalban,  
And Count Bertram call'd the old.

Then the fam'd Romano Fincan,  
Baldwin next, and then Urgel ;  
Last the Admiral Guarinos,  
Who at sea still battled well.

As the Emperor rode amidst them,  
" Friends," he cries, " regarding round,  
" Or my ears they much deceive me,  
" Or I hear a trumpet sound."

As he spoke a Moor rode by him,  
In the Moorish fashion arm'd ;  
But aloud the Emperor call'd him,  
At his presence unalarm'd.

" Moor," he shouts, " how dare you enter,  
" Thus equipp'd, the fields of France ?  
" Much indeed you proudly venture,  
" When to Paris you advance."

" I am come to seek the Emperor ;

" Hither I a message bring

" From a potent Lord to Paris,

" 'Tis a message to the King.

" He's my Captain ; long I've serv'd him,

" I enjoy the trumpet's\* post ;

" Wealth and honors he possesses,

" Towns and cities he may boast."

" What's your pleasure ? I'm the Monarch

" That he sent you here to seek."

When he found it was the Emperor,

Thus the Moor was heard to speak :—

" Signor, 'tis the Moor Calainos,

(And he is a princely Knight)

" That hath sent me here to challenge

" You and all your peers to fight,

" Lance to lance in single combat—

" Lo ! his signal staff I bear ;"

And aloft he rais'd the banner

Of the crescent in the air.

" I shall tell my Lord Calainos

" That I have the Emperor seen."

On rode he, and thus the Emperor

Spoke with stern resentful mien :—

---

\* The second state officer among the Moors.



“ When I was a youthful warrior,  
“ Active and inur’d to arms,  
“ Never France Moor dar’d to enter,  
“ Threat’ning it with rude alarms ;

“ Much less, then, to come to Paris,  
“ And its valiant chiefs defy :  
“ I am old and not dishonor’d,  
“ Since I can no more comply.

“ But it is to Oliveros,  
“ And Orlando, a disgrace,  
“ And to the Twelve Peers that heard him,  
“ Peers of our illustrious race.

“ Hither call me, brave Orlando,  
“ I will send him to the Moor ;  
“ From the guard-house he shall drive him,  
“ And our honor thus restore.

“ Dead or living he shall bring him :—  
“ Such a bold audacious deed,  
“ As to brave me here in Paris,  
“ What can the affront exceed !”

When Orlando heard the Emperor,  
“ I,” cry’d he, “ the task resign ;  
“ Other Nobles here are present,  
“ Such as may in combat shine.

“ Well you know that Moors two thousand  
“ I should dare to face them all ;  
“ Let the fight to some proud boaster  
“ In the ladies’ presence fall.”

All the Twelve alike were silent,  
Answ’ring not a single word,  
Save the youngest\*, valiant Baldwin,  
Who, amaz’d, Orlando heard.

“ Much I wonder thus to hear you  
“ These illustrious Knights despise ;  
“ Never king possess’d such warriors ;  
“ Merit well he knows to prize.

“ Happy that you call me Nephew,  
“ Or these words should cost you dear !  
“ I would make you own the valour  
“ Of each gallant Noble here.

“ Not a single Knight among them  
“ But of firm undaunted breast ;  
“ What his lips have dar’d to utter,  
“ That his sword shall dare attest.”

• Furious rose renown’d Orlando,  
Baldwin full as furious rose ;  
But the Emperor, to calm them,  
Did his royal pow’r oppose.

---

\* The Spanish calls him the eldest ; but this is a mistake, as it plainly appears in the sequel he was the youngest.

Baldwin, to his Squire then turning,  
Bids him bring his armour bright :  
" Not thus shall the Moor insult us,  
" Whilst I have an arm to fight !"

" Baldwin, Baldwin," cry'd the Emperor,  
" Tempt not thou the doubtful fray,  
" For the Moor is skill'd in combat,  
" And his skill may win the day."

But, the hardy Chief persisting,  
Nothing could the King prevail ;  
" Leave I crave to march to battle,  
" You shall soon a conq'ror hail.

" But if leave you will not grant me,  
" Leave I am resolv'd to take."  
When the Emperor saw 'twas fruitless,  
Further speech he scorn'd to make,

And himself assists to arm him ;  
Then permits him forth to go,  
Trusting he may shortly see him  
Triumph o'er the Paynim foe.

Forth hies Baldwin now undaunted,  
At the guard-house finds the Moor ;  
When Calainos first perceives him,  
Rudely thus he taunts him o'er:

" Cavalier of France, you're welcome ;  
" Come with me, and I engage  
" High in honor soon to raise you ;  
" You shall be my trusty Page.

" To my happy soil I'll lead you,  
" Where you may in joys delight ;  
" Such a youth it suits far better  
" Than to tempt unequal fight."

Thus reply'd the gallant Baldwin,—  
" I shall teach you, ere we part,  
" That in battle I can conquer ;  
" Mine no trembling coward's heart.

" Come, Calainos, I await thee,  
" In fierce combat here to join ;  
" I am come to slay thee, boaster,  
" Not to thy proud arms resign."

Yet again these accents breathing,  
Does the Moor Prince Baldwin spurn ;  
" Turn," he cries, " good youth, to Paris,  
" To thy city back return.

" Stripling, if thou dar'st to meet me,  
" Dear the combat's sure to cost !  
" Never Knight I yet encounter'd,  
" But his honor soon he lost."

" Turn thee, Moor, to battle turn thee,  
" 'Tis the dastard only yields ;  
" But the brave maintains the contest,  
" Fighting in the hostile fields."

" Turn thee, Christian ; I shall make thee  
" This audacious deed repent :  
" Thou shalt find the Moor Calainos,  
" When he pleases, can resent."

Swift they spur their steeds to combat,  
And with dreadful fury meet,  
But the first severe rencontre  
Throws Prince Baldwin from his seat.

Nimbly from his charger leaping,  
See Calainos, on the ground,  
Draw his scimiter to give him  
In the breast a mortal wound.

As he rais'd his arm to strike him,  
This loud question Baldwin hears :—  
" Who art thou, young warrior ? tell me,  
" Art thou of the Twelve bold Peers ?"

" I'll declare the truth," cry'd Baldwin,  
" For these lips disdain to lie ;  
" Baldwin, Nephew to Orlando,  
" Of the Twelve bold Peers am I."

When Calainos heard this answer,  
"Youth," he cry'd, "thou art so brave,  
"That thy forfeit life I give thee ;  
"But thou shalt become my slave.

"When thy kinsman Oliveros,  
"When Orlando, too, the bold,  
"And when high renown'd Rinaldo,  
"Hear thy fatal capture told,  
"Those three Knights will come to seek thee,  
"These the Knights I wish to find ;  
"With these chiefs the lists to enter  
"I alone in France design'd."

Brave Orlando saw the combat,  
And it griev'd him to the soul ;  
When he found his Nephew captur'd,  
Scarce he could his rage control.

Not a single word he utters,  
But in haste to arms proceeds,  
And to meet the Moor Calainos  
To the guard-house swiftly speeds.

When the Moor beholds the Chieftain,  
He aloud demands his name ;  
"Art thou of the Peers so highly  
"Vaunted by the voice of fame?"

Roughly stout Orlando answers,

“ Hope not, Moor, a soft reply,

“ But prepare for instant combat,

“ And ere long expect to die.

“ And that noble youth, thy captive,

“ Soon shall be releas'd again.”

At these words the warriors, wheeling,

Meet upon the hostile plain.

Soon Orlando overthrows him,

And alighting keeps him down ;

By the beard then furious takes him,

Ending all his past renown.

“ Tell me, Moor, what led thee hither ?

“ Such a daring, desp'rate deed,

“ As to raise aloft thy banners,

“ And to France in arms proceed ;

“ All the noble Twelve to challenge,

“ Hither when thy course was held

“ To the ancient walls of Paris,

“ 'Twas some demon sure impell'd !”

To this speech the Moor replying,

Thus to brave Orlando said,—

“ I, alas ! was long enamour'd

“ Of a high-born beauteous maid.

" Towns nor castles for her portion,  
" Riches neither she desir'd,  
" But the heads of three bold Chieftains  
" For her marriage gift requir'd.

" First the head of Oliveros,  
" Of Orlando next the brave,  
" Last Rinaldo's of Montalban,  
" Did the subtle damsel crave."

Thus Orlando fiercely answer'd,  
" Maiden, that could frame this thought,  
" When she bade thee seek those warriors,  
" Thy pure mischief only sought.

" But to punish deed so daring,  
" And for other boasters' dread,  
" Moor, I draw my trusty sabre,  
" And I take thy forfeit head."

From his shoulders then he cleft it,  
And to Charles triumphant bore :  
All the Twelve his praises chaunted,  
When they saw the vanquish'd Moor.

Baldwin thus the Chief deliver'd ;  
Thus in France Calainos dy'd  
By the hand of brave Orlando,  
Whom he in the field defy'd.



THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
RINALDO OF MONTALBAN.

---

IN the regions of Romance there are few so famous as Rinaldo, who, as we find recorded in the first chapter of Don Quixote, "was the Knight's chief favorite, as he hugely admired him for his prowess in sallying from his Castle to rob travellers, and, above all things, for his dexterity in stealing the idol of the Impostor Mahomet, which, according to the history, was of solid gold." This story is not mentioned in any of these ballads, nor in Turpin's history; but is to be found in the false Turpin, and likewise in a note of Stephanus to Saxo Grammaticus. Some of Rinaldo's other pranks are, however, made honorable mention of by Orlando in the ballad that immediately follows this. Galalon, who was the betrayer of the French army at Roncesvalles, is made the general author of mischief in these Romances; for which reason, in the same chapter of Don Quixote it is said, "that, for an opportunity of pummelling Galalon, the Knight would have willingly given his house-keeper body and soul to the devil, and his niece into the bargain."

---

WHEN the glorious sun revolving  
Spreads his golden radiance round,  
Genial warmth all nature cheering,  
Clothes with verdure soft the ground.

Then the meads are all enamell'd,  
Then the blooming flow'rs appear ;  
Ev'ry eye with rapture glist'ning  
Sees sweet Spring approaching near.

I alone to range my garden  
Bent my solitary way,  
Musing on the life of sorrow  
Still I led each irksome day.

There I saw the roses blowing ;  
O how lovely was their hue !  
And a chaplet twin'd, but no one  
Found to give the chaplet to.

Through a grove then devious wand'ring,  
I perceiv'd a bed of flow'rs ;  
'Twas the month of May, and pleasure  
Wanton'd in the shady bow'rs.

In a fair alcove I rested  
Of the rose and cypress made ;  
All around this lovely garden  
Was in beauteous tints array'd.

There the jasmine and the myrtle  
Pleas'd in gentle union grew ;  
Whilst the birds in soft notes thrilling  
Form'd a heav'nly concert too.

Long I listen'd with enchantment,  
As they flew from spray to spray,  
When the nightingale, sweet singing,  
Thus attun'd his plaintive lay :—

“ Whither art thou wand'ring, whither ?  
“ Listen to my warning strain ;  
“ Never Knight yet enter'd hither,  
“ And escap'd with life again.

“ Pleasure here too fondly reigning,  
“ Will the hero's nerves unbrace ;  
“ Circe's wanton cup disdain,  
“ Fly, oh ! fly the fatal place.”

I arose, and still I listen'd,  
As along the walks I stray'd ;  
Then beneath a shady pine-tree  
Down my listless length I laid.

Bord'ring box I made my pillow,  
Fain my eyes had courted sleep,  
But a thousand cares fast rising  
Kept me still to wake and weep.

Of rude fortune then complaining,  
Loud I spoke, with heaving sigh,  
“ O my noble Lord and Emperor,  
“ Here forlorn how hard to lie !

" Why should my distress delight you ?

" That you are my king, I know ;

" This neglect, alas ! has doom'd me

" To a heavy load of woe.

" Should you not indeed remember,

" When with love your amorous breast

" Burnt for blooming Belisarda,

" And nor night nor day could rest :

" When for King Trasionar's daughter

" Deep and tender was the wound,

" Brave Count Palatine Orlando

" And myself alone you found ;

" Found to brave, with dauntless valor,

" Storms at sea, and war's alarms,

" Till thro' many a hardship battling

" You were happy in her arms !

" O ye Peers of France, illustrious,

" Oliveros, highly fam'd ;

" Brave Orlando, Angeleros,

" Prince of this fair region nam'd ;

" Angelinus too, no longer

" Do you recollect your friend,

" Who his days in silent anguish

" Is condemn'd unseen to spend ?

" And thou noble Duke Estolfo,  
" Captain of fair England's soil ;  
" Gallant friends, alas ! you think not  
" Of Rinaldo's painful toil !"

Musing thus, the hero, starting,  
Now a sudden thought conceives ;  
To Montalban's walls returning,  
Swift his foot the garden leaves.

Forth he means to seek adventures  
In the Moorish realms afar ;  
Leaping on his steed then fiercely  
Pants his mighty soul for war.

And at Paris gates arriving,  
Brave Orlando he address'd ;  
" Wilt thou go with me, brave Chieftain ?  
" Dost thou scorn inglorious rest ?

" To the tourney am I wending  
" Leagues beyond the bord'ring sea."  
Pleas'd to hear it, stout Orlando  
Did with his brave friend agree.

And together thence departing,  
Nothing to their friends they say,  
But in stranger guise the better  
To mislead pursue their way.

Trav'ling fast by daily journies,  
 Soon the Moorish realms they gain ;  
 On Saint John's fam'd eve, a Thursday,  
 In a grove the Knights remain.

For the next with pomp preparing,  
 For Saint John's illustrious fête,  
 Ev'ry bosom pants for glory,  
 Ev'ry Knight with hope elate.

On that morn so joyous sounding,  
 While the swelling clarions play,  
 Forth they lead the lovely Princess,  
 More to grace the festive day.

On her head a crown of diamonds  
 Doth the blooming maiden wear,  
 Whilst, her beauty more exalting,  
 Loosely floats her tressy hair.

Damsels young, before her walking,  
 Chaunt in soft melodious strain ;  
 Ev'ry eye extols her beauty,  
 Ev'ry bosom throbs with pain.

"Heavens!" exclaims amaz'd Orlando  
 "What a fair enchanting maid !  
 "Never have I seen such beauty,  
 "Such engaging charms display'd !

" Were it not for my Doña Inés,  
" Fain would I enjoy those charms;  
" And with transport clasp the damsel  
" In these fond encircling arms!"

At these words Rinaldo turning  
Pale, in hasty accent, cries,  
" Speak not so, my valiant Cousin,  
" Tho' she may enchant your eyes.

" For the lovely Celidonia  
" I alone aspire to gain:  
" In my ears then, I beseech you,  
" Breathe not thus your amorous pain.

" And if you will more befriend me,  
" To the maiden kindly speed."  
Utt'ring this, he spurs Bayarte,  
Briskly spurs his fiery steed.

Eager to the field repairing  
Where the famous tilt was held;  
Ev'ry Knight unhors'd before him  
On the ground lay prone impell'd.

But the noblest Knight among them  
Was the brave Prince Gargaray,  
Whose strong arm the Chiefs o'erturning,  
Like a whirlwind swept the way.

But his lance Rinaldo couching,  
 So impetuous meets the Moor,  
 That the weighty blow he deals him  
 Lays him low his steed before.

Horse and rider fell together :  
 O'er the field Bayarte flew ;  
 Ev'ry Knight that he encounter'd  
 Brave Rinaldo overthrew.

Wonders thus in arms achieving,  
 Long they gaze with pale affright,  
 Till the fallen Prince, grown furious,  
 Seeks again to prove his might.

Like a bolt again Rinaldo  
 Tow'rds the Prince impetuous wheels,  
 And a second time o'erthrows him,  
 As the dreadful stroke he deals.

But the Moor, with courage glowing,  
 Ev'ry wound a trifle held,  
 While for glory highly panting  
 His impatient bosom swell'd.

Not a Knight the lists dar'd enter  
 With our great unrivall'd Chief,  
 Whose strong arm o'er all prevailing,  
 Flight alone could give relief.



Phœbus now, with speed declining,  
In the ocean dipp'd his ray,  
When the great King Argolander  
Bade the sounding clarions play.

This the signal for retreating  
From the lists to welcome rest ;  
For the next day's fête preparing,  
As the King his will express'd.

Fiercely rode renown'd Rinaldo  
Like a lion round the field,  
Whilst Orlando gladly saw him  
Make the proudest champions yield.

" O brave Knight, not one so valiant  
" Hath victorious shone in arms ;  
" I forgot to fight, your valor  
" Blaz'd with such transcendent charms.

" When I saw you boldly lancing  
" That great Prince, King Gargaray,  
" Sure," cry'd I, " such noble prowess  
" Ne'er did valiant Knight display.

" But delay not ; to the mountain  
" Let us back retire again :  
" These same Moors are sure to know us,  
" If at night we here remain."

When the King beheld the heroes  
 From the field together bend ;  
 " Valiant strangers, say, where mean you  
 " Night's approaching hours to spend ?"

" Tow'rd the mountain are we bending,  
 " Money have we none to boast ;  
 " Wanting gold, no house receives us,  
 " None will act the friendly host.

" To the temple are we journeying  
 " Where the Prophet's body lies."  
 " Signors, I'll provide you quarters ;  
 " Follow me," the Monarch cries.

" Sire, a thousand thanks bestowing,  
 " We accept the proffer'd aid :"  
 Then the King a Khan assign'd them,  
 For the Moorish pilgrims made.

Scarce they enter'd, when he bade them  
 To his presence back repair,  
 For Rinaldo and Orlando  
 'Twas announç'd the strangers were.

Galalon had sent this warning  
 From the ancient realms of France ;  
 Fain in arms the Moorish Chieftains  
 Would against the Knights advance.

But the generous King forbids them ;

“ Friends, ’twill be a lasting shame

“ To molest those Knights that hither

“ To display their prowess came.

“ ’Gainst two Cavaliers so noble

“ Let this hasty rancour cease ;

“ I have pledg’d my word ; let no one

“ Then presume to break the peace.

“ But to-morrow, friends, your valor

“ In the tilt prepare to shew ;

“ And like Knights of worth and honor,

“ If you can, the Chiefs o’erthrow.”

Utt’ring this, King Argolander

To the palace bent his way,

But to those illustrious warriors

Thus exclaim’d Prince Gargaray :—

“ Valiant Chieftains, welcome hither ;

“ Flow’r of Christians, welcome thrice !

“ Know, ’twas Galalon that falsely

“ Sent the valiant King advice,

“ Hither that you came to slay him,

“ Thence arose your sudden call ;

“ But his honor lets no mischief

“ On your heads indignant fall.

" And, moreover, honor bids me  
 " Disbelieve the base design ;  
 " But to-morrow in the combat  
 " You must each prepare to shine.

" And, Rinaldo, since your valor  
 " Blaz'd with such renown before,  
 " In the lists with me you enter,  
 " And with four stout Princes more.

" Knights, adieu ! let manly courage  
 " In your ardent bosoms reign,  
 " And your former glory nobly  
 " In a second tilt sustain."

" Prince," Rinaldo courteous answers,  
 " In your breast true merit lies ;  
 " Grateful for these unsought favors,  
 " High your gen'rous worth we prize."

To his palace then retiring,  
 Back the Prince pursues his way,  
 But again rejoins the warriors  
 At the early break of day.

First their fiery steeds they harness ;  
 Then to arm the gallant Knights,  
 Gargaray himself assisting,  
 In the office much delights.

"O!" cries he, "ye valiant Nobles,  
"Well ye may my zeal excuse;  
"When I see you arm'd, no longer  
"I the name of foe refuse."

As he spoke, the gen'rous warriors  
To the field with joy repair,  
Anxious each the palm of glory  
From the Moorish Knights to bear.

When he eyes the Moorish army,  
Such a numerous host around,  
Loud Bayarte neighs for battle,  
Paws, and furious strikes the ground.

Then so swiftly bounds tow'rds them,  
That the ground beneath him quakes;  
Each stout King Rinaldo eyeing,  
As the dread attack he makes.

At fair Celidonia gazing,  
Who in a balcony stood,  
Still more high the hero's bosom  
Pants, and courage fills his blood.

"O ye ancient Romans," shouts he,  
"Let your vigorous arms assist  
"These five Kings that with Rinaldo  
"Dare to enter in the list.

" For this day his arm shall teach them  
 " In disputed fields to bend ;  
 " Prove the strength that heav'n has giv'n him,  
 " And the Christian faith defend."

Forward then he spurs Bayarte,  
 Swifter than the rapid wind,  
 Thunders on the Kings, who meet him  
 In the dreadful shock combin'd.

In an instant all their lances  
 Shiver'd into fragments fly,  
 But beneath Rinaldo's valor  
 Gargaray was first to lie.

Thro' the shoulder pierc'd, Rinaldo  
 Sees the hapless Monarch fall ;  
 Round his steed then nimbly wheeling,  
 Soon his prowess slays them all.

When his lance was broke, Fisberta  
 His high temper'd sword he drew,  
 And, his wondrous strength exerting,  
 Round the field like lightning flew,

Till he met brave Count Orlando  
 Compass'd with a host of foes,  
 And perceiv'd his valiant Cousin  
 Dealing round his weighty blows.

Both their manly hearts uniting,  
Join intrepid in the fight ;  
Both by many a gallant action  
Prove their unexampled might.

Moors in such amazing numbers  
Fall beneath their slaught'ring arms,  
That their shrieks to heav'n ascending,  
Rend its vault with dire alarms.

To the spot Rinaldo turning  
Where the lovely Princess stood,  
Saw her by a squadron guarded,  
And his rapid course pursu'd.

Then so fiercely he attacks them,  
That his fury none withstand ;  
Taking then the gentle maiden,  
Celidonia, by the hand ;

On his steed he lightly seats her,  
And again vaults up before ;  
Then essays to leave the battle,  
Since the envy'd prize he bore.

When they saw the Princess seated  
At the hardy warrior's back,  
Dreading with their spears to wound her,  
They desist from the attack.

And, with dreadful shrieks bewailing  
 Their disasters in the fray,  
 Grieve to see the captive Princess,  
 And the slain Prince Gargaray.

But the lovely Celidonia,  
 By renown'd Rinaldo won,  
 In a sweet and tender accent  
 This endearing speech begun :—

“ O, my Lord, what pain to see you  
 “ Such great hazards undertake,  
 “ And expose a life so valu'd  
 “ For poor Celidonia's sake !”

Round he clasp'd the gentle maiden,  
 Gave her lips a balmy kiss;  
 In his eyes the tears stood trembling,  
 Tears of soft delicious bliss.

Much he dreads some fatal mischief,  
 Dreads to lose the maid again ;  
 And his heart, with terror beating,  
 Throbs with agonizing pain.

But the lovely fair consoling,  
 Much he strives to calm her fear ;  
 “ Sweetest Princess, to my bosom  
 “ Life itself is not so dear.”



Thus, in gentle converse speaking,  
Her stern brother came in view,  
And a deadly wound he gave her,  
For he pierc'd her body through.

In the arms of brave Rinaldo,  
Bleeding, see the Princess lies;  
But her lips console the hero,  
As her drooping spirit flies.

" O, brave youth, whom truly loving,  
" Since for you I bow to death,  
" Still you'll hold me dear to mem'ry,  
" While you shall enjoy your breath !

" Well you know I left my parents,  
" Left my native home for you,  
" And, believe me, Celidonia  
" Ne'er had prov'd to love untrue.

" O, farewell ! my wand'ring spirit  
" Now must other regions seek ;  
" O, farewell !" for ever closing  
Then her lips, no more could speak.

One deep groan she gave—Rinaldo  
Groan'd alike with deadly pain,  
Whilst these words he faintly utter'd  
In a piteous, mournful strain :—

" Ah, unhappy me ! no longer  
 " Let the voice of lofty fame  
 " The renown'd, the great Rinaldo,  
 " Call my misery-stricken name.

" Death, how kind would'st thou but take me !  
 " For I value life no more ;  
 " Lovely Celidonia losing,  
 " All my bosom did adore.

" But I'll seek her ruthless murd'rer,  
 " And the treacherous wretch destroy,  
 " Who hath thus in wanton malice  
 " Robb'd me of my only joy !"

On the ground he lays the Princess,  
 And again remounts his steed,  
 Then, with tenfold fury burning,  
 Hastens to avenge the deed.

Ranks of Moors soon fall before him ;  
 Round he casts his glaring eye,  
 And, on all sides fiercely looking,  
 Seeks his cruel foe to spy.

Not a warrior stands before him ;  
 Sure and mortal ev'ry wound  
 From the hero's sword, who, raging,  
 Now the murderous Chieftain found.

In the battle like a giant  
Rode the haughty Paynim foe,  
But Rinaldo from his charger  
Strikes him with a furious blow.

By the hair then backward drags him,  
Ties his hands, and binds his feet;  
And across Bayarte throws him,  
When in France his death to meet.

Then again his steed remounting,  
Swift he gallopp'd as the wind,  
Till his cousin Count Orlando  
Battling with the Moors he join'd.

When the Chiefs were met together,  
Forth they sally'd from the fray,  
And, to native France returning,  
Homeward fast pursu'd their way.

But for the lamented maiden  
Not a joy Rinaldo knew,  
Till false Galalon was punish'd,  
From whose arts this mischief grew.

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THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
ORLANDO.

---

THIS ballad relates the cause of Rinaldo's disgrace, and another treachery of Gafalon's, which drives Orlando into banishment, who becomes General to one of the Moorish Kings, and lays siege to Paris. Rinaldo is then summoned to Charlemagne's assistance.

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IN fair France's fertile region,  
When King Charles the sceptre held,  
And Rinaldo and Orlando  
Ev'ry rival Knight excell'd ;

When the Moors, like locusts swarming,  
Scarce a nation could withstand,  
But in ev'ry quarter spreading,  
Far and near o'errun the land ;

To renown'd St. George's honor  
Was proclaim'd a royal fête,  
Held in Arragon, the patron  
Of its fair, illustrious state ;

Whose strong arms in war prevailing,  
Help'd to win the glorious day :  
All his Peers the Emperor summon'd,  
All that own'd his royal sway.

Each to come in courtly splendor,  
As his fair estate allow'd ;  
Oliveros and Orlando  
First before his presence bow'd.

In high pomp and costly grandeur  
Never fête did so exceed :  
Bertram Salazar was present,  
Fam'd for many a martial deed.

Count Estolfo, and his brother  
Valiant Count Salino, came ;  
And so many Peers and Nobles,  
More than any tongue could name.

Thus the gallant Peers assembling,  
To the Emperor's court repair ;  
But Rinaldo of Montalban  
Bow'd not with his fellows there.

This false Galalon perceiving,  
To the Emperor's footstool went ;  
And, with looks of serious import,  
On his knees deceitful bent :

Then in fawning words address'd him,  
 " Mighty Sov'reign, deign to hear ;  
 " Heav'n in peace preserve your kingdom,  
 " Guard the life we hold so dear !

" Joyful we've obey'd the summons  
 " Issu'd from your royal throne ;  
 " Of your worthy Peers, Rinaldo  
 " Disobeys your will alone.

" Ev'ry other Lord is present,  
 " All your pleasure is obey'd ;  
 " But Rinaldo hath disdain'd you,  
 " Hath no just obedience paid.

" Humbly let me then entreat you  
 " To avenge this open shame ;  
 " That Rinaldo for a traitor  
 " On the spot you may proclaim."

Furious rose the angry Monarch,  
 What he said you soon shall know :—  
 " Galalon, it well becomes you  
 " Just resentment thus to shew.

" For my honor's sake chastisement  
 " Shall upon th' offender fall ;  
 " Count Rinaldo for a traitor  
 " I proclaim before you all."

Highly did it grieve the Nobles  
In the royal presence found ;  
Highly did it grieve all Paris,  
When the news was spread around,

Oliveros then withdrawing,  
Valiant Count Orlando sought,  
And related all the treachery  
Galalon had falsely wrought.

Soon as Count Orlando hears it,  
From his mule he lights in haste,  
Mounts his gallant steed, and swiftly  
Through the city streets he pac'd.

To the palace then ascending,  
To the Emperor straitly goes,  
And, in fearless language speaking,  
Thus his indignation shews :—

“ Much I'm griev'd to find Rinaldo  
“ By his foes hath been defam'd,  
“ And, because the Knight is absent,  
“ For a traitor loud proclaim'd.

“ Such a vile perfidious counsel  
“ 'Twas a traitor only gave ;  
“ Sire, to brave Rinaldo's merits  
“ Your attention let me crave.

“ When for blooming Belisarda  
 “ Pin’d with love your amorous breast,  
 “ And when night nor day your passion  
 “ Fiercely burning let you rest ;

“ For the lovely Moorish Princess  
 “ When you felt the tender wound,  
 “ For your sake his life Rinaldo  
 “ Freely risk’d on hostile ground.

“ Bravely did he slay her father ;  
 “ Captive then he led the maid,  
 “ By three mighty giants guarded,  
 “ Whom in dust his valour laid.

“ In his ship, too, many a Chieftain  
 “ Highly fam’d the hero slew ;  
 “ And, though battling hosts oppos’d him,  
 “ From her realms the Princess drew.

“ In your arms his courage plac’d her ;  
 “ For your person well he fought,  
 “ And in Cordova triumphant  
 “ By his deeds your safety wrought:

“ Else, a captive there remaining,  
 “ You had sigh’d and sigh’d in vain ;  
 “ Destin’d long to wear in misery,  
 “ And in tears, the galling chain.



“ Did he not slay Queen Ruenca,  
“ Queen of such a pow’rful state ?  
“ Did he not, too, feats a thousand,  
“ More than tongue can e’en relate ?

“ Would you, then, so ill requite him,  
“ And false Galalon regard ?  
“ Ere to-morrow shall his treach’ry  
“ Meet from me a just reward.”

In a furious rage the Emperor  
Gave the hardy Chief a blow ;  
“ Dare you,” cry’d he, “ in my presence,  
“ Dare you this resentment shew,

“ And in words so bold address me ?  
“ Ill do you respect your king !  
“ Hence, Orlando ; fierce chastisement  
“ On your head this speech shall bring !”

Stung to madness, brave Orlando  
To an altar instant went,  
And, his hand upon it placing,  
Thus proclaim’d his firm intent :—

“ Not till I have ample vengeance  
“ For the cruel wrong I’ve borne,  
“ Will I enter this proud palace,  
“ Or from foreign lands return.”

Down the steps then instant flying,  
 To his mansion back he goes,  
 Quick demands his arms, and quicker  
 On his stubborn armour throws.

On his steed then fiercely vaults he,  
 To the stirrup ne'er attends,  
 But, wild transports frantic breathing,  
 From the city portal bends.

Many a day he journies forward  
 Till he sees the fields of Spain,  
 On all sides adventures seeking,  
 Where to vent his mortal pain.

'Twas a Moor he first encounter'd,  
 Where the distant sea-beach lay,  
 On a bridge the causeway guarding,  
 Suff'ring none to pass that way.

From his King command receiving,  
 If resistance any dar'd,  
 Forth to stand, and, girt with armour,  
 Be for all attacks prepar'd.

Loud he shouts to bold Orlando,  
 "Hence, I warn you, Cavalier!  
 "Down those arms! it is not suffer'd  
 "To approach in armour here."

With deep rage Orlando glowing,  
To the Moor undaunted cries,  
" Moor, thou seest no trembling coward ;  
" I those haughty threats despise.

" Never have I seen the warrior  
" That could make me quit my arms ;  
" Yet unborn is he whose courage  
" Shakes my soul with rude alarms."

Thus the Moor to stout Orlando  
In an equal fury cry'd,  
" Cavalier, ere long your valour  
" In the battle shall be try'd ;

" For, in spite of all that boasting,  
" Will I pluck those arms away."  
Boldly then their lances couching,  
They begin a desp'rate fray.

Lances both were instant shiver'd ;  
Then the Chiefs their sabres drew,  
And, with fiery choler battling,  
Round the sparks like lightning flew.

There the Moor, of force gigantic,  
With his gleaming faulchion see,  
On the head Orlando striking,  
Beat him down upon his knee.

But Orlando at the Paynini  
 Aims a deep and deadly blow,  
 And his trusty sabre buries  
 In the bowels of his foe.

Well the Moor, with anguish writhing,  
 Knew he had a mortal wound,  
 And, about him madly striking,  
 Whirl'd his sabre round and round.

"Curse on him," exclaim'd Orlando,  
 "Who ne'er heeds his desp'rate plight,  
 "But, with bowels pierc'd, still fiercely  
 "Pants for vengeance in the fight!"

"Wretch!" the Moor cries, "dost thou curse me?  
 "Since 'tis thus my lot to die,  
 "Thou shalt not escape my vengeance,  
 "But beneath my sabre lie:

"Both our lives shall end together."  
 Now to loose his spur he bends,  
 But, the moment he was rising,  
 With a groan his life he ends.

When the Moor was dead, Orlando  
 Quick his armour pluck'd away,  
 And, his own alike unbracing,  
 Soon assum'd the Moor's array;

And, a messenger procuring,  
Sends his armour and his clothes,  
Bidding him assure his lady  
He was slaughter'd by his foes;

Bids him, too, the body shew her  
In his own bright armour dress'd :  
Rides the courier swift to Paris,  
And his errand thus express'd :—

“ Sad the news I bring you, lady,  
“ Sad indeed the news I bring !  
“ This is brave Orlando's body,  
“ In his noble mind a king :

“ In his actions great and gallant,  
“ Ne'er did hero so excel ;  
“ But, alas ! by Moors o'erpower'd,  
“ In the desp'rate fight he fell.”

When the fair Doñalda heard it,  
On the corse her eye she cast ;  
Knew the armour, knew the helmet,  
And with sorrow stood aghast.

Then, with shrieks her loss lamenting,  
Sent forth many a piercing cry ;  
Tears each other swiftly chasing  
From the fountain of her eye.

Soon the news was spread through Paris,  
All the Twelve were full of grief;  
Long it was before the Emperor  
From his sorrow found relief.

Ev'ry Chief with anguish weeping  
Slow attends him to the ground;  
Ev'ry Bishop, ev'ry Prelate,  
Was at this sad funeral found.

While this happen'd, brave Orlando,  
In the armour of his foe,  
To the Moorish city wending,  
To the King resolves to go.

Young the King, and long desirous  
To display his dauntless might,  
And with the Twelve Peers so famous  
Enter in the doubtful fight.

When he saw Orlando coming,  
He believ'd it was the Moor,  
Who, his kingdom bravely guarding,  
To him some glad tidings bore.

"Sire, I've slain brave Count Orlando,  
" And his body sent to France."  
" Friend, I will reward thy merit;  
" To a Captain's post advance.

" You shall have as many soldiers  
" As your heart can wish to take ;  
" And to Paris will I send you,  
" That proud city's siege to make."

Not a Moor but thought Orlando  
Was the Chief whose daring hand  
Kept the bridge, and willing marches,  
Bowing to his stern command.

On they hie with daring spirits,  
And to Paris journey fast ;  
Where they pitch'd their tents, and trenches  
Round about the city cast.

Furious wrath Orlando breathing  
Deeper spreads his fierce alarms,  
Threat'ning vengeance if they do not  
Soon surrender to his arms ;

That, if any dare to fight him,  
Low upon the dusty plain  
He would stretch them, like Orlando,  
By his arm already slain.

Back the Emperor sends a message,  
That without the city wall  
On the morrow he would meet him,  
For his threats he scorn'd them all.

Early in the morn then sallying,  
 Forth his Chiefs the Emperor drew ;  
 Sally'd out the brave Count Urgel,  
 Sally'd young Prince Merian too.

All the Twelve fam'd Peers so warlike,  
 Who at one round table eat,  
 Pant their steeds to join the battle,  
 Neigh aloud, and paw their feet.

On the Moors then furious darting,  
 Soon the stormy fray begun ;  
 But the hostile Moorish squadrons  
 Full as soon the skirmish won.

Many a noble pris'ner taking,  
 Many a Peer of high renown ;  
 Back the Emperor thus was driven  
 With his army to the town.

There his hands in anguish wringing,  
 Long he beats his wretched breast,  
 And, his royal council calling,  
 Thus his gloomy fears express'd :—

“ Friends and subjects brave, you're summon'd  
 “ Here on urgent need to meet ;  
 “ To repair this fatal mischief,  
 “ And retrieve our late defeat.



"Speak your thoughts then?" "Sire," they answer,

"To renown'd Rinaldo send,

"And, your anger thus foregoing,

"Make the gallant Chief your friend.

"Soon his valour in the combat,

"As in other trials shewn,

"Shall defend your royal city,

"And defeat the Moors alone.

"Promise favors high to grant him,

"When the Moors are once subdu'd."

Well the council pleas'd the Emperor,

Who this prudent step pursu'd.

When he came, the King imparted

All that pass'd in plaintive strain;

Told him how brave Count Orlando

By the Moorish Chief was slain.

Forth Rinaldo speeds to battle

With the hostile Moorish band,

Brave Orlando's spouse, Doñalda,

Gently leading by the hand.

Well the truth Rinaldo knowing,

That the Moor, who seem'd so bold,

Was his cousin Count Orlando,

As his aged Uncle told;

Who, by necromantic figures,  
That the Count was living knew,  
And the corse interr'd in Paris  
Was the Moor Orlando slew.

At the Moorish camp arriving,  
Loud he shouts with all his might;  
"Let your Chief come forth to meet me,  
"And alone attempt the fight."

Nimbly then their steeds they flourish,  
Lightly prancing on the ground;  
Both the heroes know each other  
By their gait and airy bound.

At the moment of rencontre,  
Both their lances couching low,  
In each other's arms swift rushing,  
In their bosoms raptures glow.

Then the Moors about them calling,  
Thus renown'd Orlando cries,—  
"Moors, I see you gaze upon us  
"With strange marks of deep surprise.

"To Marsilio's court I send you,  
"To the Prince return again;  
"Tell him I am Count Orlando,  
"And by me his Moor was slain.

"That he made me, too, his Captain,  
"And I did my duty well."  
When the Moors heard this, what sorrow  
On their troubl'd bosoms fell !

Then apart awhile consulting,  
They a valiant General chuse,  
And with hardy speech their pris'ners  
To release from bonds refuse ;

And, to arms in concert flying,  
Brave Orlando strive to slay ;  
But his steed Rinaldo spurring,  
Soon begins the bloody fray.

Nobly, too, Orlando battling  
Deals round many a vengeful blow ;  
Numbers ne'er appal the Chieftains,  
Still they rush upon the foe.

First their captive friends releasing,  
Arms the noble warriors sieze,  
And, with manly courage fighting,  
Wound and slaughter as they please.

Thus the field their valor clearing,  
Soon the hostile squadrons fly ;  
When the Chiefs unite, no longer  
They a single foe espy.

When Doñalda clasp'd her hero,  
Brave Orlando, in her arms,  
All her soul with transport melting,  
Long she wept with sweet alarms.

And the Emperor, high rejoicing  
When the happy truth he knew,  
With a noble train attending,  
Tow'rds the gallant Chieftains drew.

Greeting these brave friends and warriors,  
Scarce his praise expression found ;  
"Not the world," he cry'd, "possesses  
"Two such heroes so renown'd."

Thus with pomp the city ent'ring,  
All the bells of Paris ring ;  
Joy prevails in ev'ry quarter ;  
Commons, Clergy, Court, and King.

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THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
COUNT GRIMWALD,  
AND  
MONTESINOS.

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PART I.

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THIS Ballad is not mentioned in Don Quixote, but the name of Count Grimwald's son, Montesinos, is highly celebrated. In the 5th chapter of the 3d volume the Knight visits the cave of Montesinos, in La Mancha, and falls fast asleep within it; but, at his return, gives a wonderful account of his adventures. This is not the only place where Charlemagne's Peers have left their names. In the bay of Almeria, in Granada, there is a remarkable round promontory known by the name of the round table of Orlando. There may be likewise other local memorials which have not come to my knowledge.

---

OFTEN have I heard it notic'd,  
And by sage experience told,  
Pride doth not become the bosom,  
Though possess'd of store of gold;

And that poverty, though humble,  
And the man of lowly birth,  
Should not be despis'd and counted  
As a drag of little worth.

Let Count Grinwald's fair example  
Our reflection now engage,  
At the Emperor's court arriving  
Little, and of tender age.

First a private page of honor  
By his royal master made,  
And of ev'ry trust found worthy,  
Trust that never was betray'd.

Then his Chamberlain, and likewise  
Royal Secretary nam'd ;  
Next a Count's high title giv'n him,  
Still for ev'ry virtue fam'd :

And, to do him greater honor,  
And exalt his happy fate,  
Regent of the Land appointed,  
And high Counsellor of State,

Ev'ry station still became him ;  
And his worthy conduct won  
All the Emperor's love, who made him,  
By a daughter's gift, his son.

Many a fête with splendor holding,  
All the Court resounded joy,  
Till the day the Count was destin'd  
To commence his high employ.

"Count," the Emperor cries, "to Lyons  
"With the morrow's dawn you go,  
"And the trust the State reposes  
"By impartial justice shew.

"You shall rule that noble city ;  
"Let your high discretion shine."  
"Sire," reply'd the Count, "your pleasure,  
"Your imperial will, is mine."

Then, yet more to shew his favor,  
And his gen'rous love display,  
Charlemagne commands his courtiers  
To escort him on his way.

From the Emperor's court departing,  
See the Count and Countess bend ;  
Lords, and princely Peers, and Nobles,  
With a gallant train attend,

Such the high respect they bear them,  
That to leave 'em each denies,  
Till they see the Spires of Lyons  
Midst its lovely champaign rise.

Then, to Paris back returning,  
This glad news the courtiers bring,—  
Brave Count Grimwald's safe arrival,  
With his Countess, to the King ;

That fair Lyons, rich and happy,  
Prosper'd hourly more and more,  
And its royal master's glory  
Ne'er was so upheld before.

With delight the Emperor listens,  
Pleas'd his high deserts to feel,  
And himself concern no longer  
Gives for Lyon's happy weal.

Nobly he begins to govern,  
Justice careful to dispense ;  
To the poor he proves a guardian,  
To the rich gives no offence.

Ne'er the widow nor the orphan  
Tell their piteous tale in vain ;  
Still he heeds the cry of sorrow,  
Still he hears the poor complain.

Thus five years in honor spending,  
Though to Court he never went ;  
None for fresh decisions seeking,  
Long he liv'd in sweet content.



But the fickle wheel of fortune,  
In a moment shifting round,  
Dash'd his former cup of glory,  
Unexpected, to the ground ;

For the traitor, false Tomillas,  
Thus abus'd the royal ear,  
To the king a scandal bearing,  
That it griev'd him sore to hear.

His bold son-in-law, he whisper'd,  
Had against his pow'r rebell'd,  
And from ev'ry town and city  
Soon his troops would be expell'd.

O'er the gates his arms were sculptur'd,  
Like a monarch's on the throne :  
Lord he styl'd himself, and would be  
Call'd a sov'reign Prince alone.

When the king heard this, his bosom  
Was with cruel pain oppress'd ;  
All the favors he had shewn him  
Still revolving in his breast.

“ What,” cry'd he, “ have I then plac'd him  
“ In a seat so rich and high,  
“ But to trample on my people,  
“ And my royal pow'r defy !

" He shall find it wrong to trifle  
" With the honor of my crown,  
" For the hand aloft that rais'd him  
" Can as shortly pluck him down."

Little of this mischief doubting,  
Still the Count his station kept,  
Never ought his temper ruffling,  
Till one night he soundly slept ;

Slept beside his lovely Countess,  
When a dream oppress'd his heart,  
And, his voice an utterance finding,  
Did his terrors thus impart :—

" Cruel fortune ! why so changeful ?  
" Why so ill thy victim treat ?  
" Why by a reverse disgraceful  
" Cast me from my regal seat ?

" Traitors, that I ne'er offended,  
" Falsely have my truth accus'd ;  
" And, alas ! my Lord and Sov'reign  
" Is, by their deceit, abus'd !"

Loud he groans ; the Countess wakes him,  
" Ah ! my Lord," she cries, " what mean  
" These sad words ? Your mind is labouring  
" In some strange, unhappy scene.

“ Ne’er in this wild fashion have I

“ Heard you cry and talk before :

“ Tell me, then, what cruel terrors

“ Hard upon your fancy bore ?”

“ Gentle Countess, I was dreaming,

“ And the dream my soul distress’d ;

“ Grief wrung hard, and thus I utter’d

“ Those sad accents from my breast.

“ But all dreams are false and fruitless,

“ Each vain terror I defy ;

“ Though indeed I saw an eagle

“ Tow’ring in the air on high ;

“ And seven falcons close behind him

“ Vex’d with taunts the noble bird ;

“ Though he scorn’d their noisy clamour,

“ Still with grief their mocks he heard.

“ And for refuge to our city

“ Flying to a lofty spire,

“ From his beak the black pitch issu’d,

“ From his wings consuming fire.

“ And the flames destroy’d fair Lyons ;

“ Swift from street to street they flew ;

“ All my hair and beard close singeing,

“ And your lovely visage too.

“ Surely such a dream, so dreadful,  
“ Evil can forebode alone !  
“ And for this, with horror trembling,  
“ In my sleep you heard me groan.”

“ Count, indeed the world may blame you,”  
Thus his gentle lady cry’d ;  
“ Five long years to Court ne’er bending,  
“ Careless here you still abide.

“ And of this advantage taking,  
“ Has perchance Tomillas told  
“ To our Sov’reign some feign’d story,  
“ And his love now waxes cold.

“ Long your foe some secret mischief  
“ In revenge his heart intends ;  
“ Good, my Lord, then deign to listen,  
“ Summon all your worthy friends ;

“ Round an invitation sending  
“ At your palace to appear,  
“ And, some early day appointing,  
“ Give them all a welcome here.

“ Then amidst the full assembly  
“ Gently open your design,  
“ That you mean to see fair Paris,  
“ And at Court with splendor shine.

" Tell them much they'll do you honor  
" By attending in your train ;  
" And, believe me, scarce a Noble  
" From pure friendship will refrain.

" Then to distant Paris journey,  
" Where your duty bids you go ;  
" Kiss the Emperor's hand, and shortly  
" All his royal pleasure know.

" Thus, if anger grieves his bosom,  
" You will know the cause ere long,  
" And the King, your zeal perceiving,  
" Will acquit your heart of wrong."

" Countess, wise indeed you've spoken,  
" And the counsel strait I'll take."  
All the Nobles then he summon'd,  
In his journey speed to make.

From fair Lyons then departing,  
To the Emperor's Court they bend,  
With them many a Noble riding,  
Many a brave and gallant friend.

When the Count drew near to Paris,  
Miles fifteen, or little more,  
There he pitch'd his tents, dispatching  
Letters of respect before.

But though with respect he sent them,  
Yet the King deign'd no reply :  
Griev'd the noble Count perceiv'd it,  
Since he knew no motive why.

But with speed to Paris bending,  
In the royal Court he stands ;  
First salutes the Peers, requesting  
Then to kiss the Emperor's hands.

But the King, enrag'd, withheld them,  
And his hardy boldness blam'd ;  
" How he dar'd to visit Paris !"   
In high wrath his voice exclaim'd ;

Swearing that it much inclin'd him  
Off to take his guilty head ;  
That it would be barely justice,  
And for other traitors' dread.

But that 't would disgrace his daughter,  
For whose sake, and whose alone,  
He would not assert the honor  
Of his highly injur'd throne.

Yet least others might, presuming,  
On his clemency rely,  
From the peaceful kingdom banish'd,  
He must thence for ever fly.

Three short days the King allows him ;  
If the fourth he finds him stay,  
For his disobedience justly  
Shall his life the forfeit pay.

And so harsh were the conditions  
Of this fatal sentence made,  
Friend or servant to attend him  
On his way the King forbade.

Neither steed nor mule allows him,  
Not the poorest beast to ride ;  
Neither money for his service  
In his journey to provide.

To this stern decree attending,  
Grief his manly bosom wrung,  
And these words, in anguish breathing,  
Fell impatient from his tongue :—

“ Not this banishment afflicts me ;  
“ Well I may the sentence bear ;  
“ But that you should think me guilty,  
“ Drives me, drives me to despair.

“ Ne’er have I imagin’d treason  
“ ’Gainst my sacred Lord and King ;  
“ And, if God my life shall spare me,  
“ Time the truth to light shall bring.”

From the presence then departing,  
    Sadly bent he o'er the ground,  
And in Oliveros' palace  
    Valiant Count Orlando found.

To those friends he then repeated  
    All the angry Emperor said ;  
Ev'ry deep affront unbosom'd,  
    Ev'ry cruel wrong display'd ;

Vowing they should never see him  
    In the fields of France again,  
Till he'd ample vengeance taken  
    On the author of his pain.

Pressing then their hands most kindly  
    Through the city streets he bends,  
Leave of ev'ry Noble taking  
    Long he'd number'd with his friends.

Baldwin, and Romano Fincan,  
    Gaston Angeleros too ;  
Old Count Bertram, Duke Estolfo,  
    Malgesi he bids adieu.

Last Rinaldo of Montalban :  
    Then disconsolate he goes,  
Whilst the Countess flies to Paris,  
    When the fatal tale she knows.



To the palace quick ascending,  
Ere she does Count Grimwald seek,  
And, before her father bending,  
Thus he hears her firmly speak :—

“ O my Lord ! what fatal story  
“ Hath deceiv’d your royal ear ?  
“ What harsh sentence must your daughter  
“ ‘Gainst her noble husband hear ?

“ Let your Highness, I beseech you,  
“ Timely to the treason see,  
“ And, if no way found transgressing,  
“ Then reverse the stern decree.

“ Punish too the wicked traitor  
“ Who hath this vile falsehood told.”  
But with angry look the Emperor  
Did the weeping fair behold.

“ Silence !” cries he ; “ ’tis presumption  
“ To defend a traitor’s cause !  
“ Well he merits this chastisement  
“ Who offends his sov’ reign’s laws !

“ Traitors only plead for traitors !”—  
Griev’d the lovely Countess hears,  
And, her eyes with tears o’erflowing,  
In his sight no more appears.

From the palace then departing,  
Her dear Lord again she join'd,  
And, a tender kiss bestowing,  
Thus reliev'd her aching mind :—

“ Ah ! my Lord, is this the pleasure  
“ Once we fancy'd to enjoy ?  
“ Little did I think what evils  
“ Would our promis'd bliss destroy !

“ In what scenes shall your fond Countess  
“ Find a solace for her grief,  
“ When she knows how much you suffer,  
“ Hopeless of a kind relief ?

“ One sole favor will I ask you,  
“ Happy then we yet may live :  
“ Oh ! remember, what the dowry  
“ To your wife you swore to give.

“ But till now I never claim'd it,  
“ Though full well your love I know.”  
“ Speak,” cry'd he ; “ oh ! speak, my Countess ;  
“ What your pleasure plainly shew.

“ All we freely shar'd together,  
“ No fond suit did I deny ;  
“ And what yet remains to grant you  
“ With delight will I comply.”

" Take me then, my Lord, oh ! take me ;

" Leave me not forlorn behind !

" You have pledg'd your honor ; can you

" Words so lately said unbind ?"

" Of my sorrows," cry'd Count Grimwald,

" This indeed the chief of all,

" That on you this fatal sentence,

" Not on me alone, must fall ;

" For in losing you, my dearest,

" Soresly I the loss shall feel ;

" What no time, no hope, no pleasure,

" No sweet med'cine, e'er can heal.

" Oh ! believe me, never can you

" This rude toilsome journey bear ;

" Young, and in a state that ever

" Claims a husband's tend'rest care.

" Oft, indeed, I know the weakest,

" When true courage fires the breast,

" Can sustain a thousand evils,

" When by cruel wrongs oppress'd.

" Come then, if with me disdaining

" Ev'ry secret treach'rous foe,

" You will tempt rude scenes of danger,

" And to distant regions go."

Hand in hand, then, from the city  
See the pair in sorrow bend ;  
With them sallies many a Chieftain,  
Many an ancient worthy friend.

Count Orlando, Oliveros,  
Fincan, and Dardena too,  
Angeleros, and Rinaldo,  
Pay them ev'ry honor due.

Gallant Baldwin, Duke Estolfo,  
And the brave Prince Merian came ;  
Many a sweet and lovely damsel,  
Many a courteous noble dame.

Two leagues from the royal city  
They escort them on their way,  
Then, the mourning pair embracing,  
Leave with deep regret to stray.

But, whilst they depart to wander,  
Not a word their lips could speak,  
Though they press'd their hands, and, sighing,  
Wept as if their hearts would break.

Gentle dames and lovely damsels,  
Pierc'd with bitter anguish, cry,  
Not among them all remaining  
Free from tears a pitying eye.

E'en the bard that tells their story  
Feels deep sorrow rend his heart,  
Thus forlorn to see them wander,  
Forc'd from ev'ry friend to part.

Thus the Count and Countess sadly  
Turn their wretched steps along,  
Whilst their friends in mournful silence  
Still lament the cruel wrong.

Back to Paris bend the Nobles,  
Whilst the hapless pair pursue  
Night and day their path o'er mountains  
That no footstep ever knew.

Wand'ring on the third day, weary,  
To a forest rude and wild,  
Scarce the Countess through the brambles  
On her painful journey toil'd.

Wounded by the flints and bushes,  
Both her feet were stain'd with gore;  
Ev'ry step she trod, the herbage  
Tracks of deepest crimson bore,

When the wretched Count perceiv'd it,  
Thus he strove his spouse to cheer,  
Words of gentle pity breathing,  
That she yet might comfort hear :—

" Still, my love, the gen'rous firmness  
" Of your noble heart display ;  
" Lo ! where yonder springs a fountain  
" To refresh us on our way :

" There awhile your limbs reposing,  
" Shall their wonted strength regain ;  
" Strive, then, for so short a distance  
" Still to bear this toilsome pain."

Some few rays of comfort cheer'd her  
To the fountain when she came ;  
Thanks upon her knees she utter'd,  
Praising still her Maker's name.

" Fresh," she cry'd, " and sweet the water !  
" Had we but some bread to eat,  
" This delicious draught would truly  
" Be a highly welcome treat !"

In these accents faintly speaking,  
Pains of labour fast begun,  
And it pleas'd kind Heav'n in safety  
To bestow her first-born son.

Oh ! what cruel grief and horror  
Such severe distress to see !  
Far from help, from comfort distant,  
In keen want and misery !

When the Count, with anguish wringing,  
Did his infant son behold,  
Oft he pluck'd his coat to shield him  
From the bitter piercing cold :

Wrapp'd his cloak, too, round the mother,  
Whilst the tender babe she press'd,  
Heav'n at this sad hour had giv'n her,  
To relieve her yearning breast.

All the time the Count was musing  
Where he might procure relief,  
Bread, nor wine, nor ought possessing,  
Sore his heart was torn with grief.

Weak and faint, no more the Countess  
Could her toilsome way pursue,  
But between his arms he bore her,  
And her pretty infant too.

To a lofty hill ascending,  
All about he cast his eye,  
And beneath within the valley  
Chanc'd a rising smoke to spy.

Tow'rds the smoke his steps directing,  
Bearing his lov'd burden still,  
When he came, with deep amazement,  
Did his sight a hermit fill :

From a thicket, who advancing  
Met the fond dejected pair,  
And, a rev'rend look possessing,  
Spoke with kind and friendly air :—

“ Heav’n preserve me ! what could lead you  
“ To this wild deserted place,  
“ Where no mortal holds his dwelling,  
“ Void of all the human race,

“ Save myself, through painful penance  
“ In these gloomy precincts found ?”  
Thus the Count his questions answer’d,  
While he felt grief’s keenest wound :—

“ Oh ! for God’s-sake, Hermit, let me  
“ Charity’s kind aid request,  
“ And, when time permits, I’ll tell you  
“ Why you see us so distress’d.

“ But this poor unhappy lady  
“ With your choicest morsels treat,  
“ For three days and nights we wander,  
“ And have nothing found to eat,

“ Yet the pangs of child-birth seiz’d her  
“ By yon pleasant fountain’s side ;  
“ Heav’n itself with strength sustain’d her,  
“ Or she there had surely died.”



When the Hermit heard this story,  
Pity for their woes he felt,  
And towards his cell he led them,  
Where in happy peace he dwelt :

Bread and water sat before them,  
Wine he had not to bestow ;  
Still the Countess fast recover'd  
From the thrilling pangs of woe.

Then the good Count begs the Hermit  
Will his infant son baptize :  
“ What the name you wish to give him,  
“ Gentle wand'ers ?” he replies.

“ Montesinos let us call him ;  
“ For, in mountains rude and wild,  
“ Heav'n was pleas'd, in tender mercy,  
“ To bestow our first-born child.”

Days were come, and days were over,  
Whilst a tranquil life they led  
Fifteen tedious years, nor ever  
From the lonely forest stray'd.

To instruct young Montesinos  
Sooth'd his noble father's heart ;  
With delight he strives to teach him  
All the valiant soldier's art ;

What bright honor it became him  
To achieve in well fought fields,  
Marking in his son the pleasure  
Tale of glorious battle yields,

Then to read and write he shew'd him,  
And the jay'lin high to poise ;  
As his son instruction gathers,  
Hourly reaps he fairer joys.

E'en at chess too did he teach him  
Ev'ry skilful move to know,  
That his son, each science learning,  
Might no awkward ign'rance shew.

June it was the four and twentieth,  
On St. John's auspicious day,  
When the valiant son and father  
From the cell pursu'd their way ;

To a lofty mountain bending,  
Where the eye might Paris reach ;  
When the Count afar beheld it,  
Thus did he begin his speech :

By the hand his brave son taking,  
Breathing forth a tender sigh,  
Whilst, with recollection streaming,  
Tears bedew'd his glist'ning eye :—

THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
COUNT GRIMWALD,  
AND  
MONTESINOS.

—  
PART II.  
—

“ Look at France, brave Montesinos ;

“ Look at Paris so renown'd ;

“ At the palace, where the Emperor

“ Sits with royal splendor crown'd,

“ Look where false Tomillas, also,

“ My base foe, maintains his pow'r,

“ Through whose perfidy I suffer'd

“ Dire distress in evil hour.

“ By his wicked counsels banish'd,

“ Thirst and hunger, cold and heat,

“ Rain and winds, and cruel tempests,

“ Did we in these mountains meet.

“ By a fountain side your mother,

“ In affliction, brought you forth ;

“ Nought except my vest to shield you

“ At the moment of your birth.

" E'en a thousand keener miseries,  
" More than tongue can well relate,  
" Vile Tomillas has engender'd,  
" Through his never-ceasing hate.

" But I vow'd, and sure as Heaven  
" Gives me life, my wicked foe,  
" Ere another year hath circl'd,  
" Shall my fiery vengeance know."

To his noble father turning,  
Montesinos lowly bent,  
And, his hand in duty kissing,  
Thus proclaim'd his heart's intent :—

" Sire, your kind permission give me  
" Tow'rds yon city to depart,  
" And no longer let vexation  
" Prey upon your gen'rous heart.

" I have heard that valiant soldiers  
" From their sov'reign pay receive,  
" And, if I become a soldier,  
" Let not that your bosom grieve ;

" For I will assert your honor,  
" And abundant vengeance take :  
" Father, then bestow your blessing ;  
" Give it for that honor's sake !"

When the Count bestows his blessing,  
Thence the son departs in haste ;  
To his mother sent his duty,  
And his path to Paris trac'd.

Long the Count, with pleasure glowing,  
Did his gen'rous son behold ;  
Then, o'erjoy'd, his dauntless valor  
To the gentle Countess told.

Now to distant Paris circling  
Where the gates and turrets lay,  
Montesinos, for the palace  
Loudly asking, seeks his way.

All that heard him laugh'd and wonder'd  
Such a young and simple lad  
To the Emperor's court should journey,  
In so poor a vesture clad.

But, at length, the way they shew'd him,  
Just to mark what there he'd do ;  
Then the rich saloon he enter'd,  
Where he did the Emperor view.

At the table was he seated,  
With Tomillas by his side ;  
All the room was full of Nobles ;  
None of these his fury ey'd.

When the royal feast was over,  
Count Tomillas and the King,  
By themselves to play repairing,  
Bid the pages tables bring.

Near them as they play'd, observant,  
Montesinos stood alone ;  
But the traitor false Tomillas,  
In whose heart no truth was known,

When he thought no eye perceiv'd him,  
With deceit began to play ;  
But the youth aloud proclaim'd it,  
Pointing where the tables lay.

In a furious rage Tomillas  
From his seat impatient rose,  
And upon the face to strike him  
With his hand revengeful goes.

On his arm brave Montesinos  
Caught the blow, and nothing said,  
But, the tables instant raising,  
Dash'd them on the traitor's head.

Such a furious blow he struck him,  
That it fell'd him to the ground ;  
Nought his foul deceit availing,  
Death upon the spot he found.

All the Nobles round him gath'ring,  
Quick the youthful hero sieze ;  
But aloud the Emperor shouting,  
Bids the sudden tumult cease.

" Not without some secret myst'ry  
" Would the youth have done this deed ;  
" Let us, then, before we punish,  
" Hear him his excuses plead."

Montesinos then was question'd,  
And the truth he boldly told ;  
" Sire," he cries, " your duteous grandson  
" At your royal feet behold :

" Son of that illustrious daughter  
" Whom you banish'd from your sight ;  
" Than her husband, brave Count Grimwald,  
" Lives not a more loyal Knight ;

" But, bely'd by this vile traitor,  
" Ill you did my father treat :  
" Let your Highness seek with candor  
" If the truth I now repeat ;

" And, if I deserve chastisement,  
" Let it fall upon my head ;  
" But receive us to your favor,  
" If the truth alone I've said.

" Let the Countess and my Father  
" To their native home return,  
" And no longer sore neglected  
" In distressful sorrow mourn.

" To his honors, Sire, restore him,  
" All that he before enjoy'd ;  
" For his heart was true and loyal,  
" Ne'er in treach'rous arts employ'd."

When the Emperor heard this story,  
He resolv'd to seek the truth ;  
Not his grandson e'en believing,  
Whom he saw in this brave youth ;

And 'twas found that false Tomillas  
Had the noble Count betray'd,  
At the royal favor aiming,  
Had his prey through envy made.

When the truth was full unfolded,  
Horse and foot, a splendid train,  
Sent he to escort Count Grimwald  
To his ancient seat again :

Ladies to attend the Countess,  
As in days when fortune smil'd,  
When the wishes of her bosom  
Were with pleasing care beguil'd.



At the city gates arriving,  
They refus'd to enter through ;  
But the Emperor, when the motive  
Of this firm resolve he knew,

That, when erst from Paris banish'd,  
Each an oath most sacred swore  
Never through the gates to enter  
Of that hated city more ;

Willing sent his royal mandate  
Down to break a length of wall,  
That their oaths with truth observing  
Might no more their minds appal.

To the palace then proceeding,  
All the court and city round  
Rung with shouts of joy and gladness,  
Rung with music's sweetest sound.

Ladies, Cavaliers, and Damsels,  
Pleas'd a friendly welcome pay ;  
And the King, to do them honor,  
Kindly meets them on the way.

Highly he bewail'd the treach'ry  
Which the false Tomillas feign'd,  
Cause of all the fatal mischief  
By the noble pair sustain'd.

But, a just amends to make them,  
All that they enjoy'd before,  
Ev'ry title, rank, and honor,  
Did the gracious King restore ;

And ordain'd, whenever heaven  
Should the noble father call,  
That his brave son Montesinos  
Should alike inherit all ;

Should both Governor and Regent  
Of the royal State be made,  
And the right should to his children  
Be by firm decree convey'd.

—

THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
COUNT IRLOS.

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THE utmost we can expect in these Ballads is some foundation for the stories they relate. On looking into Mezeray we find this paragraph in the life of Charlemaine: "All the princes of the earth either feared or loved Charlemaine. Alphonso, King of Galicia and the Asturias, writing or sending to him, would be called no other but his man, or vassal. The haughty Aaron, King of Persia, who despised all other princes in the world, desired no friendship but his: he this year (801) sent him jewels, silks, and spices, and one of his largest elephants. Withal understanding that he had a great devotion for the Holy Land, and the city of Jerusalem, he gave him the propriety of them, reserving to himself only the title of his lieutenant in that country."

But the true origin of the story of this early expedition of the French to the East is, I suspect, to be traced to an old Romance called '*La Conquete de l'Empire de Trebizonde, par Renaud de Montauban.*'

---

As Count Irlos, Bertram's nephew,  
Of a great and noble race,  
Was at his fair seat, enjoying  
The diversions of the chase;

Letters from his Lord, the Emperor,  
Came, and well the letters pleas'd,  
But, the moment that he read them,  
Grief his manly bosom seiz'd.

"Count," he writes, "my pleasure wills you  
"Forth to lead your warlike train,  
"Vassals at your table feasting,  
"Vassals of your fair domain.

"Troops, that are to pay accustom'd,  
"Let them double pay receive ;  
"Change of arms, and change of horses,  
"To each valiant soldier give.

"And besides you'll freely grant them  
"All their conqu'ring arms may win ;  
"For the Moor Aliarde's kingdom  
"You will then your march begin.

"Me to battle hath he challeng'd,  
"And the Twelve bold Peers defy'd ;  
"Low indeed will be our honor,  
"If the challenge be deny'd !

"Not a hero France possesses  
"Like Count Irls, great in fight ;  
"Foes shall tremble at his valor,  
"And their safety find in flight."

Highly did these tidings grieve him,  
Not but he disdain'd the Moor ;  
Oft in fields of glory fighting,  
Oft the victor's palm he bore ;

But a wife both young and lovely  
Pressing in his happy arms,  
He enjoy'd the sweetest treasure  
Heav'n could give him in her charms.

Three whole years by deeds of valor  
Ere he won his blooming bride ;  
Scarce a year his own to leave her,  
All his pleasure, all his pride,—

Hard indeed ! and, deeply musing,  
Deeper still it mov'd his grief ;  
To his heart, with anguish bleeding,  
Nothing could bestow relief.

Huntsmen, falconers discharging,  
All at once he sends away ;  
In the chase no more delighting,  
Pleasure gives no cheering ray.

No more with his lovely Countess  
Does he laugh, and toy, and jest,  
But to melancholy musing,  
And to sorrow, yields his breast.

“ Ah ! for why ?” his lovely lady  
To her Lord impassion'd cries,  
“ Ah ! for why ? your gen'rous bosom  
“ Ev'ry blissful joy denies.

" Is it true, then, must you wander  
 " To the Moorish realms afar?  
 " Must you leave your faithful lady  
 " For rude scenes of cruel war?

" Ah! how many years of absence  
 " Must my breast in sorrow mourn!  
 " In a foreign land forsaken,  
 " From my Lord so early torn!

" To my native home returning,  
 " Deep distress my heart shall know;  
 " And, the robe of sorrow wearing,  
 " Feel its only joy in woe.

" I cou'd freely curse my beauty,  
 " Curse my youthful blooming age,  
 " Ev'ry charm that first attracting  
 " Did your gen'rous love engage.

" But if leave you kindly grant me,  
 " Ev'ry toil I'll willing share;  
 " And, to distant climes attending,  
 " With a cheerful mind repair."

When he heard his gentle lady,  
 As in accents mild she spoke,  
 With a tender look replying,  
 Silence in these words he broke:—

" Weep not so, my gentle Countess,

" Here forlorn you shall not stay ;

" All that I possess I give you

" Ere I wander far away.

" You shall part with town or city,

" Or what lands soe'er you please ;

" As their true and lawful lady,

" Freely shall you reckon these.

" And, besides, I'll strait commend you

" To my uncle Bertram's care,

" To my cousin, Prince Gayferos,

" Lord of Paris, rich and fair.

" Oliveros, brave Orlando,

" And the Emperor, I'll entreat,

" And the Twelve that at one table

" Of the same rich viands eat ;

" Their protection kind to grant you,

" For the kingdom of the Moor,

" Near the Holy House, lies distant

" From my much-lov'd native shore.

" Seven years, my lovely Countess,

" Shall you my return await ;

" If the eighth you do not see me,

" Take at nine the wedded state.

" You will then be sev'n and twenty ;

" Can there be a fitter age ?

" Happy he whose tender service

" Shall your gentle love engage !

" He will have a spouse so lovely,

" Towns and cities large and fair,

" And a thousand thousand blessings

" In your sweet possession share.

" Fain, indeed, shou'd you attend me,

" But my errand is not joy ;

" War and all its horrid tumults

" Will my future hours employ.

" Ill, indeed, does tender dalliance

" Suit the bold advent'rous Knight,

" Who by honor led to glory

" Hopes to triumph in the fight.

" But prepare, my gentle Countess,

" To the Court prepare to go ;

" To the Emperor firm obedience

" We're in duty bound to shew.

" Sound, my trumpets sound, and forward

" March my gallant troops in haste !"

Trav'ling now, the Count and Countess

From their home in sorrow pac'd ;



And, the road to Paris taking,  
To the city bend their way ;  
But, when from its turrets distant  
Not above a single day,

Forth the Emperor comes to meet them  
With a fair and splendid train ;  
Oliveros and Orlando  
Foremost riding on the plain.

And the brave Dardin Dardena,  
Urgel too for strength renown'd,  
And the Admiral Guarinos  
On the seas with vict'ry crown'd.

Stout Rinaldo of Montalban,  
Fam'd for many a gallant deed ;  
And the Twelve at one round table,  
Who the same rich viands feed.

But the valiant Prince Gayferos,  
And Count Bertram, call'd the Old,  
Far before the Emperor riding,  
Three days journey forward hold.

In the royal palace only  
Would the Emperor let them rest,  
And with courtly pomp and splendor  
Made the noble Count his guest.

For departure then preparing,  
Lo! the gallant troops advance;  
Cavaliers at least ten thousand,  
All the noblest sons of France.

And, moreo'er, a royal army,  
Many a Chief in bright array:  
When they all were thus assembl'd,  
For sev'n years receiving pay.

Swords and lances highly temper'd  
For their service they provide;  
Tents, provisions, all that's needful  
With the noblest steeds to ride.

But, ere he departs, Count Irllos  
Begs the King his Peers to call,  
And, when round in order seated,  
Thus he speaks before them all;

(As he held his dearest Countess  
Gently by her loving hand,  
And as in the midst advancing,  
Side by side they graceful stand :—)

“ To you do I speak, my Uncle,  
“ Prince Gayferos, speak to you ;  
“ All the worthy Peers around me  
“ In their turn address them too.

" To our high and honor'd Emperor  
" Likewise let my will be known ;  
" All my towns and all my cities  
" Shall the Countess call her own.

" To her are they freely giv'n,  
" Ought let no one take away ;  
" As their mistress, I command them  
" Her sole pleasure to obey.

" She may part with town or city,  
" Or what land she best may please ;  
" She's their true and lawful mistress,  
" All her own possessions these.

" And in case heav'n shall not bless me  
" With a kind and prosp'rous fate,  
" Chuse her then some Lord that's worthy  
" To enjoy my fair estate.

" To you, Uncle, I commend her,  
" Be you like a father kind ;  
" In the Twelve and in the Emperor  
" Let her sure defenders find."

Highly ev'ry Knight commended  
What they heard Count Irlos say ;  
From fair Paris then departing,  
Forward he pursues his way.

But the Countess never leaves him  
Till she sees her dearest Lord,  
And his noble train of warriors  
Safe their lofty barks aboard.

Brave Rinaldo of Montalban  
To the shore the Count attends ;  
Many a Knight of France rides with him,  
All his firm and faithful friends.

From his dear beloved Countess  
Hard indeed the task to part ;  
If the Count was sad and pensive,  
More it rent her tender heart.

Words they spoke so fond and piercing  
That it mov'd one's grief to hear :  
Comfort 'twas in vain to seek for ;  
All their comfort was a tear.

Now the Count the signal giving,  
O'er the swelling waves they ride :  
When no more he saw his lady  
Fondly seated by his side,

Fierce distraction seiz'd his bosom,  
Loud and bitter was his rage ;  
While the tortures that he suffer'd  
No allurements could assuage.

Not to see his native country  
In an angry mood he swore ;  
Never to send tidings thither,  
With it correspond no more.

Thus on seas tempestuous sailing,  
Swift the ships their course pursue,  
Till the kingdom of Aliarde  
Far in foreign lands they view :

Persia's brave redoubted Soldan,  
On the borders of the sea,  
With his warlike train expects them,  
All in martial gallantry.

To the shore at length approaching,  
As they drew towards the beach,  
Thus the gallant Count address'd them  
In this bold and manly speech :—

“ O, ye brave undaunted warriors  
“ Of my fair illustrious train,  
“ Recollect your native country  
“ Have we left renown to gain ;

“ Have we left our wives and children,  
“ All our friends and parents dear,  
“ Not to play the fearful cowards,  
“ But to conquer bravely here.

" Therefore on, my valiant soldiers,  
" From the combat ne'er recede ;  
" In the front of battle marching,  
" I the daring squadrons lead."

Num'rous was the Moorish army,  
Hosts the gallant Chief oppose,  
But the Count prepares to thunder  
With his engines on the foes.

Stones and arrows, darts and jav'lins,  
From the barks like lightning flew ;  
Close beside the shore the vessels  
Nigh the Moorish squadrons drew.

With tremendous slaughter routed,  
Long th' attack they dare not stand,  
But desert the beach, and suffer  
All the hostile train to land.

In three years by hard-fought battles,  
From the day he first begun,  
In three years Aliarde's kingdom  
By his arms Count Irlos won.

All amongst his noble warriors  
Freely the rich spoils he shares,  
But a cheerless life he passes,  
Full of sorrows, full of cares.

Tribute does the Soldan pay him,  
And the kings beyond the sea ;  
Ev'ry tribute still dividing  
With his train of chivalry.

But he begs them, as they own him  
For their best and steadfast friend,  
Neither letter, nor yet tidings,  
Home to distant France to send ;

And he makes them swear, moreover,  
Death shou'd be the certain pain,  
That whoe'er should disobey him  
By his fellows shou'd be slain.

Years fifteen the Count remaining  
Thus beyond the seas unknown,  
To the Countess never writing,  
Nor the Emperor on his throne ;

Neither to his Uncle Bertram,  
Or the Twelve bold Peers, they thought  
Seas and winds tempestuous raging  
Had his sure destruction wrought.

But he spent his time in sorrow,  
No sweet ray of comfort knew ;  
In one same dull listless languor  
Months and years unheeded flew.

And his hair, he never cut it ;  
And his beard, he let it grow,  
Till, to frightful length descending,  
E'en it reach'd his waist below.

And his countenance, grown frightful  
By the sun and parching wind,  
Such a look ferocious darted,  
Scarce he seem'd of human kind.

Years fifteen were now accomplish'd,  
And the sixteenth had begun,  
When upon his hard couch, restless,  
Of the past his fancy run.

Present hours of grief comparing,  
And the wretched life he led,  
With his ancient days of glory,  
Days of joy so swiftly fled ;

When in fêtes and gallant tourneys  
For his lovely Countess' sake,  
Many a spear in manly trials .  
He was wont with Knights to break.

In these thoughts to sleep retiring,  
Scarce his head the pillow press'd,  
When a dream most dire and dreadful  
His affrighted soul oppress'd ;



For he thought he saw his Countess  
In some youthful Prince's arms:  
From his couch he leapt in terror,  
Shouting loud with strange alarms.

All his people calling round him,  
"Soldiers, from your couches rise!  
"Sound my trumpets, sound a levy,"  
Thus in dreadful voice he cries.

Fast the soldiers flock about him,  
Thinking 'twas the Moorish train:  
When he saw them, thus he utter'd,  
In a bold determin'd strain:—

"Valiant cavaliers and soldiers,  
"Ye whose courage side by side,  
"In the fields of glory fighting,  
"Oft has been in battle try'd;

"I have heard, and from experience  
"Well indeed the truth I know,  
"Each one to his native country  
"Seeks at last in peace to go.

"Years fifteen are now accomplish'd,  
"And the sixteenth is begun,  
"Since in Aliarde's kingdom  
"We a prosperous course have run.

" He that left a wife so lovely  
" Now shall find her chang'd with age ;  
" He that left his children infants,  
" Find them tread the manly stage.

" Son and father to each other  
" For a time shall rest unknown,  
" From a length of years so distant  
" Out of recollection grown.

" To the realms of France returning,  
" Let us now our track explore ;  
" Full of honor, fame, and glory,  
" And with riches ample store.

" To prepare his ship so gallant  
" Let not each bold captain fail ;  
" Some shall keep the lands we've conquer'd,  
" Some shall with the vessels sail."

Ev'ry gallant ship then launching,  
High aloft the streamers fly ;  
At the sea-beach when arriving,  
Thus the Count, with tearful eye :—

" Valiant cavaliers and soldiers,  
" One small favor let me claim,  
" This my wish, that to no stranger  
" You will ever breathe my name.

" He that kindly keeps the secret,  
" Surely I'll reward him well ;  
" In this guise they ne'er shall know me,  
" If my name you do not tell.

" But when with our royal army  
" On the shores of France we land,  
" If they question ought about me,  
" You shall answer their demand ;

" That from some far distant country  
" 'Tis an embassy I bring  
" To our great and warlike Emperor,  
" To our sov'reign Lord and King.

" I have had a dream of horror,  
" And I go to learn the truth ;  
" I have seen my lovely Countess  
" In the arms of princely youth."

In the joy of home returning,  
Freely ev'ry soldier swore  
Ne'er to breathe his name to strangers  
When they landed on the shore.

Then, with lightsome hearts embarking,  
Soon a pleasant friendly breeze  
Wafts the ships in concert sailing  
Gently o'er the swelling seas.

Thus in France ere long arriving,  
In their much-lov'd native soil,  
Whence in absence long they'd suffer'd  
Years of hard and bitter toil.

To the court Count Irlos goes not,  
Nor to Paris bends his way,  
But to his estates he travels  
In the province where they lay.

There, when he arriv'd, he journey'd  
Round the country far and near,  
Till within his ken a city  
With its tow'rs he saw appear.

To the gate his eyes uplifting,  
Thus with trembling speech he said,  
And with briny torrents flowing  
From the fountain of his head :—

“ Valiant cavaliers and soldiers,  
“ Pity my distress severe,  
“ For the arms my father planted,  
“ Lo! no more I see them here.

“ Sure, my Countess must be marry'd,  
“ Or my lands to ruin doom'd !  
“ Else what mischief hath befall'n them :  
“ Who hath this sad change presum'd ?”

At the gates at length arriving,  
Full of grief and madding rage,  
Folks he saw, and one he question'd  
Of a grave and goodly age :

By the hand he kindly takes him,  
And begins this gentle speech ;—  
“ Tell me, friend, who owns this country ;  
“ Whose it was, too, I beseech ?”

“ You shall learn the truth,” the Porter  
In a like mild accent cries :  
“ It belong'd to good Count Irlos ;  
“ Well he did this city prize.

“ But at present to Celinos,  
“ To the Prince belongs the town.”  
This alarming news distracts him,  
Sore it casts his spirits down,

But again he asks the Porter,  
“ Friend,” he cries, “ I more would hear ;  
“ Answer then my questions kindly,  
“ Nor a grateful blessing fear.

“ How does this same Prince enjoy them ?  
“ Did he these fair regions buy ?  
“ Or by gaming basely win them  
“ By the fatal cast of die ?

" Or does he by force retain them,

" And refuses to restore ?"

Thus the trusty Porter answer'd,

" Freely will I tell you more.

" Signor, he does not enjoy them

" As their true and lawful heir,

" For Count Irlos has a brother,

" And they would become his share,

" He has many a nephew, likewise,

" Who might first a claim pursue :

" Neither has he bought them ; riches

" More they'd take than e'er he knew.

" Cities great there are amidst them,

" That to endless sums amount ;

" But he forg'd deceitful letters,

" Dead they spoke the noble Count,

" All to gain the lovely Countess,

" In her birth and lineage fair ;

" But the Countess scorn'd to listen,

" And did thus her will declare ;

" Till by force bold Oliveros

" And Orlando both combin'd,

" And the King, our potent Emperor,

" Thus proclaim'd his royal mind :

" ' Let her wed young Prince Celinos,  
" ' But with these conditions wed,  
" ' Count Orlando shall be proxy,  
" ' He ne'er seek the marriage bed.'

" Many a fête in this fair city  
" Have of late the twelve Peers held,  
" Where, in jousts and costly tourneys,  
" Ev'ry noble Knight excell'd."

When Count Irlos heard this story,  
In his veins the blood ran cold ;  
Though he strove to hide his feelings,  
Yet deep sighs his anguish told ;

And again he asks this question,  
" Friend, there's more I wish to hear ;  
" Tell me who was at these nuptials,  
" Nor my further blessing fear :

" Tell me likewise who was absent,  
" For all this I long to know ;  
" And I will requite your patience,  
" And no trifling favors shew."

" Oliveros and Orlando,  
" And our King, renown'd in fame ;  
" Montesinos, and Belardos,  
" And the good Count Grimwald, came.

- " Many another noble Chieftain  
" Of our warlike Cavaliers ;  
" But Gayferos and Count Bertram,  
" It distress'd those worthy Peers.
- " Much too did it grieve Prince Merian,  
" When the marriage words were read ;  
" But a Falconer arriving,  
" Came before the mass was said :
- " From a distant country landing  
" Far beyond the bord'ring sea ;  
" ' Brave Count Irios still is living,'  
" Thus before the Peers cry'd he.
- " Highly it rejoic'd the Countess,  
" But the Prince was griev'd with pain ;  
" In these fêtes fierce quarrels rising,  
" Scarce they could from blows refrain.
- " Fore the Emperor at this moment  
" They pursue the weighty cause ;  
" France is all in deep confusion ;  
" Tow'rds the issue as it draws :
- " One whole year demands the Countess,  
" Till the news can back arrive,  
" While she sends to learn for certain  
" If the Count be yet alive ;



" And if dead he prove, these nuptials  
" Shall be then immediate held ;  
" If he lives, she scorns the union,  
" For her heart has ne'er rebell'd.

" Brave Gayferos and Count Bertram  
" In her cause with ardor plead ;  
" Oliveros and Orlando  
" For Celinos intercede.

" But we think the final sentence  
" Hath been issu'd, or draws near ;  
" Letters yesternorn arriving  
" From the royal hand came here,

" That we must take down the blazon  
" You have seen above the gate,  
" And for good Count Bertram only  
" Hold this spacious fair estate ;

" And that neither Prince Celinos,  
" Nor a soldier of his train,  
" Shall presume within this country  
" E'er to set his foot again."

All this heard the noble warrior,  
And his heart was sore oppress'd ;  
Then his steed immediate checking,  
In the town he wou'd not rest ;

But a spacious pleasant meadow  
For his valiant soldiers chose,  
Where in mild voice gently speaking  
Thus he did his mind disclose :—

“ Valiant cavaliers and soldiers  
“ Of a brave redoubted race,  
“ Let your counsels now befriend me,  
“ And your counsels I'll embrace.

“ Shall I to our Lord the Emperor  
“ At his court pursue my way ;  
“ Or seek out the Prince Celinos,  
“ And for his presumption slay ?

“ Then we may return for safety  
“ To the kingdom whence we came,”  
Thus the gallant captains answer,  
Thus their leader gently blame :—

“ Speak not thus, my Lord, oh ! speak not  
“ Words that make your soldiers mourn,  
“ But your eyes to good Count Bertram,  
“ And the friends that love you, turn.

“ If you slay young Prince Celinos,  
“ Will they not impeach your worth ?  
“ He is of a race illustrious ;  
“ You, too, are of noble birth.

" Go then to our Lord the Emperor,  
" To his court your way pursue ;  
" There you'll learn who seeks your vantage,  
" Who has sought your mischief too.

" Lands you have, and fair possessions,  
" And abundant wealth to spend ;  
" And, moreo'er, your faithful soldiers  
" Will your honest cause defend.

" We are full ten thousand warriors  
" Of a bold determin'd race ;  
" And for your sake ev'ry danger  
" With a gen'rous zeal we face.

" Save the Emperor's royal person,  
" Ev'ry other Chief we scorn ;  
" Never shall our minds ignobly  
" Stoop to any mortal born."

This bold speech the good Count hearing,  
Not a single word reply'd,  
But, his steed with ardor spurring,  
Tow'rds the royal city hied ;

And, when one day's journey distant  
From the Emperor and his court,  
To his valiant soldiers speaking  
Thus did he again resort :—

- “ Gallant cavaliers and soldiers,  
“ Once more listen for my sake ;  
“ Now that I your counsel follow,  
“ Mine with like persuasion take.
- “ Shou’d our army to fair Paris  
“ Thus its stately march pursue,  
“ Forth the King will come to meet us,  
“ And his train of nobles too ;
- “ And though none may know my person,  
“ Yet my speech will sure bewray :  
“ Let me, then, entreat in friendship  
“ Some few troops behind to stay ;
- “ And let others journey forward  
“ To the towns and cities round ;  
“ Thus I soon shall know my fortune,  
“ If with good or evil crown’d.
- “ With a hundred friends to guard me  
“ Will I to the city go ;  
“ In the dark night boldly ent’ring,  
“ None our persons thus shall know.
- “ And in eight days’ space unnotic’d  
“ You may by degrees repair  
“ To my uncle Bertram’s palace,  
“ Sure to find me station’d there.

" I shall carefully prepare you  
" Quarters, and the best of food."  
All his friends the speech approving,  
Judg'd the counsel wise and good.

On a night when stars appear'd not,  
When 'twas ten o'clock and more,  
Brave Count Irlos tow'rd's the city  
With his guards undaunted bore.

To his uncle Bertram's palace  
Forward he pursu'd his course,  
Through the very midst of Paris  
Riding on his noble horse.

When on all sides torches-blazing,  
And a soldier train he spies,  
Who pursue the way where wending  
Brave Count Irlos' passage lies ;

When the valiant Count perceiv'd them,  
All his troops he drew aside ;  
Let them pass, and to the hindmost  
Thus in gentle accents cry'd :

" Cavalier, for heav'n's sake, tell me  
" What these warlike people mean,  
" Who in arms amidst the city  
" At so late an hour are seen ?"

Thus the Squire his question answer'd,—

“ Signor, you shall briefly hear ;

“ Countess Irlos from the palace

“ Comes with many a noble Peer.

“ Oliveros and Orlando

“ Guard her first on either side ;

“ Brave Rinaldo and Count Bertram

“ In the rear together ride.

“ And where all those num'rous torches

“ Mid the streets resplendent blaze,

“ Prince Gayferos and Prince Merian

“ Onward jointly bend their ways.”

When the Squire his speech had ended,

Back the Count returning goes,

And awhile without the city

Midst a thicket seeks repose.

“ Friends, it is too soon to enter,

“ Let our noble train alight ;

“ And the torches be extinguish'd,

“ That too much illumine the night.

“ At midnight we'll gain the city,

“ When we best may pass unknown.”—

Now, of gallant feats conversing,

Two full hours were shortly flown.

Midnight 'tis, and hark ! the watchful  
Cock the early matins crows,  
To the city with his Captains  
Back the Count advent'rous goes :

To his uncle Bertram's palace  
Riding bends without delay,  
But two streets before he reach'd it  
Chains he found to bar the way.

To his breast a sharp lance pointing,  
Loudly does some Guard exclaim,  
" Cavalier, turn back, you pass not ;  
" Back with speed, then, whence you came !

" This is good Count Bertram's palace,  
" And he bade us guard it well ;  
" We obey, and none shall enter  
" Till his errand first he tell.

" Oliveros and Orlando,  
" And Belardos, are his foes ;  
" These fierce Knights, and Prince Celines,  
" We by his command oppose."

These same welcome accents hearing,  
Gently thus the Count reply'd,  
" Friend, I pr'ythee deign to listen ;  
" Whilst I speak with patience, bide.

" You shall tell my Lord Count Bertram  
" That I have some tidings brought  
" From his nephew, brave Count Irlos,  
" Who in distant regions fought."

Pleas'd to hear it, to his palace  
Quick the soldier speeds his way,  
And, this happy news relating,  
Does in joyous sounds display.

On his couch he found him resting ;  
When the welcome tale he heard,  
In his lightest garments dressing,  
From his chamber he appear'd.

All his Knights and Squires attending,  
Full three hundred, round him go,  
And with torches briskly burning  
To the court descend below.

" Let no other," cry'd Count Bertram,  
" But the messenger alone,  
" Gain admittance : " then Count Irlos  
Was by torchlight plainly shewn.

Such a savage wild appearing,  
Not a soul would venture near ;  
Low he speaks to good Count Bertram,  
Accents he rejoic'd to hear.



In his arms then fondly rushing,  
"Welcome," cry'd he, "welcome home!  
"Nephew, in a happy moment  
"Back to France you truly come."

"Uncle, let me first entreat you  
"None may our arrival know;  
"Free admittance to your palace  
"To my people then bestow."

Now a noble feast commanding,  
Bertram hastes a splendid cheer,  
No attendant with his nephew,  
Or his warriors suff'ring near.

All their steeds too in his stables  
Good Count Bertram next receives;  
Hay, and corn, and cleanly litter,  
To the noble chargers gives.

In amazement all the palace  
This reception friendly see;  
"If 'tis not renown'd Count Irls,  
"Who then can the stranger be?"

When the Countess heard the tumult,  
Silence thus aloud she broke;  
Round her all her damsels calling,  
As with hasty words she spoke:—

- " Tell me, gentle damsels, tell me,  
    " What does all this tumult mean ?  
" Why this sudden train of warriors  
    " In my uncle's palace seen ?
- " Has Orlando and his Captains,  
    " With a bold presumptuous hand,  
" From his mansion driv'n my uncle ;  
    " Mean they, too, to seize my land ?"
- " What you hear," the damsels answ'ring  
    To the Countess, thus exclaim,  
" Are no plaintive notes of sorrow,  
    " But some joyous news proclaim.
- " Hither like a savage 'coutred  
    " Has some Knight admittance found,  
" And a banquet is preparing  
    " For himself and Captains round.
- " Some suppose him but a courier  
    " Come from countries o'er the sea ;  
" Others that 'tis brave Count Irlos,  
    " In this savage guise comes he.
- " But so close the door is fasten'd,  
    " Entrance is to all deny'd :  
" What the truth at last may tell us  
    " Careful, for a time, they hide."

When the wond'ring Countess heard it,  
From her couch she leapt in haste,  
And, her robes about her throwing,  
From her chamber instant paced.

Round her march her lovely damsels ;  
Tow'ards the fair saloon they bend ;  
Where the Cavaliers are sitting,  
There her hasty steps attend.

For admittance loudly knocking,  
To her uncle "Hark!" she cries ;  
But Count Irls not consenting,  
He the humble boon denies.

To the door went noble Bertram,  
And the Countess thus address'd,  
"Why so hasty? let me beg you  
"Not to break the hours of rest.

"Yet unknown to us the tidings  
"By this trusty courier brought :  
"Niece, when we have learnt his story,  
"You shall be immediate sought.

"Trust me, 'tis a stranger only  
"From a distant foreign land,  
"And his rude and barbarous language  
"None of us can understand."

But the Countess persevering,  
Would not this denial take;  
" 'Tis my Lord's own trusty courier,  
" Whom I'll honor for his sake."

By the hand the Count then led her;  
Round she cast a timid eye,  
And, her head in anguish shaking,  
Drew a long distressful sigh;

For Count Irlos hid his visage  
With his flowing tressy hair:  
When the Countess found all silent,  
Thus spoke she with gentle air:—

" Uncle, for heav'n's sake I beg you,  
" And I beg you o'er again,  
" Since so distant comes this courier,  
" Crossing o'er the stormy main;

" With him if he brings no money,  
" All that he may wish to spend,  
" You will let him lack for nothing,  
" But most kindly stand his friend:

" Though the train that here attends him  
" Were ten times as many more,  
" You will let him have abundance  
" From our unexhausted store."

Weeping then approach'd she near him,  
Wishing well to view the mien  
Of the stranger, that so lately  
Had her much-lov'd husband seen.

He, with love that moment melting,  
Open throws his eager arms,  
In a warm embrace to clasp her,  
But with sudden fear alarms.

Close behind her uncle Bertram  
Fast for refuge see she flies,  
Whilst Count Irls, softly sighing,  
In these soothing accents cries:—

“ Fly not, gentle Countess, fly not ;  
“ No wild savage do you see,  
“ But behold your lov'd Count Irls,  
“ Your own faithful Lord, in me.

“ These the arms in whose embraces  
“ Once you took such sweet delight.”  
From his face the hair then smoothing,  
Now she had a perfect sight.

By his voice at once she knew him,  
Tears of sweetest joy she shed ;  
To his arms transported flying,  
On his face she lean'd her head.

" Ah ! my Lord, what foe has driv'n you

" To embrace this savage state ?

" Not thus was I wont to see you ;

" Hard, indeed, has been your fate !

" Once, in manly beauty blooming,

" None with equal glory shone ;

" Then you woo'd my heart, and won it,

" And it cherish'd you alone.

" This vile garb, off let me take it,

" And your better vests prepare,

" That in days of happier fortune

" You were wont with pride to wear.

" But, my noble uncle Bertram,

" It becomes us sure to send

" News of my dear Lord's arrival

" To each faithful, valu'd friend.

" Those that long have done us honor,

" Not for Prince Gayferos' sake,

" Or his noble brother Merian,

" Who will kind excuses take ;

" But Rinaldo's of Montalban,

" Well his gen'rous worth we know,

" For his aid was nobly granted

" When Orlando was our foe."

Cavaliers then two dispatching,  
To Rinaldo one they sent,  
And the second to Gayferos  
With a friendly message went.

All in haste arrives Gayferos,  
Wond'ring in such savage arms  
Unreserv'd to see the Countess  
Yield her fair unblemish'd charms.

To the noble pair still nearer  
Then with hasty step he drew,  
And his ancient friend Count Irlos  
In a happy moment knew.

With what joy their bosoms throbbing  
Swiftly to each other spring,  
And awhile in mutual transport  
Round each other fondly cling !

Now the tables amply spreading,  
Soon they saw the festive board  
With abundant wines and viands,  
And the choicest dainties, stor'd.

On her Lord the Countess waiting,  
More and more his presence cheer'd,  
Till Rinaldo of Montalban  
In the banquet-room appear'd.

Boundless was the hero's pleasure  
When the noble Count he view'd ;  
Many a tender welcome giving,  
His kind speech he thus pursu'd :—

“ O ! a thousand times it glads me  
“ To behold my worthy friend ;  
“ All the tedious suits his absence  
“ Caus'd shall now for ever end.

“ Yet to me had others listen'd,  
“ There had been no tedious suit,  
“ Or my death, or Count Orlando's,  
“ Soon had ended the dispute.”

“ Thanks, my friend !” cry'd brave Count Irllos,  
And upon the mass-book swore  
Straitly to pursue his counsels,  
Nor to quit his arms before.

Then agreed the Chiefs Count Irllos  
With the early morn shou'd go,  
And his person to the Emperor  
In his audience-chamber shew.

All the night in converse sitting  
Did the gallant warriors spend,  
And towards the royal palace  
At the hour of council bend.



Richly drest, a collar wearing  
Round his neck of well-wrought gold,  
Goes the Count in crimson vesture,  
Like a monarch to behold.

Round him guards a hundred walking,  
(For he chose to take no more ;)  
At his left hand, Prince Gayferos,  
Bertram at his right he bore.

At the royal gates arriving,  
When his train the Courtiers saw,  
And the Count with other Chieftains  
Tow'rd the presence-chamber draw ;

For the honor of Gayferos,  
Lord of Paris so renown'd,  
Highly noble was the greeting  
From the gallant Peers he found.

When the rich saloon they enter'd,  
They perceiv'd the Emperor there,  
At the breakfast table seated,  
Eating of his sumptuous fare.

Near him valiant Oliveros,  
And Orlando first they view ;  
Baldwin, that illustrious chieftain,  
And the Prince Celinos too.

Many another Knight was present  
Of th' imperial court of France ;  
Lowly makes the Count obeisance,  
Forward as his steps advance :

First salutes the royal Emperor,  
Then the three that sat beside ;  
But when Count Orlando saw him,  
To Celinos swift he cry'd,

" Haste thee, haste thee from the city,  
" If a safe retreat you chuse ;  
" But a single moment wasting,  
" Life itself you surely lose !

" Yonder comes renown'd Count Irlos,  
" Like a savage wild attir'd ;  
" I shall answer ev'ry question  
" You, perchance, may be requir'd."

From the city rides Celinos,  
Justly mov'd at this alarm ;  
Many a warrior rides forth with him,  
To defend his life from harm.

But the Count and Prince Gayferos  
To the Emperor jointly go ;  
And, to kiss his hand requesting,  
He wou'd not his hand bestow.

Highly marv'ling within him  
Who this stranger Chief cou'd be ;  
Thus the Count, when he so plainly  
Did the Emperor's wonder see,—

“ Let not thus your Highness marvel  
“ To behold me safe once more ;  
“ Those that call'd me dead deceiv'd you,  
“ And a wicked falsehood swore.

“ I'm your loyal Knight Count Irlos ;  
“ I'm your servant firm and true :  
“ Evil light on those whose falsehood  
“ From my absence mischief drew !”

Ev'ry Knight then present knew him,  
For his voice the Chief bewray'd ;  
When the Emperor, instant rising,  
Ev'ry mark of joy display'd.

From the presence-chamber bending,  
Ev'ry other Knight retires ;  
Oliveros and Orlando,  
These the King alone requires :

Old Count Bertram, Prince Gayferos,  
And Count Irlos so renown'd ;  
When his seat the Emperor taking,  
Bids the nobles sit around ;

And, with mild complacence looking,  
Silence thus he gently broke,  
But to brave Count Irlos chiefly  
In the kindest accents spoke.

" Valiant and illustrious Baron,  
" Your arrival gives me joy ;  
" Fain would I within your bosom  
" Ev'ry source of pain destroy.

" On your lovely, faithful Countess  
" Can no foul reproach be laid,  
" Since 'twas still against her pleasure  
" With the youthful Prince to wed.

" 'Twas alone at my entreaty ;  
(" Though I let Count Bertram make  
" What conditions best might please him  
" For the gentle Countess' sake.)

" Ever have I highly lov'd you,  
" Lov'd with friendship most sincere ;  
" Doubt not, then, how much it griev'd me  
" Your untimely death to hear.

" Kindly overlook his error ;  
" And impute it to his youth,  
" That Celinos feign'd those letters,  
" Erring from the happy truth.

" Though no more I thought you living,  
" Yet my gen'rous bosom spurn'd  
" Ev'ry forc'd unfriendly influence  
" When with love Celinos burn'd.

" And, if noble Count Orlando  
" Undertook the Prince's cause,  
" Thus a hateful suit pursuing  
" In the common course of laws ;

" Recollect, good Count, that surely  
" For this suit you're most to blame :  
" One so noble, one so prudent,  
" One so high-born, it became,

" When a wife most fair and lovely  
" At so young an age he left,  
" If of presence, not of letters,  
" Years to leave her quite bereft.

" Surely when from her you parted  
" With such deep distressing grief,  
" Now and then you might have sent her  
" News of joy and sweet relief ;

" Some brave Cavalier or Chieftain  
" Of your own illustrious band,  
" Since before the rest I chose you  
" On a foreign shore to land."

At this speech the Count, indignant,  
Rising made a prompt reply ;—  
“ These excuses for Celinos,  
“ I, my Lord, shall pass them by.

“ Thoughtless, sad experience tells us  
“ Is the tender age of youth,  
“ Yet an inward guide convicts us,  
“ When we leap the bounds of truth.

“ To him then no more alluding,  
“ What can Oliveros say ?  
“ Or Orlando, for consenting  
“ To this base unmanly way ?

“ When they knew how false the letters,  
“ Me they held in poor esteem :  
“ Could they better than a coward  
“ Him they so dishonor'd deem ?

“ Conscious that I still was living,  
“ To deceit 'twas mean to yield ;  
“ Let me then, my liege, entreat you  
“ To accord me open field.

“ Nor to parents, nor to kindred,  
“ Ought neglectful I intend ;  
“ Well I know I have amongst them  
“ Many a true and valiant friend.

" Ev'ry one would stand forth freely,  
" Wish'd I but to claim his aid ;  
" But Rinaldo of Montalban  
" Is the choice my soul has made."

Highly did it grieve Orlando  
When this daring speech he heard,  
Not for what the Count first mention'd,  
Where the truth so plain appear'd ;

But because he nam'd Rinaldo,  
All his angry blood boil'd o'er,  
For the Chiefs had view'd each other  
With a jealous eye before.

And it cut him to the bosom,  
When he heard his rival nam'd :  
Rising in a furious passion,  
Thus in answer he exclaim'd :—

" I consent, then ; let Count Irlos  
" From the ground my glove uptake,  
( " Thankful that he came so timely ; )  
" But for Prince Gayferos' sake

" Surely they had now been wedded,  
" Spite of ev'ry other Chief :  
" Well I know to fight, if fighting  
" Gives the angry Count relief !"

" Silence ! silence !" cry'd Gayferos,  
" Never boast you car'd for me ;  
" Ill indeed the Twelve esteem you,  
" Griev'd your haughty ways to see.

" Yet there's many a Knight as valiant,  
" Many a one as worthy too ;  
" Well indeed the thought would please me  
" In the field to cope with you.

" Prince Celinos is my cousin  
" By my much-lov'd mother's side ;  
" By my father's, brave Count Irls ;  
" Such my honor, such my pride.

" For his sake, then, this bold challenge  
" I myself would freely take,  
" And for all the injuries done him  
" You should quick atonement make."

Up the glove Count Irls taking,  
In high choler leaves the hall ;  
Him brave Prince Gayferos follows,  
And Count Bertram last of all.

Highly did it grieve the Emp'ror  
These distressful broils to see ;  
France involv'd in wild confusion,  
And the Twelve Peers disagree.



But, renown'd Rinaldo hearing  
What had pass'd, his joy express'd,  
And, to brave Count Irls turning,  
Thus his hardy speech address'd:—

“ Valiant and approv'd Count Irls,  
“ Know my soul feels sweet delight,  
“ Oliveros and Orlando  
“ Thus to meet in vent'rous fight.

“ One thing I alone entreat you,  
“ And with gen'rous ardor press ;  
“ Stout and brave is Oliveros,  
“ Nor is proud Orlando less.

“ If it will not wound your honor  
“ In the field a choice to see,  
“ Take thou valiant Oliveros,  
“ And Orlando leave to me.”

“ I'm content,” renown'd Count Irls  
To his friend Rinaldo cry'd ;  
“ They shall own two stouter warriors  
“ Ne'er fought better side by side.”

When the noble Count's arrival  
Was about the city spread,  
Forth went many a Lord to see him,  
By pure friendship freely led.

Whilst his parents and his kindred  
In his honor fêtes display,  
All that ill esteem Orlando  
To the Count obeisance pay.

Thus all France was in confusion,  
Ev'ry Chief appear'd in arms ;  
But the Twelve, had they been watchful,  
Might have check'd these rude alarms.

No one peace would make between 'em,  
Not a Noble interfer'd ;  
None but good Archbishop Turpin  
In this gen'rous cause appear'd.

Turpin, royal Charles's nephew,  
Lord High Cardinal of France,  
He alone this friendly office  
Strives sincerely to advance.

But he finds his efforts fruitless ;  
Not a Prince his ear will lend ;  
Ev'ry one to mild entreaty  
Thinks it a disgrace to bend.

When the worthy Emp'rour knew it,  
Deep his gen'rous grief appear'd ;  
Not the loss of fair France merely,  
But all Christendom, he fear'd ;

For each party, fierce contending,  
Threatens with the Moors to join :  
Deeper ev'ry hour his sorrow  
In his face appears the sign.

Long he mus'd, till this wise counsel  
Was by some good mind inspir'd,  
" That each Chief, at sound of trumpet,  
" In the hall should be requir'd ;

" And whoever dateous came not,  
" Should be as a traitor held ;  
" Forfeit lands and goods, accounted  
" One that openly rebell'd."

At this dread imperial mandate  
In the council all unite ;  
When thus speaks the gracious Emp'rour,  
Weeping in his Nobles' sight :—

" Valiant Cavaliers and Chieftains,  
" Peers, and loyal Cousins, too,  
" If a difference reign among you,  
" On yourselves the wrong you drew.

" You are all renown'd and valiant,  
" Kinsmen too of lineage fair ;  
" Cease then, cease these fatal bick'rings,  
" And remember what you are.

- " Death remember, and your honor,  
" And that heav'n you much offend ;  
" Ev'ry christian highly grieving,  
" You the Moorish cause befriend.
- " I will ask, and you shall answer,  
" Let not then the question grieve :  
" Can the field in France be sanction'd,  
" If the Sov'reign grant not leave ?
- " Ill the licence now then suits me ;  
" For no cause I see so great,  
" Nor an injury half so weighty,  
" As to move this rancorous hate.
- " Oliveros and Orlando  
" Have not griev'd the Count so high ;  
" And the Count has less offended ;  
" Why shou'd either seek to die ?
- " Rather let me see sweet friendship  
" Reign amongst the Peers again ;  
" Then no longer shall my bosom  
" Groan beneath a load of pain.
- " If Celinos err'd, have pity  
" On his inexperience'd youth ;  
" Since he has not harm'd the Countess,  
" Though he feign'd a vile untruth.

" Death he merits not, but surely  
" Some chastisement less severe ;  
" Therefore, listen to this sentence,  
" Ev'ry word with patience hear.

" Well you know the Count is valiant,  
" And of an illustrious birth ;  
" That amongst our gallant Nobles  
" None can boast superior worth.

" That whoever dares offend him,  
" Dares do much, and seeks his harm,  
" Since a better Knight ne'er lifted  
" Buckler on his manly arm.

" That it may, too, serve for warning  
" To all Knights of noble race,  
" Not by such deceitful actions  
" To incur deserv'd disgrace ;

" Henceforth shall no more Celinos  
" Rank the Twelve bold Peers among,  
" Nor, whene'er the Count is present,  
" Shine amidst the courtly throng.

" Neither shall he range the purlieus  
" Where he finds the Countess dwell :  
" We shall guard Count Irllos' honor,  
" We his friends that love him well."

When Orlando heard the Emp'ror,  
In a furious mood he cry'd,  
" Rather life itself I'd forfeit  
" Than by this award abide !"

When the noble Count perceiv'd him,  
In a fury too he rose,  
And, with voice disdainful answer'ing,  
Thus his fierce resentment shews :—

" Think not tamely, Count Orlando,  
" To your madness we shall yield ;  
" With my gallant friend Rinaldo  
" I will meet you in the field.

" Three days hence be sure we meet you :  
" If your angry hearts wax cold,  
" Henceforth you and Oliveros  
" We shall errant cowards hold."

" Three days hence," reply'd Orlando,  
" Or before, we'll fearless meet ;  
" Doubt not but our trusty sabres  
" Soon shall lay you at our feet."

Dismal shrieks now rend the palace,  
Shrieks that to the heav'ns ascend ;  
Husbands, brothers, wives, and children,  
Each applies to some dear friend ;

Humbly at their feet imploring  
These disgraceful feuds to heal :  
To her son the noble mother  
Of Gayferos first to kneel.

To Count Bertram pleads his sister,  
To Orlando pleads his wife,  
Who, with piteous sighs lamenting,  
Begs him to preserve his life.

To their seats again returning,  
Loudly many a Chieftain cries,  
" Cavaliers, attend to reason,  
" Let not this wild fury rise.

" Yet there is no cause for combat,  
" Rather for a mutual peace ;  
" Once more, then, let ev'ry Baron  
" This disgraceful rancour cease."

Count Orlando then uprising,  
To the Peers this speech address'd,  
" That alone on these conditions  
" Should his fierce contention rest :

" Since the youthful Prince Celinos  
" Counts at most but years fifteen,  
" Ne'er till now stout armour wearing,  
" Nor in manly combats seen ;

"Till such time as age maturer  
"Numbers five and twenty years,  
"He shall not again be counted  
"With the Twelve illustrious Peers ;

"Neither shall he at their table  
"Of the same rich viands eat ;  
"Neither with the Count and Countess,  
"Where they are, shall take his seat.

"But when twenty years he reckons,  
"If he thinks his arm so strong,  
"And believes his honor wounded,  
"Pining at the grievous wrong,

"Let him boldly bid defiance  
"To what Knights he best may please ;  
"And, if none appear to meet him,  
"Let it the offence appease."

This just speech from either bosom  
Ev'ry seed of rancour chas'd ;  
When the Emp'ror, joyous rising,  
All the noble Twelve embrac'd.

On the morrow splendid banquets  
For his Nobles he prepares ;  
Many a Lord and many a Lady  
Of the feast delighted shares.



Then, his hair and beard divesting,  
Gallantly the Count appears ;  
Whilst the Countess, dress'd as richly,  
Sits triumphant with the Peers.

When the royal feast was ended,  
Ere they join'd the mazy dance,  
See Count Irilos to the Emp'ror  
With a graceful step advance ;

And the keys of all the cities  
Of the Moor Aliarde's land,  
By his dauntless valor conquer'd,  
Place them in his sov'reign's hand.

Highly pleas'd, on brave Count Irilos  
He the largest share bestows ;  
Who alike rewards his warriors  
For their vict'ry o'er his foes.

All the Twelve his courage praising,  
And his conquest bravely gain'd ;  
In abundant wealth and honor,  
Peace and glory, he remain'd.

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THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
MONTESINOS AND OLIVEROS.

---

THIS Ballad records a battle between two Knights about a Lady, who might, for ought I know, be a very modest woman ; a matter that seems, indeed, perfectly indifferent to our modern Knights, who frequently squabble about ladies that have no pretensions to the title.

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IN the rich saloons of Paris,  
Where the Emp'ror holds his seat,  
And the Twelve, at one round table  
Who the same rich viands eat ;

Where Archbishops sit and Bishops,  
And an honor'd Patriarch too ;  
After they had din'd in splendor,  
From the banquet they withdrew.

Then, in sev'ral parties joining,  
Through the fair saloon they walk,  
And, a thousand subjects starting,  
Long in friendly converse talk.

Martial deeds of fame and glory  
Please the ancient warrior's ear ;  
But the charms of love and beauty  
Amorous youth delights to hear.

Two amongst these noble Barons  
With a jealous passion burn,  
When, to Montesinos speaking,  
Thus does Oliveros turn,

These injurious accents breathing,—

“ Patience now is nighly o’er ;

“ You must think of Aliarda,

“ Of the lovely maid, no more.

“ Montesinos, Montesinos,

“ Long I’ve begg’d you to desist,

“ But I see for mild entreaty

“ Little does your bosom list.

“ All unfit to be her servant,

“ Dares your heart to love aspire ?

“ But that I respect the Emp’ror,

“ You had felt my sharpest ire.”

When the warrior heard this insult,

Sore it mov’d his gen’rous breast ;

Like a brave man boldly answ’ring,

Thus his choler he express’d :—

“ Well I know you are a Chieftain

“ Of high valour and renown,

“ And that you are deem’d an honor

“ To our gracious Emp’ror’s crown.

" Once I thought your courteous breeding  
 " Answer'd to your noble birth,  
 " But this rude behaviour lessens  
 " All your former fancy'd worth.

" What could move you to affront me  
 " In this base injurious way ?  
 " Can you think that manly courage  
 " Such insulting words display ?

" Had I but a sword, believe me  
 " Soon I would the wrong chastise,  
 " And henceforth another's valour  
 " Teach you better how to prize."

Uprose fiercely Oliveros,  
 And his sword resentful drew ;  
 Then, to Montesinos turning,  
 Like a man distracted flew.

Montesinos idly stays not,  
 For, unarm'd, he cou'd not fight ;  
 But, the palace steps descending,  
 Up to heav'n directs his sight ;

Not to change his garments swearing,  
 Nor ride forth to take the air ;  
 Bread to eat in town or village,  
 Or be seen in gala there :

Ne'er to let a razor touch him,  
Nor the sacred mass to hear ;  
Or by name of Montesinos,  
As Count Grimwald's son appear ;

Till he had aveng'd the insult  
Oliveros dar'd to give ;  
For he thought, while thus dishonor'd,  
'Twas a foul-disgrace to live.

At his palace gates arriving,  
Soon he shines in armour bright,  
Fits his helmet, sword and harness  
Girding round his waist to fight.

Then his lance he takes, that careful  
From all others he conceal'd ;  
Strong and stubborn was the handle,  
And the temper'd point well steel'd.

On his steed then lightly vaulting,  
Letters by a Page he sent,  
That, to Oliveros writing,  
Thus proclaim'd his firm intent :—

“ Arm'd at ev'ry point, I hasten  
“ Forth to meet you in the field  
“ On my steed ; and, to chastise you,  
“ High the poizing lance I wield.”

Now to Oliveros bending,  
 Swift the Page pursues his way,  
 At the royal palace finds him  
 Sitting unconcern'd and gay.

Lowly then he bows before him.  
 When he saw the Page appear,  
 Oliveros, briskly rising,  
 Did apart his errand hear.

" Montesinos sends this letter,  
 " And an answer prompt requires."  
 " I myself," cries he, " will bear it,  
 " And attend as he desires."

Four hours distance from the city  
 Was the destin'd spot assign'd ;  
 In that time did Montesinos  
 His appointed presence bind.

If he came not, for a coward  
 He wou'd then his honor blast ;  
 But so slow was Oliveros,  
 That full six were come and past.

High enrag'd rides Montesinos,  
 Thus to find his patience try'd ;  
 But, while waiting, fast toward him  
 Some approaching Knight espy'd.

'Twas his cousin, brave Rinaldo,  
And in love no friend so dear :  
What he said to Montesinos  
When he spoke you soon shall hear.

" Montesinos, great my wonder  
" Thus alone to see you stray !  
" Something must have sore displeas'd you,  
" For your motions wrath display.

" Have you sent some Knight a challenge,  
" And is this th' appointed place ?  
" As I find you arm'd, it strikes me  
" This must surely be the case."

Thus reply'd the gallant warrior,  
When Rinaldo he address'd,—  
" I receiv'd a noble present,  
" And this steed among the rest ;

" And it is my constant custom,  
" When I have a charger new,  
" Forth to ride equipp'd in armour,  
" Just to prove what he can do."

" Ah ! my friend," to Montesinos  
Brave Rinaldo thus reply'd,  
" Such excuses falsely making,  
" May I not in justice chide ?

" Plainly do I see some challenge  
 " Leads you forth with courage bold."  
 Montesinos then replying,  
 All the truth precisely told.

" In the palace Oliveros  
 " And myself together walk'd,  
 " When in high injurious language  
 " On a sudden thus he talk'd :

" ' Montesinos, Montesinos,  
 " ' Patience now is nearly o'er ;  
 " ' You must think of Aliarda,  
 " ' Of the lovely maid, no more.

" ' All unfit to be her servant,  
 " ' Dares your heart to love aspire ?  
 " ' But that I respect the Emp'ror,  
 " ' You had felt my sharpest ire.'

" ' What,' cry'd I, ' can make you treat me  
 " ' In this base injurious way ?  
 " ' Can you think that manly courage  
 " ' Such insulting words display ?'

" Uprose he in bitter fury,  
 " And his sword resentful drew ;  
 " Then towards me like a maniac  
 " With a desp'rate purpose flew.



" I, forsooth, no sword possessing,  
" Did not chuse t' await the blow,  
" But, towards my palace turning,  
" Sent a challenge to the foe.

" Then I arm'd, as now you see me,  
" Mounting on my gen'rous steed,  
" And, th' appointed distance measuring,  
" Did in timely hour proceed.

" Four hours ride did I allow him,  
" Or I shou'd his honor blast :  
" In this spot have I been waiting,  
" And full six are come and past."

When Rinaldo heard the story,  
What he said will soon appear :  
" Montesinos, if you wish me,  
" I myself will bring him here ;

" Or if he refuse to listen,  
" I will call him no true Knight :  
" He will then appoint some warrior,  
" And we shall be four to fight."

Whilst the cousins were conversing,  
Oliveros came in view ;  
Not indeed equipp'd for battle  
Seem'd his robes of warlike hue :

But beneath his silken vesture  
Arms of mighty strength he wore ;  
And thus cry'd to Montesinos,  
When the Chief he stood before :—

“ Who's the traitor now, confess it ?  
“ Who hath thus his falsehood shewn ?  
“ Company he brings, yet promis'd  
“ I should find him here alone.”

“ Oliveros,” cry'd the warrior,  
“ Let not this your choler move ;  
“ That I am no base-born traitor  
“ Shall both words and actions prove.

“ Had you but attended better  
“ At th' appointed time and ground,  
“ Nor Rinaldo, nor another,  
“ But me, only, had you found.

“ When he saw me arm'd, he question'd  
“ What strange cause had led me there ;  
“ And, at first the truth denying,  
“ I reply'd some other care.

“ But, importunately asking  
“ From his questions to be free,  
“ I related all the matter  
“ That hath pass'd 'tween you and me.

" But I swear that from his presence  
" Shall no secret injury rise :  
" Knight that can so far be guilty,  
" Ev'ry bosom must despise.

" Let him, then, return to Paris,  
" And let us remain alone."  
" Be it so," cry'd Oliveros,  
" Then our courage shall be known."

Back to Paris speeds Rinaldo,  
While the warriors, side by side,  
Gallop to the field of battle,  
Where their valor must be try'd.

" Now then," Montesinos boldly  
To his fellow Chief exclaim'd ;  
" Now's the time to prove your courage,  
" Long in arms so highly fam'd !"

Furious then they joust together  
With so rude and fierce a blow,  
That, each other firmly striking,  
Thund'ring to the ground they throw.

Half an hour it was and better  
Ere recov'ring either spoke ;  
Till at length brave Montesinos  
Rising, thus the silence broke :—

" Oliveros, vaunt no longer  
 " You're so bold a Cavalier,  
 " If this trifling fall dismay you,  
 " And your bosom sink with fear.

" As our lances both are shiver'd,  
 " To our axes we'll repair."

At these words stout Oliveros  
 Does again the combat dare.

Forth their axes fly, and desp'rate,  
 Rude, and fearful, are the blows,  
 Till their armour, hew'd to pieces,  
 All the ground in fragments strews.

From their hands the axes flying,  
 " Now," cry they, " let valor shine !  
 " Chief, draw forth thy gleaming faulchion,  
 " As thou seest me draw forth mine."

Thus, with savage fury fighting,  
 Ne'er was such a combat seen ;  
 When by chance a Hunter, passing,  
 Would have thrust himself between ;

But, a furious threat receiving,  
 On the spot he dar'd not stay,  
 And, towards the city posting,  
 To the palace bent his way.

To the Emp'ror loudly shouting, "  
Thus th' affrighted Hunter cries,  
" Noble King, the news I bear you  
" Will your royal ear surprise.

" This fair kingdom's near its ruin,  
" For its Peers are met in arms:  
" Paris, at the tumult grieving,  
" Rings with deep and dire alarms."

In his palace sat the Emp'ror,  
But the Hunter's voice he heard;  
Who, before his presence summon'd,  
With a trembling step appear'd.

" Friend," demands the Emp'ror, " tell us  
" Why these strange alarms you spread?"  
" Let your Highness deign to listen,"  
Humbly then, the Hunter said.

" Near St. Denis, whilst pursuing  
" The diversions of the chase,  
" Two of your brave Peers were battling,  
" Fierce as lions on the place.

" Montesinos one, the other  
" Oliveros, high renown'd;  
" Streams of blood about 'em flowing,  
" Stain with crimson all the ground.

“ If not slain since there I left them,  
 “ They are now in desp’rate plight,  
 “ For the eye hath never witness’d  
 “ Such a cruel bloody fight.”

For his steed the Emp’ror shouting,  
 Gallops off with double speed ;  
 All the other Nobles present  
 With him to the spot proceed.

First rides Oliveros’ cousin,  
 And his gallant brother too ;  
 Next rides Montesinos’ father,  
 And towards St. Denis flew.

Friends and parents deeply grieving  
 At this new disaster rag’d ;  
 But the Emp’ror, calmly arguing,  
 Soon their mutual wrath assuag’d ;

And aloud proclaim’d that no one  
 Should by speech or deed repair  
 To rude wrangling for this mischief,  
 But with gentle love forbear ;

That, too, whosoe’er transgressing,  
 Should this scene of scandal spread,  
 And again recur to battle,  
 Shou’d that instant lose his head.

Thus preventing future quarrels,  
 When they heard him thus exclaim,  
 Riding in a mass together,  
 Near the spot the Nobles came.

By the tracks of blood the Emp'ror  
 Soon the bleeding warriors found,  
 Close beside each other lying  
 Helpless on the hostile ground.

Each brave Cavalier attending,  
 Then aloud he summon'd near;  
 Grief afflicts their gen'rous bosoms  
 When the mangl'd Knights appear.

" O my brave son, Montesinos!"  
 Weeping, good Count Grimwald cry'd;  
 " O my cousin! O my brother!"  
 Oliveros' friends reply'd.

When he saw the fatal bloodshed,  
 Sore it griev'd the Emp'ror's heart,  
 And, two litters then commanding,  
 Either Chief was laid apart.

To his palace he permits them  
 Both the wounded Chiefs to bear,  
 Where, their dismal gashes viewing,  
 Skilful surg'ons dress with care;

Such the will of heav'n, that neither  
Of these hardy Knights shou'd die,  
But, ere long their wounds recov'ring,  
Join in friendship's happy tie :

For the Emp'ror, interposing,  
Future quarrels to restrain,  
When he saw them both recover'd,  
And in peace abroad again ;

Marry'd each to some sweet lady  
Of the noblest, young and fair,  
And to speak to Aliarda  
Bade them on their lives forbear ;

That whoever disobey'd him,  
Might his sure displeasure dread,  
And for his audacious boldness  
Lose at once his guilty head.

Aliarda then was wedded  
To a brave and noble Knight ;  
Thus sweet peace, on all sides reigning,  
Gilds the hours from morn to night.





## THE ANCIENT BALLAD

OF

## THE PALMER OR PILGRIM.

---

THESE Ballads run counter to true history in allowing Charlemagne but one son and one daughter, as he left seven daughters behind him, and one legitimate son, Lewis the Debonnaire, who succeeded him in the kingdom and empire. Charles and Pepin, to each of whom he had given the regal dignity, as well as to Lewis, both died three years before him, in the year of our Lord 811.

---

FORTH the youthful Palmer sallies  
From fair Merida the strong ;  
Both his feet with blood are streaming,  
As unshod he walks along,

All in rags ; a garment wearing  
In its value nought esteem'd,  
But beneath it one concealing  
Worth a royal city deem'd :

King nor Emperor could buy it.  
To fair Paris strait he bends;  
Inn nor hospital he asks for,  
Only where the King attends.

At the palace gates arriving,  
To a Porter he exclaim'd,  
"Tell me, Porter, where's the Emp'ror,  
"Where the King so highly fam'd?"

Long the Porter stood admiring  
What the message he cou'd bring,  
Wond'ring that so poor a Palmer  
Should request to see the King.

"Be not so surpris'd," good Porter,  
"Let my dress unnotic'd pass."  
"At the Lat'ran is the Emp'ror;  
"An Archbishop says the Mass;

"And a Cardinal is preaching."  
Now behold the Palmer go;  
When the holy church he enter'd,  
What he did you soon shall know.

To his God he bent right humbly,  
And the Virgin Mother too,  
To the Cardinal and th' Archbishop,  
Who the holy rites pursue.

To the crown he made obeisance,  
Bowling at the Emp'ror's feet ;  
And to the Twelve Peers illustrious,  
Who at one round table eat.

But to Oliveros bow'd not,  
And to brave Orlando less ;  
For the Moors enslav'd their nephew,  
And they left him in distress :

Means they had enough to free him,  
But his ransom never sought.  
Oliveros and Orlando  
Were to sudden fury wrought.

Both their swords were drawn to slay him,  
When this open scorn they saw ;  
But his staff the Palmer raises,  
Whilst the glitt'ring blades they draw.

" Peace !" the King cries, " Oliveros ;  
" Peace ! Orlando too," he says ;  
" Or this youth has lost his senses,  
" Or the royal blood betrays."

By the hand the Emp'ror takes him ;  
" Tell me, Palmer," now cries he,  
" In what year, (and answer truly)  
" Or what month, you cross'd the sea ?"

" In the month of May I cross'd it :

" 'Tis indeed a grief to tell,

" Walking in my father's garden,

" This unkind mischance befel :

" Moors in evil moment seiz'd me,

" Led me o'er the distant wave,

" To the Princess of Sansueña,

" Where I humbly bow'd her slave.

" When the gentle Princess saw me,

" All her bosom wak'd to love ;

" And the life I led, to know it

" Will your wonder strangely move.

" At her table was I feasted,

" Freely did I share her bed."

Thus reply'd the gallant Emp'ror,

You shall soon hear what he said.

" Such captivity, so pleasing,

" Who would not delight to share !

" Tell me, Palmer, shou'd I gain it,

" Were I but to venture there ?"

" Go not, King, oh ! go not thither,

" If a friend you deign to hear :

" Merida's a pow'rful city,

" Never hath it bow'd to fear.

" It has full three hundred castles,  
" And a strong and stubborn wall ;  
" And the least of all these castles  
" To your arms will never fall."

Thus cry'd fiercely Oliveros,  
Thus Orlando cry'd, " This youth,  
" This bold Palmer, would deceive us,  
" For he does not speak the truth.

" It has not a hundred castles,  
" Not e'en ninety can it boast ;  
" Never a Moor in all the city  
" Like a soldier guards his post :

" And they lack a valiant captain  
" Forth to lead them to the fight."  
This reply the Palmer hearing,  
Lifts his vengeful hand, his right,

And attempts to strike Orlando.  
" Seize the Palmer !" shouts the King ;  
" Let the Judge condemn his rashness,  
" And his head to forfeit bring !"

In an instant seiz'd, behold him  
On the scaffold thus exclaim,—  
" God, O King, no good intends you ;  
" Highly do you merit blame !

" But, one son alone possessing,  
" Would you now that son destroy ?"  
To the Queen his words related,  
She approach'd with trembling joy.

" If the youth's my son," she utter'd,  
" Find the mark upon his side."  
In her presence then appearing,  
On the spot the proof was try'd.

Off they take his tatter'd garment,  
In its value nought esteem'd,  
And disrobe him of the second,  
Worth a royal city deem'd ;

By the marks the Prince discov'ring  
On the side he haply bore :  
All the Court rejoices highly,  
Never so rejoic'd before.

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THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
PRINCE BALDWIN.

---

THIS Ballad is not mentioned in Don Quixote, but refers to an incident in the Ballad of Calainos; and, as Prince Baldwin marries Sybilla, connects that Ballad with the one following of the Marquis of Mantua.

---

PENSIVE sat the noble Baldwin,  
For his late defeat he wept;  
Nights and days together musing,  
Ne'er his eyes for sorrow slept.

" From a worthless Moor in combat  
" Have I suffer'd deep disgrace?  
" Where is all the ancient glory  
" Of my great and gallant race?

" Thus to live in foul dishonor,  
" Life becomes a bitter pain;  
" I will seek by deeds of valor  
" To efface the hated stain.

" Saddle me the milk-white charger  
" Mantua's noble Marquis sent :  
" Bring my arms! my soul no longer  
" Is on sloth inglorious bent.

" Bravely will I die, or conquer  
" Like a hero in the field ;  
" These same Moors in stormy battle  
" Shall beneath my prowess yield."

Forth rides he, his Squire attends him,  
And to fair Sansueña goes ;  
Round on all sides Baldwin seeking,  
But he finds no hostile foes.

Proud rejoicings in the city  
Ent'ring at the gates he hears,  
Where the Princess of Sansueña  
With a lovely train appears.

" O well might the Moor Calainos  
" For so rare a beauty fight!  
" Never yet did fairer damsel  
" Meet fond youth's enamour'd sight !"

To a low balcony bending,  
See where sits the lovely maid ;  
So amidst the sky all-glorious  
Shines the radiant sun display'd.



Hark ! the martial trumpets sounding,  
For the gallant fête prepare ;  
Many a Knight in shining armour  
Shews his dauntless prowess there.

In the lists Prince Baldwin enters,  
Prancing on his milk-white steed ;  
Highly beats his noble bosom  
To achieve some gallant deed.

To the Princess lowly bending,  
Then with gentle speech he cries,  
“ To the conqu’ror in these tourneys  
“ Would thou wert the lovely prize !

“ What the sword, the spear, the helmet,  
“ When compar’d with beauty’s charms !  
“ Beauty all victorious triumphs,  
“ Though it boasts the softest arms.

“ In thy name, sweet maid, permit me  
“ In the glorious lists to shine ?  
“ Though the Knights may shew their valor,  
“ Quickly shall they yield to mine.”

Sweetly smiles the lovely Princess  
When she hears this soft address ;  
And, her heart to love first waking,  
Thus she does her thoughts express :—

" Go, brave youth, oh ! go and conquer ;  
" And, when fighting in my name,  
" Your's be valour's highest blazon,  
" Your's the fairest wreath of fame !"

Low bow'd he, and swift as lightning  
Forward spurr'd his fiery steed ;  
Not so swift the nimble roebuck  
Urges in the chase his speed.

Ev'ry rival chief o'erturning,  
Dealing many a blow severe,  
Soon he sees the lists before him  
From a host of champions clear.

More and more the lovely Princess  
Feels the dauntless hero's worth ;  
" Sure," cries she, " a Knight so gallant  
" Springs alone of royal birth !"

But her father, brave Almanzor,  
Instant to the square descends ;  
And, a noble train attending,  
To the youthful warrior bends.

" Where the proud unconquer'd hero  
" Ever shone in arms so great ?  
" Come with me, and I'll exalt you  
" To a high illustrious state.

“ Knight, if yet thy noble bosom  
“ Is from love’s soft trammels free,  
“ Fair Sybilla will I give thee,  
“ And embrace a son in thee.”

In his eyes sweet pleasure sparkling,  
To this speech Prince Baldwin cries,  
“ O brave King ! what Chief could combat,  
“ And desire a lovelier prize !”

“ Sound the brazen trumpets bravely !”  
Shouts the noble Moorish King ;  
“ Let the city songs of gladness,  
“ And triumphant vict’ry ring !”

By the hand he takes Prince Baldwin,  
Praising still his matchless deeds ;  
And to meet his lovely daughter,  
To the fair Sybilla leads.

O what blushes softly glowing  
Did her beauteous cheeks disclose !  
Never yet with bloom so lovely  
Shone the full-blown damask rose.

Lowly, with a look respectful,  
On his knees he graceful bent ;  
“ Wilt thou, Lady,” cries the Chieftain,  
“ Ev’ry tender wish prevent ?

" Wilt thou deign (for, lo! thy father  
" Doth our union thus approve)  
" Wilt thou deign to hear, sweet Princess,  
" Vows of never-ceasing love?

" Then, though Fortune frown malignant,  
" I shall scorn her fickle pow'r:  
" Mine the purest bliss of heaven  
" From this dear auspicious hour."

" Youth," exclaims the gentle Princess,  
" Thou art sure of royal line;  
" Valour and transcendent merit  
" In thy words and actions shine.

" But if not, since my lov'd father  
" Doth the nuptial rites allow,  
" Pleas'd will I accept the offer,  
" Breathe a true eternal vow."

" I am Baldwin, Dacia's monarch  
" For my royal sire I own;  
" To the Emp'ror only bowing,  
" Seated on his royal throne.

" O that peace between thy father  
" And my honor'd King might reign,  
" And no more our arms in battle  
" Dye with blood the hostile plain!"

"I consent," cries brave Almanzor;  
"Sanguine war shall ever cease;  
"My lov'd daughter shall between us  
"Form the gentle bond of peace."

Now a costly feast preparing,  
See the friendly tables spread,  
Where the guests, in order seated,  
Are with choicest dainties fed.

From the Princess, sweet Sybilla,  
Scarce his eyes can Baldwin move;  
But with fond delight he gazes,  
Drinking deeper draughts of love.

Oft, too, at the blooming hero  
Steals the maid a look unseen;  
Much admires his noble stature,  
Much his gallant princely mien.

When Almanzor saw their passion,  
Soft he breath'd a pensive sigh,  
And a tear, though none perceiv'd it,  
Glisten'd in the Monarch's eye.

Back to days of youthful glory,  
And of love, his view he cast;  
And he dwelt for some short moments  
With regret upon the past;

When the fair Sybilla's mother,  
Now, alas ! on earth no more,  
From a thousand envying rivals  
His triumphant valour bore.

But the King, by kind attention  
To his guests, forgets his pain :  
" In the festive hour the bosom  
" Should from bitter thoughts refrain."

From the splendid banquet rising,  
To the dance they now repair,  
Where, the lovely Princess leading,  
Baldwin shines the gayest there.

All around the blazing torches  
A refulgent light display ;  
In the palace of Almanzor  
Night is turn'd to brightest-day.

Then, the marriage-contract signing,  
Soon the nuptial rites succeed ;  
From the rich saloon the Princess  
Bridal maids to dress her lead.

Sev'n times to the softest music,  
Whilst he sits beside the King,  
See the bride before the bridegroom,  
Clad in diff'rent robes, they bring.

First cerulean blue adorns her,  
Round her waist a lovely zone ;  
On her head an azure turban,  
Thick with stars of silver, shone.

Purple next ; a robe of satin  
Fring'd and loop'd with shining gold :  
On her head white feathers waving,  
Does th' enamour'd Prince behold.

Each time rising he salutes her ;  
Now she comes in lively green ;  
Round her head a wreath of emeralds  
Of the brightest lustre seen :

Next pale straw her dress engaging,  
On her head a tuft of flow'rs :  
Light she trips along, and beauty  
Shines in all its softest pow'rs.

Then she comes in pink and silver,  
Ev'ry plume is vary'd too ;  
Some are white, and some carnation,  
Some a pale inviting blue.

Next in brown, her head a crescent  
Of the finest gold displays ;  
In the centre a carbuncle  
Throws around a glorious blaze.

Last in white she comes, and loosely  
Down in ringlets floats her hair.  
“ Ah !” exclaims the Prince, “ what beauty !  
“ Ne’er was Princess half so fair !”

Then he takes her hand ; before them  
Fifty lovely damsels sing ;  
To the nuptial chamber bending,  
Soon the lovely pair they bring.

At Almanzor’s court a season,  
With the sweet Sybilla blest,  
Spends the Prince, and long the Monarch  
For his stay a wish express’d ;

But at length to France escorts him,  
Whilst a noble train attends :  
Highly did it please the Emp’ror  
When he found the Moors were friends.

But again the happy nuptials,  
As the church directs, were held ;  
Where in many a tilt and tourney  
Gallant Baldwin still excell’d.

For his sake his dear Sybilla  
Soon the Christian faith embrac’d :  
Thus from Baldwin’s mind for ever  
Was his late defeat effac’d.



THE ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF THE  
MARQUIS OF MANTUA.

---

THIS Ballad is mentioned more than any of the preceding : the subject, however, as Cervantes says, is altogether apocryphal; namely, the murder of Prince Baldwin by Carloto the Emperor's son. Turpin tells us that he and Theodoric alone escaped of the French nobility from the battle of Roncesvalles, to whom these Romances add a third, Montesinos : the two relations, therefore, run counter. But as it is impossible to argue with any degree of probability on subjects where all is Romance, we briefly proceed to illustrate the Ballads by the text of Don Quixote.

In the fifth chapter we find the Knight fallen from Rozinante, and incapable of rising, from the drubbing he received from the Mule-driver : he begins, therefore, to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read, and his madness immediately recalled to his memory that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded in the mountain ; a piece of history which every boy knows, that all young men are acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more believed, by old age itself, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet : nevertheless it occurred to him as an occasion expressly adapted to his present situation. Therefore, with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and with a languid voice exclaim, in the words of the wounded Knight of the wood,

\* Alas! where are you, lady dear,  
That for my woe you do not moan?  
Thou little know'st what ails me here,  
Or art to me disloyal grown.

In this manner he went on repeating the Romance, until he came to these lines :—

O noble Prince of Mantuan plains,  
My carnal kinsman and my lord ;

but, before he could finish the whole couplet, a peasant, who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the same village, chanced to pass in his way from the mill, where he had been with a load of wheat. This honest countryman, seeing a man lie stretched upon the ground, came up, and asked him who he was, and the reason of his lamenting so piteously. Don Quixote, doubtless, believed that it was his uncle the Marquis of Mantua, and made no other reply but the continuation of his Romance, in which he gives an account of his own misfortune, occasioned by the amour between his wife and the Emperor's son, exactly as it is related in the book. The peasant, astonished at such a rhapsody, took off his beaver, which had been broken to pieces by the Mule-driver, and wiping his face, which was covered with dust, immediately knew the unfortunate Knight, whom he sets upon Rozinante, and conveys back to his habitation. Other quotations will be noticed in their proper places.

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#### PART I.

FROM fair Mantua Danès Urgel,  
Nam'd the Loyal; bent his way,  
And the chase design'd to follow,  
Where the distant sea-beach lay.

---

\* These lines are from Ozell's translation; Smollet, having given them a ludicrous turn, has not rendered them right.

With him did he take his falcons  
On the quarry skill'd to fly ;  
And his well-train'd dogs ; melodious,  
Loud, and pleasant, was their cry.

Many Cavaliers to guard him  
To the manly pastime go ;  
For the game the huntsmen beating  
On the borders of the Po.

From the mid-day's sultry weather  
In a grove they seek retreat,  
Where the Marquis near a fountain  
With the huntsmen takes his seat ;

And, on viands cold regaling,  
For new toils their spirits brace,  
All the conversation turning  
On the pleasures of the chase.

On a sudden midst the thicket,  
That beside the fountain stood,  
Loud the noise they heard, and rustling  
In the branches of the wood.

All were silent, anxious waiting  
What this new alarm might be,  
And a stag amidst the bushes  
Bending to the fountain see.

Now the dogs the huntsmen cheering,  
All the echoing woods resound,  
Whilst the stag, the clamour hearing,  
Flies before the opening hound.

Swiftly to the hills returning,  
Horse and hunters bold pursue ;  
By the scent the pastime following,  
When the game is lost to view.

He that has the fleetest courser  
O'er the country leads the way,  
While far distant others, straggling,  
Would not for the Marquis stay.

Strong the stag, and, swiftly flying,  
Far upon the pack he gains ;  
Eager still the game pursuing,  
Not a dog at fault remains.

Thick the wood, and steep the mountain,  
Where the stag has bent his flight ;  
Soon they lose their way, and sunset  
Comes, the harbinger of night.

But when Mantua's noble Marquis  
Found himself thus left alone,  
In a wood so wild and boundless,  
Where no human track was known ;

Wand'ring here and there, he knew not  
Whither to direct his steed,  
Nor, so many circles making,  
Where his devious course to lead.

Dark night comes, and dreadful thunder  
Rolls amidst the vaulted sky,  
Whilst from clouds tempestuous darting  
Forth the vivid lightnings fly.

Thrice now has the noble Marquis  
His far echoing cornet wound ;  
Not a single hunter hears him,  
Distant from the well-known sound.

Weary grown, his steed no longer  
Bounds along the rocky steep,  
But, at ev'ry instant stumbling,  
Does a dang'rous footing keep.

Vex'd, and with fatigue o'erpower'd,  
Then the Marquis loos'd the reins,  
While the steed, at random straying,  
Long his master's weight sustains.

But of noble stock, the courser  
Seems more active as he goes ;  
\* Ten long miles he travels forward,  
Not a moment's respite knows.

---

\* About forty of our miles.

Not strait forward riding, only  
Where the opening woods admit,  
Till, thus wand'ring so uncertain,  
On a track he chanc'd to hit ;

And the track, some space pursuing,  
To a grove of pine-trees led ;  
Long the mazy wood detains him,  
Wide, around on all sides spread.

Fain he wish'd to rest, yet forward  
Still his gen'rous steed inclin'd,  
Whilst the Marquis by his huntsmen  
Hopes to be ere long rejoin'd.

From the pine-grove now he sallies,  
When a gloomy vale appears,  
And a dreadful cry assails him,  
Rushing wildly on his ears. .

Whence it could proceed he knew not ;  
But the shriek of woe he knew,  
And a world of pain it noted,  
And a world of sorrow too.

Chilling fear at first appall'd him,  
But his spirits he regain'd ;  
For, though old, his manly bosom  
Danger's threat'ning look disdain'd.

Forward still he boldly presses ;  
But his weary steed forsakes,  
In a meadow leaves him grazing,  
And on foot his journey takes.

At a river's brink arriving,  
On a sandy spot, he found  
A dead steed, and, struck with wonder,  
View'd him with attention round.

Arm'd at ev'ry point for battle,  
In this guise the charger lay ;  
All his fine limbs hew'd to pieces,  
Slaughter'd in a barb'rous way.

But at no great distance forward  
Thus a voice, with grief oppress'd,  
Deeply sighing to the Virgin,  
Words of bitter pain address'd :—

“ Holy Mary, deign to hear me,  
“ Nor thy suppliant now forsake ;  
“ Lo ! my soul to thee commending,  
“ Keep it for thy mercy's sake.

“ In the hour of death approaching,  
“ To thy throne for strength I fly ;  
“ Cheer my heart with heav'nly comfort,  
“ Hear my piteous piercing cry !

"Thy dear Son entreat to pardon  
"Ev'ry sad offence I gave;  
"And my soul from hell and Satan  
"Forth to stretch his hands to save!"

These sad words the Marquis hearing,  
To the spot in terror flew;  
Round his arm his cloak fast wrapping,  
From the sheath his sword he drew,

From the river's side departing,  
Forward then he press'd with speed,  
Up a hill his way pursuing  
Whence he heard the voice proceed:

Round him did he cut the bushes,  
Back his path again to trace,  
And, on ev'ry side regarding,  
Seeks to find the dreaded place.

All besprent the path was cover'd  
With a track of crimson gore;  
Never so his heart misgave him,  
Never felt such pain before.

His firm spirit chang'd within him,  
Rouz'd to more than mortal fear,  
Whence he heard the voice proceeding,  
To the spot he now drew near;



And the other's answer  
 "I am not a man of words,  
 I am a man of deeds,  
 I am a man of deeds."

And the other's answer  
 "I am not a man of words,  
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And the other's answer  
 "I am not a man of words,  
 I am a man of deeds,  
 I am a man of deeds."

"Art thou given, then, false and fickle?"  
 "Who is not? - honest the thought,  
 "But my name that yet is left me  
 "Is for wild delusions wrought."

"Is my trifling words companion  
 "I see thou kindly deign'd to show;  
 "Now, then! my wounds are mortal,  
 "Yet thou dost not heed my woe."

- " But I blame thee not, sweet lady !  
    " That complaint is only left ;  
" Thy unhappy Lord and husband  
    " Is of all but that bereft.
- " Little my head sore you think of,  
    " Nor my deep lacerated wound ;  
" Leave I ask'd to take my pleasure,  
    " But, alas ! my death I found.
- " Whom have I, beloved fair one,  
    " Whom, except myself, to blame ?  
" Least of all, thee, should I utter  
    " Ought against thy gentle name.
- " O that ever it should grieve me  
    " To remember love like thine,  
" And the faith so sweetly plighted,  
    " Faith that was so truly mine !
- " O my spouse, my dearest lady,  
    " Hope not to behold me more ;  
" At the day of judgment only  
    " We shall meet, and not before.
- " If thou lov'dst me well when living,  
    " Do not now that love controul ;  
" No extremes of grief I ask for,  
    " But thy prayers for my soul.

" O my cousin, Montesinos ;  
" Merian, gentle Prince, adieu !  
" Your companion, once how happy !  
" When like kindred plants we grew.

" Never hope again to see me ;  
" You shall seek, but seek in vain ;  
" Sorrow and distressing trouble,  
" All, alas ! that you will gain.

" O Count Palatine Orlando,  
" O Rinaldo, firmly bold !  
" Valiant Duke Urgel, you neither  
" Shall these eyes again behold.

" Norman gallant, Oliveros,  
" Durandarte, O farewell !  
" And thou noble Duke Estolfo,  
" Who to you my fate shall tell ?

" And thou, gen'rous Duke of Milan,  
" Where, oh ! where now are ye all,  
" That you do not come to soothe me  
" When with grief aloud I call ?

" Charlemagne, my Lord and Emp'ror,  
" Would you not for my lov'd sake,  
" If my death you knew, in justice  
" Vengeance on my murd'rer take !

" Yes ; although thy son hath slain me,  
 " Justice thou wouldst not deny :  
 " He betray'd me to attend him,  
 " And by him alone I die.

" Prince Carloto, what could move thee  
 " To this cruel bloody deed,  
 " When, entreating me to guard thee,  
 " Thou didst to my death proceed ?

" Hapless I, that ne'er mistrusted  
 " One so great and nobly born  
 " Could, to evil basely stooping,  
 " Thus his soul to guilt suborn !

" Trusting beasts of chase to follow,  
 " My poor life became his prey :  
 " Not from death a pang I suffer,  
 " Nature's sure and common way.

" But in youth to die so guiltless,  
 " By a traitor's hand alone ;  
 " Torn from friends, to whom for ever  
 " My sad end shall rest unknown !

" Pow'rful God of truth and justice,  
 " O avenge my fatal death !  
 " For my sins, too, grant me mercy,  
 " When I ask with parting breath !

" O unhappy Queen, my mother,  
 " Heav'n console your wretched heart!  
 " Lo! the glass is dash'd to pieces,  
 " Where you saw your other part.

" Always did you fear some evil  
 " Would upon your son descend;  
 " Terrors that are full accomplish'd;  
 " He has met a cruel end.

" Oft in jousts, and oft in tourneys,  
 " Warning would you kindly give:  
 " What keen sorrows will distract you  
 " When you learn I cease to live!

" Mantua's fam'd illustrious Marquis,  
 " Where art thou, my uncle dear,  
 " That your nephew's sad complaining,  
 " And deep groans, you do not hear?

" What keen pangs will pierce your bosom,  
 " What distressing sorrows wound,  
 " When you hear how long they sought me,  
 " But, alas! I was not found!

" Heir of all your fair possessions  
 " Me your gen'rous bounty made;  
 " But, though far in years my elder,  
 " You shall be with mine array'd.

" O vain world, and vainer mortals,  
" To its empty joys to trust ;  
" High aloft it only lifts us  
" But to bow us to the dust !"

These dire words convulsive breathing  
Thus the Knight in anguish spoke,  
Whilst, in painful mis'ry dying,  
His sad heart was nearly broke.

Sore amaz'd, the noble Marquis  
Could not bear to listen more,  
But with horror chill'd, approaching,  
Stood the wounded Knight before ;

And in trembling voice address'd him,  
What he said you soon shall hear ;  
" O what grievous ill afflicts you,  
" Tell me, noble Cavalier !

" Some mischance hath, sure, befall'n you ;  
" Have you not a mortal wound ?"  
When the Knight thus heard him speaking,  
Bleeding as he press'd the ground,

Fancying 'twas his Squire address'd him,  
He essay'd to raise his head,  
And, in broken dying accents,  
To the list'ning Marquis said :—

"What is it, my friend, thou'rt asking?

"Bring'st thou some one to confess?

"For the stream of life is driven

"To its last forlorn recess!

"Reckless what befalls my body,

"My poor soul I wish to save!"

Then the Marquis knew some menial

For a priest he meant to crave.

Scarce his trembling lips could answer,

Scarce his anxious thoughts repeat;—

"I am not the Squire you fancy,

"Of your bread I never eat;

"But a Cavalier whom fortune

"Led perchance this lonely way,

"Who, your doleful accents hearing,

"Did his wand'ring footsteps stay;

"And to learn what ill afflicts you,

"What has plung'd you so in pain: .

"As I am a Knight, in duty

"Can you from the tale refrain?

"In this world both good and evil

"Man's uncertain life befall:

"Tell me, then, who art thou, stranger;

"Knight, I charge thee tell me all!

"That I will avenge thy injuries,  
"If within my pow'r, I swear :  
"Doubt not, then, at once to tell me  
"Whence the source of all thy care !"

To himself again returning,  
Whilst his ears these accents reach,  
"Thanks," cries he, "Sir Knight, unnumber'd,  
"For this kind consoling speech.

"Deep my ills, all cure surpassing,  
"Bleeding fast upon the ground,  
"And with wounds entirely cover'd,  
"Ev'ry one a mortal wound !

"But, what grieves me far more keenly,  
"Is in this lone spot to die ;  
"No dear friend my soul to comfort,  
"Far from ev'ry pitying eye.

"Groaning in the deepest mis'ry,  
"Here I lie unknown to all ;  
"Though I have deserv'd no evil,  
"Yet by treach'rous hands I fall.

"To your questions then replying,  
"You shall understand my name ;  
"Baldwin am I call'd, the Generous,  
"By the common voice of fame.



" Son of Dacia's pow'rful Monarch,  
" His lov'd offspring I repeat ;  
" One of the Twelve Peers illustrious,  
" That at one round table eat.

" And the Queen, good Ermelina,  
" Is my mother, fair and true ;  
" Mantua's far-fam'd noble Marquis  
" Is my worthy uncle too :

" He is my dear father's brother,  
" To my bosom dear as life ;  
" And the Princess, sweet Sybilla,  
" Is my gentle loving wife.

" By Carloto am I wounded,  
" By the Emp'ror's cruel son ;  
" Burning with a lawless passion,  
" He has this vile mischief done.

" My true spouse disdain'd to listen,  
" And he slew me for her sake ;  
" Thus, on me her scorn avenging,  
" Her he means his wife to make.

" Forth to guard him he entic'd me,  
" To this lonely country drew,  
" And, by deep disgraceful treason,  
" In this gloomy forest slew.

" Knight, whoe'er thou art, I charge thee  
" This sad news to Paris bear,  
" Where my death disastrous telling,  
" Let it be thy sacred care.

" But to Paris should'st thou wend not,  
" Then to Mantua's Marquis tell  
" What you witness, how untimely  
" His unhappy nephew fell.

" Well will he reward your kindness;  
" But, if you shou'd pay disdain,  
" Doubt not but he'll highly thank you,  
" Though you bring him news of pain."

When the Marquis heard his story,  
Nearly he his senses lost;  
On the ground in anguish falling,  
From his hand his sword he toss'd.

From his head and beard by handfuls  
Fast he pluck'd his snowy hair,  
And his face in cruel furrows  
With his nails began to tear.

But, from this wild grief recov'ring,  
From the ground again he rose, ...  
And to strip the wounded Chieftain  
Of his batter'd armour goes.

From his head and face his helmet  
And his beaver first he drew ;  
Then with gore beheld him cover'd,  
All of one ensanguin'd hue.

So disfigur'd, too, he finds him,  
That he little knows the youth ;  
Whilst his speech, entirely alter'd,  
Makes him doubtful of the truth.

With his handkerchief he wipes him ;  
When his face from blood was clean,  
Then, alas ! too true the story,  
Then too plain the truth was seen.

His pale lips he kiss'd, and, weeping,  
What he said 'tis grief to tell ;—  
“ O my dearest nephew, Baldwin,  
“ Late in peace I left you well ;

“ But, what sad mischance hath happen'd ?  
“ Who seduc'd you to this spot,  
“ And by fatal treason slew you ?  
“ Hard, indeed, has been your lot !

“ O, far better had this evil  
“ Fall'n on hoary age like mine !  
“ Nephew, ah ! thou dost not know me ;  
“ I'm thy uncle, Baldwin,—thine !

" Mantua's Marquis stands before you ;

" O, for heav'n's sake speak once more !

" If you can, oh, speak ! I charge you,

" By the tender love you bore.

" I am Mantua's wretched Marquis ;

" This firm heart will burst with pain

" Thus to find my nephew dying,

" In an evil moment slain !

" Old man ! who shall now console thee ?

" Who will give thy woes relief ?

" Whither wilt thou fly for comfort

" From this bitter load of grief ?

" My brave son's sad death lamenting,

" Fresh it rushes on my mind,

" When the nephew whom I cherish'd

" In this dreadful state I find.

" Dear as my own son I lov'd you,

" Would have made you, too, my heir :

" 'Twill be now my fate disastrous

" To the ground your corse to bear.

" Life how little do I value !

" What should make me wish to live ?

" Welcome death ! whene'er it please thee,

" Thy keen stroke in pity give !

" Oft, I know, thou fly'st the wretched,  
" Who thy face through dangers seek ;  
" When they rush amidst the battle,  
" When they call, thou wilt not speak.

" Who shall to thy gentle mother  
" With reluctant footstep go,  
" And impart the fatal story  
" That will plunge her heart in woe ?

" Often have I heard it notic'd,  
" And, alas ! I find it true,  
" He whose life to age is lengthen'd  
" Must endure much evil, too ;

" For some transient days of pleasure  
" Years of pain is doom'd to taste.  
" Such is man, not long together  
" In this life with blessings grac'd !"

These sad words in anguish breathing,  
Still he does not cease to weep,  
Whilst the tears, each other chasing,  
Down his cheeks a torrent keep.

Baldwin some small strength recov'ring,  
When his uncle's voice he knew,  
Some few rays of pleasing comfort  
From his welcome presence drew.

In his arms he gently clasp'd him,  
Kiss'd him o'er and o'er again;  
And these words to soothe him utter'd,  
Striving to conceal his pain:—

“ Weep not so, my dearest uncle!  
“ Be not thus for me distress'd;  
“ For God's sake suppress these sorrows,  
“ For they doubly wound my breast!

“ But forsake me not, nor leave me  
“ In this dreary hated place;  
“ Stay till my last breath deserts me,  
“ And receive my last embrace!

“ To you I commend my mother,  
“ Be, oh! be her pitying friend;  
“ For I fear her son's misfortune  
“ Will her life in sorrow end.

“ And my spouse, oh! kindly love her,  
“ Bear her, too, my parting sigh:  
“ Grief doth near distract my senses,  
“ Not to see her when I die!”

In this mournful strain conversing,  
Came his Squire with hasty feet,  
By the hand a Hermit leading  
In the wood he chanc'd to meet.

Reverend was this aged Hermit,  
And a priest in orders too ;  
At the hour he first approach'd him,  
Morning from its portals flew.

Soon he comforts poor Prince Baldwin,  
Bids him be to heav'n resign'd ;  
And the world, and all its pleasures,  
Cast for ever from his mind.

Then apart the noble Marquis,  
And his nephew's weeping Squire,  
To allow them room for converse,  
To a distance short retire.

Pitying nature views the Marquis,  
And a gentle sleep bestows ;  
Thus his heart, with anguish bleeding,  
For awhile forgets its woes.

But, engag'd in deep confession,  
Baldwin did the moments spend,  
For he felt life's tott'ring fabric  
Verging quickly to its end.

Death's strong hand lay hard upon him,  
Life's last grievous pangs were nigh ;  
And with pain his frame convulsive  
Gave an agonizing sigh.

Then, the Marquis near him calling,  
In a feeble voice he said,  
" O adieu ! adieu ! my uncle ;  
" Life's last breath is nearly fled !

" From this world I go untimely  
" My account to heav'n to give :  
" This is all that I entreat you,  
" Now that I must cease to live :—

" Give me your indulgent blessing,  
" And your honor'd hand to kiss !  
" God, receive me to thy mercy,  
" To thy holy state of bliss !"

Baldwin then his senses losing,  
Utt'rance more his tongue denies,  
And, his teeth together closing,  
Struck with death, he turns his eyes.

O'er and o'er the Marquis kiss'd him,  
And, with anguish sighing deep,  
Holy benedictions gave him,  
Though he never ceas'd to weep ;

Whilst the Hermit's lips absolv'd him  
From his sinful frailties past ;  
O'er him some short moments praying,  
Till the hero breath'd his last.



When the Marquis saw him breathless,  
Fainting on the ground he fell ;  
But the Hermit's care restor'd him,  
And his sorrows strove to quell.

Soon reflects he that no sorrow  
Could this sad misfortune cure ;  
Thus he calms his wounded bosom,  
Much resolving to endure.

But the Squire, like one distracted,  
Casts himself upon the ground,  
Beats his breast and tears his garments,  
And his hair, in handfuls round.

Till, at length, more tranquil growing,  
Silent when he found the Squire,  
Thus the Marquis, to the Hermit  
Speaking, did these things enquire:—

“ Say, good father, say what country,  
“ And what savage spot this same ?  
“ Who the lord of this wild forest ?  
“ What this spacious forest's name ?”

Thus the ancient Hermit answer'd,  
You shall soon hear what he said,—  
“ Know, my Lord, from this wild country  
“ All the people long have fled.

" Once a region fair and fertile,  
" Till a sad mischance befel ;  
" Fatal wars throughout prevailing,  
" Their disastrous horrors tell.

" Of distress and lamentation  
" Is this gloomy forest call'd ;  
" Never Knight its bounds hath enter'd  
" But some dire mishap enthrall'd.

" To fair Mantua's noble Marquis  
" Does this country appertain ;  
" 'Tis a hundred miles to Mantua,  
" Yet between no souls remain.

" Six leagues hence, amidst the forest,  
" Stands a lonely Hermit's cell ;  
" In it, from the world secluded,  
" There in gentle peace I dwell.

" From that cell the nearest city  
" Is full sev'n far leagues away ;  
" To Milan's illustrious Duchy  
" Homage does that city pay.

" Is there ought wherein to serve you,  
" I'll the service undertake ;  
" Charity shall freely lead me  
" To perform it for her sake."

Gently then the Marquis begs him  
With the body to remain ;  
For his gen'rous goodness thanks him,  
Grieving sore to give him pain ;

Whilst the Squire and he, departing,  
In the meadow seek the steed,  
Where he hopes to find him able  
In his journey to proceed.

Freely then remains the Hermit,  
Whilst the Squire and Marquis go ;  
On their way in concert wending,  
Much the Marquis wish'd to know.

" Tell me, Squire, so heav'n preserve you,  
" What in these lone wilds you sought ?  
" What the cause your hapless master  
" To his end untimely brought ?"

Thus the Squire reply'd,— " I know not,  
" So heav'n guard me ! why he came ;  
" All that happen'd I'll relate it,  
" You will then know whom to blame.

" When in Paris' royal city,  
" Where the Emp'ror holds his court,  
" To my Lord young Prince Carloto  
" Sent a message to resort.

" All the day in secret spending,  
" When 'twas night they arm'd in haste,  
" And, their steeds together mounting,  
" From the city swiftly pac'd.

" Each equipp'd in stubborn armour,  
" And in guise to dare the fight :  
" This same road they took, and travell'd,  
" Still conversing all the night.

" With Prince Baldwin did I sally,  
" With Carloto came his Page ;  
" Days fifteen we left fair Paris  
" In this journey to engage.

" Yesternorn we reach'd this forest,  
" And this gloomy vale of woe ;  
" When my Lord and Prince Carloto  
" Hence enjoin'd us not to go,

" And, together forward riding,  
" Through the valley swiftly pass'd :  
" Prince Carloto's Page was weary,  
" On the ground soon sleeping fast.

" Thoughtful of my noble master,  
" Never cou'd my eyelids rest ;  
" From the road aside retreating,  
" Through the gloomy wood I press'd,

“ And, a lofty tree ascending,  
 “ Round I look’d on ev’ry side ;  
 “ First, I heard a horse loud neighing ;  
 “ Then, three horsemen I espy’d ;

“ But my Lord was not among them :  
 “ I beheld them stain’d with blood :  
 “ ’Twas a sign that surely boded,  
 “ So I thought indeed, no good.

“ One I saw was Prince Carloto,  
 “ But the two I did not know :  
 “ Trembling then with fear, I dar’d not  
 “ From the tree descend below ;

“ Dar’d not ask for my dear master,  
 “ So I let them pass along ;  
 “ From the tree at length descending,  
 “ Much I fear’d some fatal wrong.

“ To the pine-grove then retreating,  
 “ When I watch’d them far away,  
 “ I began to seek my master,  
 “ And about on all sides stray.

“ Still the horses’ track I follow’d,  
 “ And it led me to a mead ;  
 “ More and more my heart misgave me,  
 “ More foretold the horrid deed.

" Clots of blood I saw before me  
" Thick upon the herbage spread ;  
" On a sand-bank, by the river,  
" Then I saw the steed lie dead ;

" And, a few more paces wending,  
" My dear master's self I found,  
" Faint with loss of blood, expiring,  
" Prone upon the purpled ground ;

" Cover'd with the deepest crimson,  
" Full of wounds, so faint and weak,  
" That his tongue, denying utterance,  
" Not a single word cou'd speak.

" From the ground I lightly rais'd him,  
" And from gore began to clean ;  
" That he wish'd for a Confessor  
" Then by signs was plainly seen.

" Instant then I went to seek him :  
" This is all, my Lord, I know ;  
" Of this deep and dire misfortune,  
" All that I can clearly shew."

In these words at length conversing,  
Grazing they beheld the steed,  
And, upon his back ascending,  
From the meadow side recede ;

And with speed rejoin the Hermit,  
Seeking his advice to take,  
To the nearest town agreeing  
Their immediate way to make.

On the steed they laid the body,  
No one would before it ride;  
Then began their toilsome journey,  
With the Hermit for their guide.

At his distant cell arriving,  
Through a lone deserted way,  
First the body of its armour  
They assist to disarray.

Fifteen lance-wounds, deep and ghastly,  
On the bleeding corse they found;  
With the least t' escape a wonder,  
Every one a mortal wound.

When the hapless Marquis view'd it,  
Grief oppress'd his noble mind;  
Long it was ere, sorely sighing,  
He in words relief could find.

Through the cell then instant passing,  
To the chapel strait he went,  
With slow footstep pensive marching,  
Where upon his knees he bent;

And his hand upon the altar,  
On the altar-stone he laid,  
Where a crucifix was planted,  
And this solemn oath he made:—

“ By my God, I swear, Almighty,  
“ And the Virgin Mother too ;  
“ By the sacrament most holy,  
“ Kept with sacred rites, and true ;

“ \*Never to admit a razor  
“ On my beard, to comb my hair ;  
“ Change my clothes, or ought to alter  
“ That my weary feet now wear.

“ Not to enter town or city ;  
“ Nor unarm'd be ever seen,  
“ Save for one sole hour, and only  
“ That to make my body clean.

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\* Don Quixote, Book II. Chap. 12 :—When Sancho's master came to find his helmet quite demolished, after his combat with the Biscayan, he had almost run stark mad : he laid his hand upon his sword, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, pronounced aloud, “ I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four Evangelists, to lead the life which the Marquis of Mantua led when he swore to revenge the death of Baldwin ; not to eat food upon a table, enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, though I do not remember, I here consider as expressed, until I have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury.” In the fifth chapter of the 3d book the reader will find Sancho attributing all the misfortunes that happened to them to the Knight's not having kept his oath.



" Nor at dinner, nor at supper,

" On a cloth again to eat;

" Nor at tables spread with dainties

" To accept a friendly seat;

" Till I see Carloto punish'd,

" Or by justice, or in fight;

" Till he dies when I accuse him,

" Pleading in the cause of right.

" But if they deny the justice

" For this great and grievous harm,

" With my person, with my fortune,

" 'Gainst the realms of France to arm,

" Or to conquer, or to perish,

" Bravely for this glorious end:

" Till this oath be full accomplish'd,

" All the purpose I intend;

" Till for Baldwin I have vengeance,

" Shall his body not be laid

" In the tomb; nor till atonement

" For his cruel death be made."

When this oath he swore so solemn,

Not so deep appear'd his woe;

Then the Hermit he entreated

To the town the way to shew,

Where he meant to leave his nephew,  
For whose corse a shell was made,  
Which, with many a tear attended,  
On the Hermit's beast was laid.

In the fallen hero's armour  
Now behold the Marquis clad,  
And, his own brave steed remounting,  
Journey on his errand sad.

To the nearest city travelling  
Of fair Milan's fertile soil,  
To direct the way, the Hermit  
Willing takes again the toil;

But before they gain'd the city,  
Built upon a rocky height,  
In a valley, at the outskirts,  
Near the gate they chose to light.

There a Benedictine abbey  
Did the noble Marquis find,  
Where t' embalm his nephew's body  
In his coffin he design'd.

Fain would he have made the Hermit  
For his kindness gold receive;  
But, when he refus'd it, jewels  
Proffer'd in reward to give.

Nought would he accept, but only  
Did his beast again request:  
"Heav'n reward you!" cries the Marquis,  
And a kind farewell express'd.

Homeward then the Hermit bending,  
Chanc'd to meet upon his way  
Troops that sought the noble Marquis,  
Anxious sought him night and day;

And, inquiring of the Hermit  
If he had their master seen,  
They describ'd his dress and person,  
And his height and noble mien.

Thus he answer'd, "I will tell you;  
"Soon you shall the story hear:  
"These two days have I attended  
"On that noble cavalier:

"In an abbey have I left him,  
"Floresvall the abbey's name,  
"With a Knight he found expiring,  
"In the forest where he came.

"In that abbey will you find him,  
"And the Knight's dead body too."  
Thither went the troops rejoicing,  
When his safe retreat they knew.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD

OF

THE MARQUIS OF MANTUA.

---

PART SECOND.

*The Marquis's Embassy to the Emperor.*

---

FROM fair Mantua's lofty turrets  
Brave Count Irlos swiftly hies,  
With the noble Duke of Sanson,  
To where distant Paris lies.

From the Marquis Danes Urgel,  
Sent on embassy, they go  
To the high and mighty Emp'ror;  
None their secret errand know.

Both were Cavaliers of valour,  
Both of noble lineage too;  
Of the Twelve that grace one table;  
Knights of honour, brave, and true.

And at Paris' gates arriving,  
When the Peers these tidings heard,  
To attend them to the palace  
Soon a gallant train appear'd.

Audience from their Lord the Emp'ror,  
Lo! the valiant Knights require ;  
When the King receiv'd the message,  
Soon he granted their desire.

On their knees they bent before him,  
When the Emp'ror bid them rise ;  
But, to kiss his hand requesting,  
He the gracious boon denies.

" From thy Viceroyship, Count Irlos,  
" Com'st thou from beyond the sea ?  
" Where, brave Duke, hast thou been travelling ?  
" What thy errand here to me ?"

Thus they answer :—" In fair Mantua,  
" With the Marquis have we been ;  
" Days in journeying thence to Paris,  
" Days, my Lord, we count fifteen.

" By the noble Danes Urgel  
" On an embassy we're sent ;  
" May it please you, Sire, to hear it,  
" List'ning to the true intent ?"

None but brave Orlando resting,  
With the Emp'ror stays alone ;  
If they brought him evil tidings,  
That the news might rest unknown.

In the royal hall of audience  
Persons there remain'd but four ;  
When the rest were all departed,  
Closely did they bar the door.

On his knees then humbly bending,  
Thus the Count preferr'd his speech:—  
“ Mighty Emp'ror, deign to listen,  
“ Humbly let my lips beseech.

“ I'm your vassal, France my country,  
“ Freely grant me leave to speak ;  
“ On an embassy of moment,  
“ I your presence come to seek.”

“ Speak with freedom,” cry'd the Emp'ror,  
“ Let me know what leads you here :  
“ To your embassy I listen ;  
“ Nothing have you room to fear.

“ Sacred he that brings a message,  
“ Comes he from a friend or foe ;  
“ And himself, in peace arriving,  
“ Shall in peace securely go.”

From his knees then brave Count Jrlas  
Rose, and forth his credence drew ;  
Gave the letter to Orlando,  
And his speech did thus pursue :—

“ For the high and sacred honor  
“ Of my royal Lord and King,  
“ Did I undertake this message  
“ From fair Mantua’s Duke to bring.

“ This same letter will inform you  
“ What it grieves me to relate ;  
“ Nothing adding nor extracting  
“ From the truth that I shall state ;

“ And the message that I bring you  
“ Doth concern your proper son,  
“ Prince Carloto, to claim justice  
“ For the evil he hath done.

“ By abhorr’d unworthy treason  
“ Baldwin he ignobly slew,  
“ Son to Dacia’s King, your vassal,  
“ Whom from hence he falsely drew ;

“ Falsely, since to guard him only  
“ He seduc’d the Knight away ;  
“ And, to wed his lovely Princess,  
“ Did her Lord unpitying slay.

" Many a Peer of noblest lineage,  
" Grieving at this barb'rous deed,  
" And his highly injur'd parents,  
" Will against your son proceed.

" First, the Marquis Danes Urgel  
" Justice does with speed require,  
" Uncle to the slain Prince Baldwin,  
" Brother to the King, his Sire.

" Not that nephew late he call'd him,  
" But that he his nephew found  
" (Who can tell what anguish pain'd him ?)  
" Dying of a mortal wound ;

" In a lonely forest dying,  
" Far from ev'ry pitying friend ;  
" And from his own mouth the story  
" Learnt of his untimely end.

" In his uncle's arms expiring,  
" Baldwin, with his latest breath,  
" Bade him not forget the vengeance  
" Due to his untimely death.

" With the Marquis his near kinsman  
" Urgel, for his strength so fam'd,  
" And myself, Prince Baldwin's cousin,  
" And Bavaria's Duke, are nam'd.



" Reyner too, Prince Baldwin's grandsire ;

" And Sansueña's noble King,

" Father to the fair Sybilla,

" Would your son to justice bring :

" She that for the love of Baldwin

" Did the Christian faith embrace,

" His fond spouse, with many another

" Of an high and noble race.

" Chief of all, his wretched mother

" Ermelina doth complain ;

" Loudly doth she call for pity,

" And for vengeance on the slain.

" All your subjects, struck with terror

" When they hear the barb'rous crime,

" If your son escapes, for ever

" Will forsake their native clime.

" Such an act, so vile and impious,

" Is most fearful to relate ;

" It demands condign chastisement,

" And admits of no debate.

" Sire, remember brave Torquatus,

" Who, by sacred justice led,

" E'en his son condemn'd, though triumph

" Play'd around his manly head :

" Disobedience still he punish'd :  
 " Will you then, O King ! deny  
 " Justice that we claim for murder,  
 " And not yield your son to die ?"

With amazement seiz'd, the Emp'ror  
 Silent for a space remain'd,  
 And, upon his hand reclining,  
 Scarce the weight of grief sustain'd.

But at length an utterance finding,  
 To Count Irlos thus reply'd,—  
 " If indeed the truth you tell us,  
 " Justice shall not be deny'd.

" O, would rather this dire mischief  
 " On my son had chanc'd to fall !  
 " That he had been slain, since dying  
 " Is the common lot of all !

" But to die in foul dishonor  
 " Will a stain eternal give,  
 " And, a good name lost, for ever  
 " Shall a blot in hist'ry live.

" Therefore tell the noble Marquis,  
 " Each one tell that sent you here,  
 " That I will indeed demonstrate,  
 " Though my son I hold so dear,

" Yet that for the sake of justice

" And example he shall die :

" Justice that shall fall wherever

" Any may the laws defy.

" All shall hear it, and shall tremble :

" Still in France hath justice reign'd ;

" High nor low, nor friend nor stranger,

" Ever hath in vain complain'd.

" If the news be true you bring me,

" As it shall in Court be seen,

" Though I were to sit in person,

" Ne'er would I the guilty screen.

" Sooner had I leave behind me

" A severe unpard'ning name,

" Than let one escape chastisement

" Whom the laws of justice claim.

" Though my son be the offender,

" To my crown undoubted heir,

" Count, I do an oath most solemn

" Of impartial justice swear."

When the Count receiv'd his answer,

Strait he kiss'd the Emp'r's hand,

Praises on the King bestowing,

Worthy long to rule the land.

Then the Duke this speech address'd him:—

“ Always did we firmly trust,  
 “ From your goodness, you wou'd rule us  
 “ With a sceptre highly just ;

“ But, as now the case is weighty,  
 “ And a solemn course requires,  
 “ Where you cannot judge in person,  
 “ Danes Urgèl this desires :

“ As he hath an oath to heaven  
 “ Of the deepest nature swore,  
 “ Till his vengeance be accomplish'd  
 “ Never town to enter more ;

“ As, too, he must the accuser  
 “ Of this great delinquent be,  
 “ Though he never can be present  
 “ Till from that high oath set free ;

“ That you will name Knights best able  
 “ To adjudge this solemn case,  
 “ As in France the ancient custom  
 “ With its Peers of noble race ;

“ And that such as you may destine  
 “ This high duty to pursue,  
 “ May be Cavaliers of honor,  
 “ Of the royal council too.

" Let those Cavaliers swear firmly  
" To decree the truth alone;  
" That moreo'er to either party  
" Justice shall alike be shewn.

" Let them mark without the city  
" Some wide space a camp to make,  
" And an area where Carloto  
" May his trial duly take.

" There, too, let the noble Marquis  
" Bring his people to defend,  
" Lest there shou'd be some here present  
" Whose designs to mischief tend.

" Let his trusty friends and kindred  
" Come alike with one accord,  
" And the high renown'd Rinaldo,  
" Fair Montalban's valiant Lord ;

" Who at present with his nephew,  
" Brave Orlando, disagrees,  
" For he will not venture hither  
" Till he's sure it wont displease.

" Neither will he bring his people  
" Till your royal will he knows,  
" Since he only comes for justice,  
" Not to battle with his foes ;

- " Till he shall your royal promise  
" Of assur'd protection gain,  
" While the trial lasts at freedom  
" Unmolested to remain.
- " Hither both to come securely,  
" And securely to depart :  
" Not that fear assails his bosom,  
" For he hath a valiant heart ;
- " But that it would highly grieve him  
" If misfortunes should befall ;  
" Or if his respectful carriage  
" You should think indeed too small.
- " On these terms will you behold him  
" Hither bend without delay ;  
" Mantua's walls he late hath quitted,  
" And is far upon his way.
- " Brave Rinaldo gives him quarters,  
" In his progress harming none ;  
" Still for his provisions paying,  
" Since his march he first begun.
- " Through his lands to pass that Chieftain  
" Grants him free and ample leave ;  
" As he comes in peace, his journey  
" Never can your subjects grieve."

Well it pleas'd the noble Emp'ror  
To accord this fair request :

" Let the Marquis come securely,  
" Trusting to my high behest.

" None shall harm him ; let him boldly  
" Come in war, or peace alone ;  
" Under the protection resting  
" Of my ancient royal throne.

" As a higher pledge of safety,  
" Lo ! I give you, Duke, my ring ;  
" What I promise shall be sacred,  
" By the honor of a King.

" All that you request is granted :  
" Once more, then, my word receive ;  
" Tell fair Mantua's Chief, this token,  
" As a sacred pledge, I give."

At these words a ring he gave him,  
Which th' Imperial seal display'd ;  
Then the royal hand he kisses,  
And with thanks the boon repaid.

With respectful bows departing,  
Forth the valiant Barons go ;  
Count Orlando sorely vexing,  
Though his wrath he dar'd not shew.

Through the court, and through the city  
Was the story shortly spread ;  
All that pass'd, and what the Emp'ror  
Had to these brave Chieftains said.

Prince Carloto, full of terror,  
Did to see his father speed,  
To excuse his crime, disowning  
Such a wicked barb'rous deed :

But the Emp'ror vow'd to hear him  
In his royal court alone ;  
And the audience that he gave him  
Was a mandate from his throne,

Fast in prison to confine him,  
Till they should award the truth :  
To Arnaldo of Berlanda  
He encharg'd the guilty youth ;

To Arnaldo call'd Añuelos,  
Lord High Constable of France,  
Marshal of the Court, to keep him  
Till the trial shou'd advance.

Highly did it grieve the courtiers,  
And the Prince's other friends ;  
But Count Palatine Orlando  
Much the vig'rous step offends.



Ev'ry means they try'd to free him,  
Oft assail'd the Emp'ror's ear ;  
Deaf he prov'd to all entreaties,  
And their prayers refus'd to hear.

Still the more they importun'd him,  
Still the stronger guard he set,  
Firmly to the state resolving  
He shou'd pay his forfeit debt.

Ev'ry day, too, in the council  
Were the laws of justice read,  
To discover what chastisement  
Shou'd descend upon his head.

In these cautious steps proceeding,  
Drew the noble Marquis near,  
And, within three miles of Paris  
Resting, saw its tow'rs appear.

Nearer wou'd he not approach it,  
Dreading still some secret foes ;  
Whilst a station near the river  
For his camp Rinaldo chose :

But, more near himself adventuring,  
Pitch'd his tents with courage brave,  
Where he bade his streaming banners  
High in martial glory wave.

From the Court this fine encampment  
Numbers came, well pleas'd, to view ;  
Much admir'd its curious order,  
Much its various nations too.

Many a Lord of birth and grandeur  
To the Marquis sought to speak,  
Plots against his peace to hinder,  
And his will and pleasure seek.

In his tent in high state sat he,  
Like a prince upon his throne,  
Arm'd at ev'ry point completely,  
With his beaver up alone.

And before him stood the coffin,  
Where Prince Baldwin lay in state,  
And his hapless wife and mother  
Mourning his untimely fate.

All that came the tents to visit,  
And the noble Marquis see,  
When they saw him arm'd, and seated  
Thus in solemn majesty,

Mov'd with deep sincere compassion,  
Words of gentle comfort spoke ;  
Kindly he receiv'd them, silence  
Often as they question'd broke :

Told them all the fatal story  
Of his lamentable woe ;  
Courteously requir'd their pardon,  
That he cou'd no favors shew.

Rich regales and costly feastings,  
He, alas ! had laid aside,  
And by oath of ev'ry pleasure  
For a time himself deny'd.

Ev'ry pitying Noble's bosom  
Strove to give his tears relief ;  
Little do they ask, unwilling  
Deep to probe his cureless grief.

But to Paris back returning,  
Thoughtful more than when they came,  
" Justly," cry they, " does the Marquis  
" Vengeance for his injuries claim ;

" Justly does he seek atonement,  
" Calling this a common cause :  
" E'en a prince, accus'd of murder,  
" Must submit him to the laws.

" With both life and fortune aiding,  
" Though our Sov'reign we respect,  
" Still, the noble Marquis guarding,  
" We with heart and hand protect."

When the Emp'ror heard the Marquis  
Was arriv'd, he sent to call  
Ev'ry member of his council  
'To his spacious audience hall;

And, when round about him seated,  
To th' Embassadors he sent,  
And the tidings first they brought him  
Bade them truly represent.

Rising at his word, Count Irlos  
Did the grievous case explain,  
Turning, when his speech was ended,  
Slowly to his seat again.

Ev'ry Knight lamented deeply  
Such a doleful tale to hear,  
Grieving for the Emp'ror highly,  
To each gen'rous heart so dear.

Round they look'd upon each other,  
But not one the silence broke,  
And, before their tongues found utt'rance,  
Thus his thoughts the Emp'ror spoke:—

“ What the Marquis has requested,  
“ In the first and nearest place,  
“ Is that I shall name the Judges  
“ To decide this solemn case.

" As I cannot sit in person  
" On my own offending son,  
" And I would have strictest justice  
" To the sev'ral parties done;

" Thus you learn my sov'reign pleasure,"  
(Looking round on ev'ry Peer)  
" These to name t' award the sentence,  
" When they shall the trial hear.

" First, renown'd Dardin Dardena,  
" Who in France we Dauphin call,  
" Of the three Estates the eldest,  
" In the Council chief of all.

" Next in rank, the Count of Flanders,  
" Albert, high in arms renown'd;  
" Of the three Estates in power,  
" And in arms the Gen'ral crown'd.

" Burgundy's great Duke, for justice  
" None so truly fam'd as he;  
" And Duke Charles, my Serjeant Gen'ral,  
" Shall the two next Judges be.

" Bourbon's Duke, my cousin Grimwald,  
" And Count Bertram, call'd the Old;  
" Count of Foix; and valiant Reyner,  
" Astè's Duke, are next enroll'd.

" Galalon, the noble German ;  
" Valiant Duke Bibiano too,  
" In my royal courts assisting,  
" Judging ev'ry cause so true.

" And the noble Duke of Savoy,  
" Who adventures went to seek,  
" And in ev'ry part with Frenchmen  
" Still it was his chance to speak.

" Fam'd Ferrara's Duke, and Arnold,  
" Who himself Grand Bastard writes ;  
" And the hardy Chief Guarinos,  
" Who at sea as Admiral fights :

" Chief Commander of our Squadrons—  
" And for President advance  
" Count Arnaldo of Berlanda,  
" Lord High Constable of France :

" To him do I give my sceptre,  
" And confer the sov'reign pow'r,  
" To award the solemn sentence  
" In this most afflicting hour.

" This the Marquis claims, and justice  
" Bids me his demand allow ;  
" Let them seek the proof by witness,  
" Or by arms the truth avow.

" My commission have I giv'n them,  
" And the sentence they decree  
" Shall most surely be accomplish'd,  
" When they shall our justice see.

" As in France the ancient custom  
" Of our sacred law requires,  
" Just chastisement still awarding  
" Where th' offended side desires;

" Thus shall justice be their guardian  
" When they enter in the field,  
" And, all parties there assembled,  
" In my name, securely shield.

" Thus the Marquis Danes Urgel,  
" And the soldiers of his train,  
" Shall, with gen'rous treatment meeting,  
" Find no motive to complain.

" Let the Judges, as we bid them,  
" Ev'ry wise precaution take ;  
" Treason against all proclaiming  
" Who the peace presume to break."

THE ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF THE  
MARQUIS OF MANTUA.

PART THIRD.

*Prince Carloto's Sentence and Punishment.*

“ IN the sacred name of Jesus,  
“ Who created heav'n and earth,  
“ In the holy Virgin Mother's,  
“ Who with gladness hail'd his birth ;

“ We, the first Dardin Dardeña,  
“ Who in France we Dauphin call,  
“ Of the three Estates the eldest,  
“ In the council Chief of all ;

“ Albert next, the Count of Flanders,  
“ High in arts and arms renown'd,  
“ Of the three Estates in power,  
“ And command the Gen'ral crown'd ;



" Burgundy's great Duke, in justice  
" And alike in mercy great,  
" And Duke Charles, our Serjeant Gen'ral,  
" Made fourth solemn judge of state ;

" Bourbon's Duke, and noble Grimwald,  
" With Count Bertram, call'd the Old ;  
" Count of Foix ; and valiant Reynier,  
" Astè's Duke, are next enroll'd.

" Galalon, the noble German,  
" Valiant Duke Bibiano too,  
" At the royal Courts assisting,  
" Judging ev'ry cause so true ;

" And the gallant Duke of Savoy,  
" Who adventures went to seek,  
" And in ev'ry part with Frenchmen  
" Still it was his chance to speak ;

" Fam'd Ferrara's Duke, and Arnold,  
" Who himself Grand Bastard writes,  
" And the hardy Chief Guarinos,  
" Who at sea as Admiral fights ;

" And Arnaldo of Berlanda,  
" In the presidential seat,  
" He that holds the royal sceptre,  
" As in wisdom most discreet ;

"We, deputed by the Emp'ror  
" To present his sov'reign pow'r,  
" In high council now assembled,  
" Thus adjudge this solemn hour ;

" At the Marquis's petition,  
" Who complains himself aggriev'd,  
" Well consid'ring ev'ry answer  
" From Carloto we receiv'd ;

" All the process well examin'd,  
" As in strictest justice due,  
" Keeping God's high mandate present,  
" And his glory still in view ;

" Seeing that whoever basely  
" Dares to break the law divine,  
" And by wicked act of murder  
" Doth his soul to guilt consign ;

" Seeing, too, by horrid treason  
" Prince Carloto in a wood,  
" Wild and desert, slew Prince Baldwin,  
" And his hands in blood imbru'd ;

" And that what the noble Marquis  
" Did with solemn truth attest,  
" This high crime by him committed  
" Prince Carloto hath confess'd ;

" Though, till he endur'd the torture,  
" He denied the wicked deed ;  
" Seeing nought doth now prevent us  
" In just judgment to proceed ;

" And that in his audience chamber  
" What the course of justice claim'd,  
" Ev'ry other object scorning,  
" Thus the King his mandate fram'd,

" That we should the truth endeavour  
" In fair trial to unfold,  
" And that to resist our sentence  
" None should dare, with malice bold ;

" We decree that Prince Carloto  
" Shall be first dragg'd through the field  
" By an untam'd colt, and after  
" Shall upon the scaffold yield,

" (Some high scaffold, where the people  
" May all see, and stand in dread)  
" Yield, for Baldwin's cruel murder,  
" To the laws his forfeit head.

" And, when this hath been completed,  
" As in sacred justice meet,  
" They shall sever from his body  
" Both his hands and both his feet.

“ Then his body shall be quarter’d,  
“ And a lofty column built  
“ Of hewn stone, a lasting fabric  
“ That shall tell the world his guilt;

“ Baldwin’s death, so much lamented,  
“ And the manner how he dy’d,  
“ With the vengeance on his murd’rer,  
“ Who the laws of God defy’d.”

When Carloto heard this sentence,  
Dreadful fears his bosom shook,  
All the blood his cheeks forsaking,  
Terror reign’d in ev’ry look.

But, his senses soon returning,  
Pen and paper he demands,  
And a letter writes, though scarcely  
He cou’d guide his trembling hands.

This dispatch’d he to Orlando  
By a Page who there remain’d ;  
No one cou’d divine within it  
What the matter it contain’d.

When Orlando read the letter,  
He was left in double strait ;  
And he wish’d, but dar’d not venture,  
To oppose Carloto’s fate.

Mournful, and in pensive silence,  
How to act he did not know ;  
Whether, list'ning to Carloto,  
He should bold resistance shew.

And the more he mus'd upon it,  
Deeper still his doubts appear'd ;  
Love and friendship urg'd him forward,  
But the Emp'ror's wrath he fear'd ;

Fear'd the promise made the Marquis.—  
Friendship he at length obey'd,  
And this answer to Carloto  
By the Page he reconvey'd :—

“ With his faithful friends and kindred  
“ That he'd sally to the field,  
“ And, his life for his sake risking,  
“ Ne'er to this harsh sentence yield.”

When Carloto knew the answer,  
Hope he breath'd, and ardent joy,  
But a Guard, that moment ent'ring,  
Did each empty hope destroy ;

For he seiz'd and read the letter ;  
And through Paris then 'twas known  
That Orlando troops was raising  
For Carloto's sake alone.

When the Emp'ror heard these tidings,  
To the Marquis word he sent,  
And, Carloto doubly guarding,  
Did his friend's design prevent.

Through the city then 'twas publish'd,  
To prevent these fresh alarms,  
That no person, pain of treason,  
Shou'd next day be seen in arms.

Count Orlando was forbidden  
Fore his sov'reign to appear,  
And from Paris distant banish'd  
For the space of one whole year.

But the Marquis bade Rinaldo,  
At the early morning's light,  
With three thousand troops be ready  
Round about the gates, to fight;

And a thousand horse appointed,  
Near the city in array,  
And the scaffold where Carloto  
Was his forfeit life to pay;

Bravely ord'ring them to combat,  
If resistance any dar'd:  
With the early rays of morning  
Thus was ev'ry point prepar'd.

Prince Carloto from the prison,  
Fast in irons bound, they led ;  
Royal heralds march'd before him,  
Who his crime and sentence read.

At the city gates Rinaldo  
Took him from the Marshal's hands,  
And, in midst of all the people,  
Led him bound with hempen bands.

Justly then all Paris saw him  
On the fatal scaffold bleed :  
Thus the sentence was accomplish'd,  
As the Judges had decreed ;

Thus Carloto dy'd, his mem'ry  
Sunk in everlasting shame,  
Whilst in death was Baldwin honor'd  
With unfading wreaths of fame.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF THE  
MARQUIS OF MANTUA.

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PART FOURTH.

*The Obsequies of Prince Baldwin.*

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HARK ! the bells of Paris tolling,  
Yield a melancholy sound,  
Melting e'en the stones to pity  
For a Knight so high renown'd ;

For the good and gallant Baldwin,  
Of the Twelve illustrious Peers,  
From a race of kings descended,  
Slaughter'd in his prime of years.

Forth with royal pomp they bear him  
To the silent mournful tomb ;  
Knights and friars, a train attending,  
Weeping his untimely doom ;



Torches in such number bearing  
As eclipse the light of day ;  
Whilst a hundred Pages follow  
Where the coffin leads the way.

Dukes, and Counts, and noble Barons,  
All in long procession ride ;  
Priests behind them slowly walking,  
Who responses loudly cry'd.

First, the Cardinal of Ostia  
As Chief Priest the corse attends ;  
Then th' Archbishop of fair Milan  
As his Deacon humbly bends.

With a bishop for Subdeacon,  
Aux the title that he bears ;  
To St. John of Lateran marching,  
Slow the funeral pomp repairs.

Rich the tomb, so rich that never  
Tomb of kings did more exceed ;  
Deck'd with many a curious sculpture,  
Many a fam'd recording deed :

Of the rarest jasper fashion'd  
With the highest skill of art ;  
Marble pillars, finely polish'd,  
Round it shine in ev'ry part.

When the obsequies were ended  
Due to such a noble Knight,  
Round him his rich belt they fasten'd,  
And the sword he wore in fight.

On his head a helmet placing,  
With bright jewels cover'd o'er ;  
Last in soldier's dress array'd him,  
As in life the hero wore.

Then within the tomb they lay him,  
And the pond'rous marble close ;  
Here in fame his body resting,  
Whilst his soul to glory goes.

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## THE ANCIENT BALLAD

OF

## GAYFEROS.

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THIS Ballad engages the whole of the 9th chapter of the 2d book and 2d part of Don Quixote; a chapter so exquisitely diverting, that it would be an injury to transcribe any part of it: we therefore refer the reader to the original volume.

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IN the royal palace sitting,  
Ere he had begun to play,  
As before the Prince Gayferos  
Wide the \* tables open lay,

In his hand the dice retaining,  
Just upon the point to throw,  
To the Knight the King, approaching,  
Did his royal person shew.

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\* The game here meant is probably Trictrac, or French backgammon.

With a scornful look he ey'd him,

Utt'ring with a taunt severe,—

\* O Gayferos, how it shames me

“ To behold you idling here!

“ Were you but in arms as dext'rous

“ As at tables and the dice,

“ You would hold your honor surely

“ At a far more worthy price;

“ And your spouse, to Moors a captive,

“ This would lead you to regain.

“ Much I'm griev'd to think my daughter

“ Should a hapless slave remain.

“ Many another Chieftain gladly

“ Would have call'd the maid his own:

“ Since for love she chose to wed you,

“ Love must be her friend alone.

“ But if other Knight possess'd her,

“ There, forsooth, she wou'd not stay;

“ By immortal deeds of valour

“ He would bring his spouse away.”

When renown'd Gayferos heard him,

Deeply griev'd the speech he bore,

And, uprising from the tables,

Vow'd that he would play no more;

And, the tables rudely seizing,  
Fain had dash'd 'em to the ground ;  
But reflection, soon returning,  
Kept his rage in decent bound.

With a Noble was he playing,  
With the Admiral of the fleet.  
Through the palace instant shouting,  
Fain he wou'd his uncle meet.

Soon he heard that Count Orlando  
Was upon the point to ride ;  
In the court Gayferos found him,  
Just as he had leap'd astride.

Oliveros stood beside him,  
Durandarte too was there ;  
And the Twelve, at one round table  
Who the same rich viands share.

When the gallant Prince perceiv'd them,  
Thus he cry'd before them all ;—  
“ Oh, for heav'n's sake, uncle, hear me !  
“ Hold not my entreaties small.

“ Sorely hath the Emp'ror griev'd me ;  
“ Stand I beg you, then, my friend,  
“ And your noble steed and armour  
“ For a season kindly lend !

" With a taunting speech he told me

" That for arms I was not fit ;

" But the truth you know, and surely

" Will your nephew now acquit.

" If my spouse I seek no longer,

" Can the fault be justly mine ?

" Plains I trod, and vales, and mountains,

" Three whole years with this design.

" Wand'ring wretched, eating only

" \* Herbs ; my drink the crystal flood :

" Till my feet, with rough flints wounded,

" Run a purple stream of blood.

" 'Twas not my good chance to find her,

" Though I sought with tend'rest care ;

" Now I learn that in Sansueña

" She's a hapless captive there.

" Horse and armour Montesinos

" Mine in some gay tilt employs :

" Far to Hungary hath he journey'd,

" Eager for those manly joys.

" Freely to my friend I lent them,

" But it leads me now to you :

" Neither horse nor arms possessing,

" How shall I my course pursue ?

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\* The Spanish says, " Eating raw flesh, and drinking blood." I have substituted more delicate sentiments.

" Humbly, then, do I entreat you  
" To attend to my request :  
" Your's to lend !"—Orlando, answ'ring,  
Thus the gallant Prince address'd:—

" Silence, nephew ! talk not idly,  
" Nor a falsehood thus maintain ;  
" Sev'n years doth your spouse so lovely  
" Captive with the Moors remain.

" Still with horse and arms I've seen you ;  
" But when now you neither boast,  
" E'en you'd go to seek your lady,  
" Courting honor's fairest post.

" Know then at St. John's of Lat'ran  
" This firm oath I truly swore,  
" Ne'er to lend my horse nor armour  
" To another Chieftain more,

" Lest some coward shou'd disgrace him,  
" And ill treat my noble steed,  
" Who his own and master's honor  
" Does with equal knowledge heed."

When Gayferos heard this answer,  
In a furious rage he flew,  
And his sabre from the scabbard  
In an instant fiercely drew.

" Ah !" cries he, " too sure you wish me

" In my troubles ill alone !

" Had another thus disdain'd me,

" He had soon my valour known.

" As you scorn, then, to assist me

" For my wrongs revenge to take,

" Were you not my uncle, surely

" In the field our spears we'd break."

Round them all the Nobles pressing,

'Tween the Chieftains interpos'd,

When renown'd Orlando, speaking,

In these words the quarrel clos'd :—

" Well indeed it seems, Gayferos,

" You're of inexperience'd age,

" Since the pattern you have shewn us

" May our sober thoughts engage.

" Him that loves and most respects you

" Fain you wou'd in fight chastise :

" Never thus a hardy warrior

" The disgraceful coward tries.

" But I knew your daring spirit,

" And that spirit I assay'd :

• " Take my horse, and in my armour

" You shall be with speed array'd ;



" And, if company delights you,  
" At your beck will I attend."  
" Thanks !" reply'd renown'd Gayferos;  
" Now indeed you prove my friend.

" But my spouse, fair Melisenda,  
" Looks to see her faithful Lord;  
" Should another Chieftain free her,  
" He will only be abhorr'd.

" This firm arm alone must loose her  
" From the captive's hated chain;  
" And henceforth from taunts disloyal  
" Ev'ry tongue will sure refrain."

From his steed alights Orlando,  
And his armour strait was brought :  
With his hand Bayarte harness'd,  
For his nephew's weal he sought.

Then he arms the Prince, and aids him  
On the steed to vault astride :  
In deep rage the spur applying,  
Forward he begins to ride.

All the Peers, with brave Orlando,  
Griev'd to see him thus depart;  
But the Emp'ror, when he heard it,  
Felt distress afflict his heart.

From the palace was he speeding,  
When his uncle call'd him back :  
" Not so fast, my valiant nephew ;  
" One strong weapon still you lack.

" This keen sword about you girding,  
" Ne'er shall fear your breast appal ;  
" Though two thousand Moors attack you,  
" Bravely may you face them all.

" Give your steed the reins, and let him  
" As he lists direct the fight :  
" Fear not, then, but you will conquer  
" By his still victorious might.

" But too far shou'd he engage you  
" Midst a host of circling foes,  
" Safe to bring you from the combat  
" By his matchless speed he knows."

When the sword was round him girded,  
From the city swift he bends ;  
But, when old Lord Bertram meets him,  
Thus his breath he vainly spends :—

" O return, my son Gayferos,  
" Since you still have call'd me sire !  
" Let your gentle mother see you ;  
" 'Tis her earnest, fond desire.

" Some small comfort for your absence  
" Will her tender heart receive ;  
" If a few brave Knights attend you,  
" For your guard, she less will grieve."

" Be you, uncle, then her comfort,  
" Give her gentle heart relief:  
" Long she lost me when an infant ;  
" Then I never knew her grief.

" Let her think she never found me—  
" Oh ! it pains my soul to tell,  
" That no more the Twelve, uniting,  
" Love each other truly well.

" No vile coward shall they call me :  
" Uncle, I must forth alone,  
" Nor return till Melisenda  
" Is by this firm arm mine own."

When the good old Bertram saw him  
In a rage so fierce and high,  
To the city back returning,  
No more reas'ning would he try.

Prince Gayferos swiftly journeying,  
To the Moorish country rides,  
Where in fair Sansueña city  
His illustrious spouse abides.

Shouts he gives to heav'n ascending,  
Echo does his words repeat ;  
All the Moors aloud he curses,  
Curs'd their wine, the bread they eat.

And the lady, too, he curses  
That has but an only son :  
If some stranger's hand should slay him,  
To avenge her hath she none.

Then the Cavalier he curses  
That alone departs to fight ;  
Should his spur fall, to regain it  
He must needs himself alight,

And the tree he curses standing  
Lonely in the spacious field,  
For its leaves and spreading branches  
All the birds a harbour yield ;

And they keep so loud a chattering,  
That the wanderer cannot rest.  
To Sansueña came Gayferos,  
As these curses he express'd,

'Twas a Friday, and Almanzor  
To the Mosque was gone to pray'r ;  
Not a Moor through all the city  
Did he find at ent'ring there ;

But, at last, a Christian captive  
Walking near the gate espy'd ;  
Him Gayferos soon addressing,  
Thus in gentle accents cry'd :—

“ Heav'n restore thee, hapless Christian,  
“ To thy freedom safe again !  
“ Much indeed I wish to ask thee,  
“ Let not, then, the questions pain.

“ You that with these Moors remaining,  
“ Lead a life of bitter cheer,  
“ Sure must know if any lady  
“ High of rank be captive here ?”

With a sigh the Christian answer'd,  
“ True, indeed, my woes are great ;  
“ And so many, that I have not  
“ Time to weep for others' fate.

“ All the day the royal stables  
“ My hard office to attend ;  
“ And the night in some dark dungeon  
“ Must I in affliction spend.

“ Yet I know there's many a captive,  
“ Many a lady fair and young ;  
“ One, indeed, the rest surpassing,  
“ Is the theme of ev'ry tongue.

" From fair France she comes ; Almanzor.

" Shews her all a daughter's love :

" Vainly for his spouse to win her

" Many a Moorish Prince hath strove.

" Would you now behold that Lady,

" To the square pursue your way ;

" At the royal palace windows

" Doth she her fair form display."

To the palace rides Gayferos,

And begins to view it round :

At a window Melisenda

Soon his eyes, delighted, found.

Many another Christian Lady

By her side a captive stood :

Down her cheeks, when first she saw him,

Swiftly cours'd a briny flood.

By his armour white discov'ring,

And his lofty gallant mien,

He was of the Peers illustrious

In her father's palace seen :

And, the time to mind recalling

When in jousts and tourneys fam'd,

Oft her beauty's matchless lustre

Some bold Knight aloud proclaim'd.

Happy days! but now for ever,  
As she fancy'd, fled away:  
With a mournful look she call'd him,  
And these words began to say:—

“ Oh! for heav'n's sake, Knight, I beg you  
“ Do not my request deny,  
“ If a Moor or Christian warrior  
“ In that martial dress I spy;

“ If to France your way pursuing,  
“ Then to Prince Gayferos go;  
“ Well will he reward your service,  
“ When this hapless truth you shew,

“ That his lady Melisenda  
“ Rests a captive with the Moor,  
“ And 'tis time her long-lost freedom,  
“ And his honor, to restore.

“ Tell him, if, as fame announces,  
“ He's a brave advent'rous Knight,  
“ Here forlorn he will not leave her,  
“ But the Moors undaunted fight.

“ But, perchance, some other Lady  
“ Hath engag'd his am'rous vows:  
“ Ill the absent are remember'd;  
“ He, alas! forgets his spouse.

" And, still more to shame the warrior,  
" When these taunting words appear,  
" Tell him that in jousts and tourneys  
" We have heard his triumphs here,

" If to this he scorn to listen,  
" Then to Oliveros tell,  
" And Orlando, what I suffer,  
" For those Nobles love me well.

" To the Emp'ror too, my father,  
" Tell him what must give him pain,  
" That a captive in Sansueña  
" With Almanzor I remain.

" Tell them, if no friendly rescue  
" In a timely hour they bring,  
" I shall be compell'd to marry  
" Some detested Moorish King.

" Queen of sev'n proud Kings to make me,  
" With a crown my brows to grace,  
" They entreat my ears to listen,  
" And the Moorish faith embrace.

" But affection for Gayferos  
" Keeps me true to him alone."  
Thus spoke she; Gayferos, answ'ring,  
Made the truth then gladly known.



" Weep not, weep not, gentle Lady ;  
" It distraets my heart with pain,  
" For the words you now commend me  
" Ne'er need I repeat again.

" Your dear self in France shall tell them ;  
" Shortly shall they see you there :  
" In me you behold Gayferos ;  
" Hence I come my spouse to bear.

" I'm the Lord of royal Paris,  
" Of that city so renown'd ;  
" Oliveros is my cousin,  
" Whose high deeds are blazon'd round :

" And Orlando is my uncle,  
" Love of her I hold so dear,  
" (And I trust that love will prosper,)  
" Leads me to her rescue here."

Melisenda knows her hero  
By his speech, and joyful hies  
From the window, and like lightning  
Down the steps transported flies.

To the square in haste descending,  
Where her Lord with fond alarms,  
And a tender kiss, receiv'd her,  
As he clasp'd her in his arms.

But a Moor that watch'd the Ladies  
Chanc'd to see the fond embrace,  
And the dog with shouts tremendous  
Rouzes all th' affrighted place.

Fast they close the gates; Gayferos  
Sev'n times circles round the wall;  
But, no way t' escape discov'ring,  
Sees with pain this chance befall,

For his lovely Melisenda,  
Not himself, his bosom fears.  
From the Mosque Almanzor sallies  
When this dreadful din he hears;

And, the brazen trumpets sounding,  
Quick to arms the Moors repair,  
Forth in countless numbers sallying,  
And assembling in the square.

When the gentle Melisenda  
Saw her Lord in such a strait,  
What her voice so bravely utter'd  
'Tis a pleasure to relate:—

“ Now, my Lord, display your valour,  
“ All your breast to glory warm :  
“ Still the hero's dauntless spirit  
“ Rises with the rising storm.

" If from this you scape, Gayferos,  
" You will have enough to boast :  
" See where, madly rushing forward,  
" Comes the num'rous Moorish host.

" Would to heav'n you now had with you,  
" In this time of urgent need,  
" Your brave uncle, great Orlando's  
" Matchless arms and fiery steed !

" In my royal father's palace,  
" Often have I heard it told,  
" Through whole armies hath he brought him,  
" When they did the Chief enfold."

Tighter now the saddle girting,  
But the breast-plate loos'ning more,  
Prince Gayferos spurs the charger  
Till his sides were all of gore.

Light the steed, and active bounds he ;  
From his back again he lights,  
And still more the breast-plate slackens,  
And still more the saddle tights.

Nimbly then again he mounts him,  
Riding swifter than the wind,  
Whilst his lovely Melisenda  
Firmly keeps her seat behind.

Round the waist she clasps her hero,  
Who with manly courage glows,  
When advancing fast towards him  
He espies the Moorish foes.

Loud they shout, the brave steed hearing,  
Though the hostile bands were near,  
Leaves them far behind, and nimbly  
Bounds along in swift career.

But sev'n Moorish squadrons follow,  
Who with eager haste pursue ;  
Gallantly he turns his charger,  
And they meet his dauntless view.

But when close the Prince beholds them,  
And approaching closer still,  
Thus to lovely Melisenda  
Gently he unfolds his will :—

“ Dearest Lady, let me beg you  
“ From the steed awhile to light,  
“ And amidst the hasty tumult  
“ You perchance may scape their sight.

“ Sword you do not wear to combat ;  
“ I shall draw undaunted mine,  
“ And I mean to use it nobly,  
“ And in this rude contest shine.”

Melisenda then, alighting,  
Never ceas'd to weep and mourn,  
And, upon the ground low kneeling,  
Was with deep affliction torn.

Up to heav'n her eyes she lifted ;  
To her husband then she cry'd,  
" Heav'n preserve you !" while Gayferos  
Forward did his charger guide.

When the gen'rous steed retreated,  
You might well have thought him lame ;  
But when he advanc'd, his nostrils  
Breath'd a living fiery flame.

While the ground beneath him trembles,  
Swift as lightning he advanc'd,  
Thund'ring on the Moorish squadrons  
In the thickest ranks he lanc'd.

Nobly fought the daring warrior,  
And his dauntless steed still more ;  
Down on ev'ry side he beat them,  
Down the hostile squadrons bore.

With their life's blood wholly cover'd,  
As their ranks he bravely broke,  
When Almanzor saw him fighting,  
Thus in strange surprise he spoke :—

" Gracious Alla ! who can this be ?

" What a noble Cavalier !

" Has Rinaldo of Montalban,

" Or Orlando, ventur'd here ?

" Never yet in furious battle

" Hero did such might display !

" 'Tis perhaps Urgel the valiant,

" Who has bent his arms this way.

" Of the Twelve, not one can combat

" Like this youth, so desp'rate brave !"

But when Prince Gayferos heard him,

This reply he fiercely gave :—

" I am neither of the Chieftains

" Whom your erring voice has nam'd,

" But Gayferos, Lord of Paris,

" Of that town so highly fam'd.

" Oliveros is my cousin,

" For his valiant deeds renown'd ;

" And Orlando is my uncle,

" With immortal glory crown'd :

" And I trust you'll find me worthy

" Of their high redoubted race :

" This firm heart, that pants for glory,

" Ne'er shall coward flight disgrace."

Seiz'd with terror, King Almanzor,  
When he heard this dauntless speech,  
With his Moors in haste retreating,  
Soon was far beyond his reach.

All alone remain'd Gayferos,  
Of his foes not one appear'd :  
Melisenda then her hero  
In an instant sweetly cheer'd.

Such delight inspir'd his presence,  
To her Lord she swiftly flew ;  
But his armour white discov'ring,  
All of one ensanguin'd hue,

With a voice quite faint and trembling,  
Mov'd with bitter fears she cry'd ;—  
“ Oh ! for heav'n's sake, Prince Gayferos,  
“ Lay each false restraint aside :

“ And if wounded, plainly tell me ?  
“ All your armour's sprent with gore :  
“ Num'rous were the Moorish squadrons,  
“ And on you they fiercely bore.

“ Quickly will I tear my ruffles,  
“ With soft lint to staunch the wound.  
“ Oh ! it grieves my heart to see you !”  
And she heav'd a sigh profound.

" Silence ! lovely Princess, silence !  
 " Let thy bosom know no fear :  
 " Had they been ten times as num'rous,  
 " They had fall'n beneath my spear.

" This same armour is my uncle's,  
 " And 'tis his unrivall'd steed ;  
 " Cavalier that has them never  
 " Need the foe in battle heed.

" But make haste to mount, dear lady,  
 " This no moment for delay ;  
 " Ere the Moors again attack us,  
 " We must through the gates away."

Lo ! where now fair Melisenda,  
 Seated on her steed again,  
 Forward journies, ne'er rememb'ring  
 Scenes of late afflicting pain.

Of sweet love she talks, and thinks not  
 Of the routed Moorish foe ;  
 Whilst along the road the charger  
 Seems with lightsome step to go.

In the night the roads they travel,  
 But in days the lonely fields,  
 Where their course wild herbs and water  
 Only for a season yields :



Till fair France again they enter,  
And the Christian lands explore,  
Then their hearts, all care resigning,  
Soon a cheerful aspect wore.

But thus trav'ling, as they journey'd  
Through a valley, they descri'd  
On the mountain, at a distance,  
Some fierce Knight to meet them ride.

When Gayferos sees his armour,  
Though no fears his heart appal,  
Still he cries to Melisenda,  
" This mischance is worse than all.

" Yon same Cavalier approaching  
" Is a bold advent'rous Knight :  
" Moor or Christian, which I know not,  
" But I must prepare to fight.

" Therefore now alight, my fair one,  
" And by me for safety stand."  
Much she wept, while Prince Gayferos  
Held his lady by the hand.

As the Knights draw near each other,  
Shields and lances they prepare ;  
Couching low, and forward bounding,  
Thus the fiery combat dare.

Loud the steeds neigh, when Gayferos

Overjoy'd beholds his own.

" Courage ! lovely lady, let not

" Terror in your looks be shewn.

" 'Tis my steed that bounds to meet us,

" Here have we no foe to dread :

" Oft on barley well delighted

" Yon good charger have I fed.

" In my armour Montesinos

" Is the Knight advancing near ;

" He was absent when from Paris

" I began my course to steer."

Melisenda gladly hears it,

Praying heav'n to find it true ;

While the Cavaliers, undaunted,

Nearer ev'ry moment drew.

Loud they call, and loud they question ;

When the gallant Knights, o'erjoy'd,

Hail each other, either bosom

Was no more with care annoy'd.

Swift they light, while gen'rous transport

Fires each hero's manly breast ;

Love and friendship unaffected

At the meeting they express'd.

As they journey, Knights and Chieftains  
Daily these brave warriors join;  
Many a lady, too, and damsel  
In their train delighted shine.

And when they approach nigh Paris,  
Forth the gallant Emp'ror bends;  
Oliveros and Orlando,  
And a num'rous train of friends.

Prince Belmudez and Count Bertram  
Fly the faithful pair to meet;  
And the Twelve that round one table  
Of the same rich viands eat.

Count Orlando's spouse Doñalda,  
Julianesa young and fair,  
Brave King Julian's lovely daughter,  
Shone with other damsels there.

As the King salutes his daughter,  
What sweet thoughts his mind employ!  
Ev'ry word he speaks is mingled  
With delicious tears of joy.

All the Twelve Gayferos honor,  
In the fight a lion found;  
Henceforth with esteem unequall'd  
And immortal glory crown'd,

Since he freed his lovely lady  
From the captive's hated chain,  
Sweetly sounds the joyous music,  
Sweetly plays a lively strain.

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THE ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
COUNT CLAROS OF MONTALBAN.

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THIS Ballad relates an anecdote of one of Charlemagne's daughters, who were all of them, as history informs us, of very gallant dispositions. It may perhaps originate in the well-known story of his Secretary Eginhart. The ballad is not mentioned in Don Quixote. It differs from Turpin's history, in speaking of Orlando and Oliveros as living after the death of Rinaldo ; whereas we are there told they all perished together at Roncevalles.

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MIDNIGHT reigns, and all is silent,  
Save the cock that early crows ;  
But Count Claros love has wounded,  
And fond love denies repose.

Restless all the night he tosses,  
Frequent turning in his bed ;  
Sighing for the lovely Clara,  
Balmy sleep his eyelids fled.

But the morning rays appearing,  
 When they first refulgent broke,  
 From his couch impatient leaping,  
 Loud he call'd, and thus he spoke :—

“ Rise, my Chamberlain, to dress me.”  
 When his master's voice he hears,  
 On his arms the garments bearing,  
 In a moment he appears.

\* Rob'd in scarlet, now, Count Claros  
 Wears a vesture rich and gay,  
 That, with curious art embroider'd,  
 Does his matchless taste display.

And so rich a cloak is giv'n him,  
 That it might a city buy ;  
 Round the collar gems three hundred  
 Dazzle the beholder's eye.

Then his gallant steed they bring him,  
 Ne'er a courtier boasts so rare ;  
 Saddle, housings, bit, and bridle,  
 All of worth above compare.

Hawk's bells, thrice a hundred, jingling,  
 On the horse's breast appear ;  
 Gold, and tinkling brass, and silver,  
 With a pleasant sound they cheer.

---

\* Literally scarlet stockings, cordovan buskins, and a silk lined with program.

264      COUNT CLAROS OF MONTALBAN.

Strait rode he towards the palace,  
And the Princess Clara found ;  
Lovely damsels full three hundred  
Waiting in attendance round.

O ! she seem'd so wondrous lovely,  
Well the youth's fond heart might bleed :  
When the gallant Count perceiv'd her,  
He alighted from his steed.

On his knees respectful bending,  
Thus in accents soft he cry'd :—  
“ Heav'n preserve thee, gentle lady !”  
“ Welcome, Count !” the maid reply'd.

Then, in am'rous converse talking,  
In their hearts the tender flame,  
Love's soft passion long had kindled,  
Burnt with mutual warmth the same.

“ O Count Claros of Montalban,  
“ In the tourneys how you shine !  
“ With the valiant Moors to combat,  
“ What a handsome form is thine !”

“ O ! 'tis far more handsome, lady,  
“ To engage with beauty's charms !  
“ Could I but a night pass sweetly  
“ Sleeping in your happy arms !

" In the morning Moors a thousand  
" I should dare to meet them all ;  
" Let them slay me, if they did not  
" Soon beneath my prowess fall !"

" Silence ! good Count Claros, silence !  
" Wrong indeed yourself to praise !  
" Knight that would enchant the ladies  
" Must by deeds his valour blaze :

" But when boasters march to battle,  
" Then a sure excuse they find."—  
" Why to disbelieve me, fairest,  
" Is thy gentle heart inclin'd ?

" Sev'n years have I truly serv'd you  
" Since I first begun to love :  
" In the night no rest enjoy I,  
" In the day no solace prove."

" Count, it always was your pleasure  
" Thus to trifle with the fair ;  
" To the baths I go, and sweetly  
" Then the joys of love we'll share."

Thus reply'd the Count, " Sweet Princess,  
" You are of a noble race ;  
" And you know I am a sportsman,  
" Royal game I love to chase.



“ And, when once the game is started,

“ Ne’er I leave it till it’s mine.”

At these words the lovely Princess

Did her willing hand resign ;

And a pleasant grove they enter’d,

Where, beneath a rose’s shade,

Sweetest kisses fondly giving,

Long in amorous sport they play’d.

This was love’s auspicious moment,

Nothing cou’d her lips deny ;

When the Count so softly press’d her,

Smiling did the maid comply,

But, alas ! how soon does Fortune

Shift her wheel inconstant round,

For, by chance, a hunter passing

Saw them sporting on the ground !

In an evil hour he saw them

As a ravening hawk he ey’d :

When the Count perceiv’d him gazing,

Thus, appall’d with fear, he cry’d :—

“ Harken ! hearken ! noble hunter,

“ And your tongue discreetly hold :

“ Favours high will I bestow you ;

“ Twice five hundred marks in gold.

" And, if more you crave, I'll grant it :

" Your's a lady fair shall be,

" My sweet cousin ; few so lovely,

" Few so gentle, too, as she !

" For her portion will I give you

" Fair Montalban's spacious town."

Much more did the Princess promise,

But he gave a sullen frown,

And, to listen more disdaining,

To the royal palace goes ;

From his lips the fatal story

In these accents quickly flows ;—

" King, O King, may heav'n preserve you !

" Long in peace your crown maintain !

" News I bring you, news of moment,

" Though it will but give you pain.

" Little boots it that in grandeur

" High your hands the sceptre bear,

" If that sceptre be supplanted,

" Falling to another's share ;

" If, to foul dishonor stooping,

" To this deed you set no bound !

" Know, Count Claros of Montalban

" With the Princess late I found.

" In your park did he embrace her,  
 " And in wanton dalliance lay :  
 " 'Twas a shame to see them sporting  
 " In the face of open day."

" Slay that huntsman ! instant slay him !"  
 Furious cry'd the angry King,  
 " Since a tale of foul dishonor  
 " He so boldly dares to bring !"

Round him then his guards commanding,  
 Forth he sent with urgent speed,  
 Soldiers full three hundred hast'ning  
 To avenge the guilty deed.

All the city gates were fasten'd ;  
 Such the Count's unhappy lot,  
 If he dar'd resist the mandate,  
 They shou'd slay him on the spot.

In the palace court they found him,  
 Where his person soon was seiz'd ;  
 All his joy to sorrow changing,  
 When the King was so displeas'd.

Both his feet with painful tortures  
 Now the pond'rous fetters goad ;  
 Both his hands, ignobly shackled,  
 Wear alike the heavy load.

Round his neck an iron collar  
Huge of size is fasten'd tight ;  
On a mule dishonor'd highly,  
Rides he in the people's sight.

To a lonely tow'r they lead him,  
To a dark and dismal place ;  
And the King, the keys receiving,  
Suffers none to see his face. .

Not a person might approach him :  
All the Nobles humbly plead ;  
Oliveros and Orlando,  
And the Twelve Peers, intercede.

E'en the nuns of two fam'd convents  
Gracious intercession make,  
With a crucifix before them,  
Their procession solemn take.

At their head th' Archbishop marching,  
And a Cardinal by his side ;  
But the Emp'ror would not listen,  
And with wrathful fury cry'd :—

“ Let my faithful Peers be summon'd ;  
“ They shall know my royal will,  
“ And the sacred course of justice  
“ It becomes me to fulfil.

" Friends," he adds, " and noble Chieftains,"  
 When he saw them gather'd round,  
 " Know, Count Claros of Montalban  
 " Was in acts dishonest found ;

" That Count Claros, whom I cherish'd  
 " From his tender earliest age,  
 " Guarding his estates securely,  
 " Till he came to manhood's stage :

" All his noble father left him,  
 " Brave Rinaldo highly fam'd,  
 " Whom, to do still greater honor,  
 " Regent of the state I nam'd.

" But observe how ill he paid me,  
 " How my tender hopes beguil'd,  
 " By dishonoring my daughter,  
 " Her fond parents' darling child.

" For this injury, friends, what sentence  
 " Shall upon th' offender fall ?"  
 " Let him lose his head !" replying,  
 Loud the courtiers answer all.

When they pass'd the fatal sentence,  
 Universal silence reign'd ;  
 And the Emp'ror seal'd it, grieving  
 Thus to see his honor stain'd.

But the good Archbishop, rising,  
 To the King made this request,  
 "That he might acquaint Count Claros  
 "Of his high and dread behest;

"That to death he's doom'd to answer  
 "For his deeds so basely done,"—  
 "Licence shall you have to see him;  
 "Licence else I grant to none.

"With this trusty Page go enter  
 "Where the Count's confin'd alone;  
 "Tell him, on the scaffold justly  
 "Shall his life his guilt atone."

Mournful to the prison marching,  
 Strait the kind Archbishop goes,  
 And the licence giv'n to see him  
 To the guards attending shews.

With the Page behind him ent'ring—  
 Fain he would have giv'n relief  
 To the Count's afflicted bosom  
 In this place of pain and grief.

"Ah!" cry'd he, "what anguish wounds me  
 "This distressful sight to see!  
 "Love's soft errors might be pardon'd,  
 "Not chastis'd to this degree!

" Count, the news I bring is solemn,  
 " Grief and horror to disclose ;  
 " To your friends afflicting sorrow,  
 " Pleasure only to your foes.

" Would these tidings had but fallen  
 " To another to relate !  
 " Arm'd with fortitude, prepare you,  
 " Listen to your piteous fate.

" Fortune still the brave disdaining,  
 " Nothing can their minds annoy,  
 " With an equal temper bearing  
 " Throbbing pain and thrilling joy.

" Your's the giddy hour of pleasure,  
 " Now a sad reverse you see :  
 " Love's soft errors might be pardon'd,  
 " Not chastis'd to this degree !

" Long did I entreat the Emp'rör,  
 " But, alas ! sweet mercy's fled,  
 " And the sentence is awarded  
 " That condemns your forfeit head.

" Therefore, nephew, dream no longer  
 " Of the hours of love and joy :  
 " Such the evils men must suffer,  
 " Who so ill their youth employ.

" Prison, unavailing sorrow,  
" And a death dishonor'd too,  
" Fall on those who, led by passion,  
" Women with wild lust pursue."

" Say not so, my gen'rous uncle,  
" Say not so," the Count reply'd ;  
" He that loves not lovely woman  
" For a man may be deny'd.

" For sweet woman's sake I'll suffer  
" Ev'ry pain the King can give,  
" Death preferring to the misery  
" Void of love's soft smiles to live."

" Nobly," cry'd the Page, " you answer ;  
" Happy will they call your death,  
" Since for such a lovely object  
" Bravely you resign your breath.

" Envy fires my youthful bosom ;  
" Rather the brave Count I'd be  
" Than the Prince who thus condemns him,  
" Wretched in the sentence he !

" Let them not a death so honor'd  
" Falsely as a stigma blame :  
" We may call it fortune's error,  
" It deserves this gentle name.



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"Tell them that you brave the scaffold,  
" And with glory go to die ;  
" That with this unworthy treatment  
" You without regret comply."

To the Page Count Claros listen'd,  
Glad to find a faithful friend.  
" To the Princess, Page, I'm conscious  
" You will scarce refuse to bend ?

" Oh ! entreat her when they lead me  
" To the scaffold, there to bleed,  
" That at least she'll deign to see me  
" Suffer for love's erring deed.

" Then, her lovely sight enjoying,  
" I shall ev'ry pang despise,  
" Whilst I gaze with ardent rapture  
" On her dear enchanting eyes."

To the beauteous Princess speeding,  
Swift the Page pursues his way,  
Whilst his eyes, with tears o'erflowing,  
Like a spring, his grief betray.

Humbly bowing when he found her,  
What he said you soon shall hear ;—  
" Lady, tidings sad I bring you  
" Of the youth you prize so dear.

" On the scaffold must he suffer,  
" Suffer for your much-lov'd sake :  
" If you can, for brave Count Claros  
" Gracious intercession make."

In a swoon the Princess falling,  
Instant sunk upon the ground,  
And the gentle dames and damsels  
Hasten'd to restore her round.

But, her nurse alone succeeding,  
Calls her back to life again ;  
" Whence," cries she, " my lovely mistress,  
" Whence this sudden source of pain ?"

" O for life, for life I care not,  
" Since the hapless Count must die !  
" Of all ladies, none so wretched,  
" None so sore distress'd, as I !"

" Oh ! away, away, my daughter !  
" Brave the fiercest, worst alarms ;  
" To the scaffold fly, and tear him  
" From the rude barbarians' arms !"

Like the wind the Princess flying,  
Through the streets pursues her way,  
Where she sees the fatal scaffold,  
And prepar'd the sharp axe lay.

Gentle dames and lovely damsels  
 Forth to see Count Claros go,  
 And, in sad procession marching,  
 Form a train o'ercome with woe.

Heralds first, his crime proclaiming,  
 March'd th' unhappy Count before,  
 Follow'd by a troop so num'rous,  
 Scarce she cou'd her path explore.

" Guards, give way ! give way this instant !  
 " By my father's life I swear,  
 " He shall die that to obstruct me  
 " Does with bold presumption dare !"

When the soldiers heard the Princess,  
 Whilst aloud she boldly cry'd,  
 Room to pass they freely left her,  
 Drawing all amaz'd aside.

" Courage ! courage ! brave Count Claros,  
 " Let not fear your heart dismay ;  
 " From the scaffold will I save you,  
 " Though my life the forfeit pay !"

With this speech the Marshal hast'ning,  
 Tells it to the wond'ring King,  
 Who with deep attention hears him  
 News of such strange import bring.

" Sire, delay not to the scaffold  
 " Rais'd amidst the spacious square,  
 " By the Count the Princess standing,  
 " Shouts to ev'ry soldier there,

" ' Guards, give way ! who dares to touch him,  
 " ' By my father's life I swear,  
 " ' Instant vengeance shall pursue him !  
 " ' Wisely let him, then, forbear !

" Urgent is the case, so urgent,  
 " That no doubt she'll tear him thence."  
 At these words the Emp'ror, rising,  
 Did his hasty march commence.

When he came, he cry'd, " O daughter,  
 " What does all this tumult mean ?  
 " Dare you thus oppose my mandate  
 " By this strange outrageous scene ?

" By my royal crown and sceptre,  
 " Had I but another heir,  
 " Both the Count and you should suffer,  
 " Neither shou'd my vengeance spare !"

" Slay me, father ! freely slay me !  
 " Take the life you gave away !  
 " But Rinaldo's faithful service  
 " Do not so unkindly pay.

" For your sake, in glorious battle  
 " Recollect he bravely dy'd :  
 " Shall his son be thus rewarded ?  
 " O not so ! not so !" she cry'd.

" Let not false deceitful traitors  
 " Bring him to this cruel strait ;  
 " Infamy your daughter cov'ring,  
 " Will be her eternal fate.

" Sire, in mercy deign to listen,  
 " And his forfeit life restore !  
 " Kings should never act with passion  
 " Which they oft too late deplore.

" Noble is the Count in lineage ;  
 " Where shall we a worthier meet,  
 " Of the Twelve that round one table  
 " Of the same rich viands eat ?

" All his friends, and all his kindred,  
 " Ill the deep disgrace will bear,  
 " And, by war the kingdom ruin'd,  
 " Be no longer worth your care."

When the King heard this, revolving  
 All the matter in his mind,  
 " Friends," cries he, " I need your counsel,  
 " And to hearken am inclin'd."

From the spot aside retreating,  
For a space the Nobles drew,  
And at length, a pardon voting,  
Soon the King their counsel knew,

Not to wound his daughter's honor,  
And disastrous war to cause :  
Pardon then the Emp'ror granting,  
Stays the sentence of the laws.

And, moreo'er, the Peers entreat him,  
As the Princess loves the Knight,  
To permit the Count to wed her,  
And Rinaldo's deeds requite.

" Off then take," cries he, " those irons,  
" With the cords that bind him round,  
" And in softer fetters let him  
" Be with my fair daughter bound !"

Then, the good Archbishop calling,  
He their hands delighted joins,  
While each look, to pleasure waking,  
Like the sun so radiant shines.

When the nuptial rites were ended,  
Joy prevail'd instead of woe ;  
Ev'ry past distress forgetting,  
With fond love their bosoms glow.

*The Count's Uncle to his Nephew.*

Like the wind, your hopes, inconstant,  
 Ne'er for one sole moment rest,  
 For a thousand changes follow  
 Still to chase them from your breast.

E'en fond love, that seem'd so gentle,  
 Wears no more a smiling face ;  
 Taunts and bitter looks, succeeding,  
 Drive him from his wonted place.

Such is woman's love, so fickle  
 That it never rests the same.

*The Count's Reply.*

What are arms compar'd with woman ?  
 What is honor, what is fame ?

For her sake we often keep them,  
 Oft recover when they're lost.  
 Why, then, shou'd my wand'ring bosom  
 Be with endless fancies tost ?

Cease, oh ! cease now to persuade me,  
 Nought my steady soul shall move :  
 Arms and fame till death I'll cherish,  
 Woman never cease to love.



ANCIENT BALLADS  
OF  
MONTESINOS,  
&c.

---

THESE Ballads of Montesinos, Durandarte, and Belerma, are mentioned in the 6th chapter of the 2d book and 2d part of Don Quixote, in the famous visit the Knight pays to the Cave of Montesinos in La Mancha; to which we refer the reader. But at the same time must not omit to mention, that the Ballad of Durandarte, which Mr. Lewis translated, is to be found in a small volume of Romances in the possession of R. Heber, Esq., being the only one relative to the Twelve Peers of France in that book.

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PART FIRST.  
BALLAD OF MONTESINOS.

---

MID the thickest of the battle,  
Where he sees the tumult rage,  
Flies the gallant Montesinos,  
Still impatient to engage.



All that his strong arm encounters  
In a moment he o'erthrows ;  
Well his noble steed assists him,  
Beating down the numerous foes.

As to some fierce bull grown furious,  
Room where'er he turns they yield,  
Not less fierce does Montesinos  
Dart like lightning round the field ;

And a huge Moor sees before him,  
Who in daring feats excell'd,  
Steep'd in blood of France his sabre,  
And with pride his bosom swell'd.

'Twas the mighty Albenzayde,  
Who a fame illustrious bore ;  
Mounted on a beauteous charger,  
Dapple-grey, advanc'd the Moor.

Soon as Montesinos ey'd him,  
With still deeper rage he burn'd ;  
Spurr'd his fiery steed to meet him,  
And his pointed jav'lin turn'd.

Dreadful was the dire encounter ;  
As he flung him to the ground,  
His strong lance, to pieces shiver'd,  
Gave a sure and mortal wound.

In the hand of Montesinos,  
 See, the stump alone remains !  
 When he found the weapon useless,  
 Round he view'd the hostile plains.

There he saw his army ruin'd,  
 And his soldiers overthrown,  
 All the fleurs de lys lie scatter'd,  
 In the pow'r of Moors alone.

He no more brave Oliveros,  
 Nor the Lord of Braña, spies ;  
 When, with blood and dust all cover'd,  
 From the fatal field he hies ;

Gallant Durandarte seeking,  
 Who had long retir'd afar,  
 With a mortal wound retreating  
 From the dreadful scene of war.



BALLAD  
OF  
MONTESINOS and DURANDARTE.

—  
PART SECOND.  
—

By the blood of Durandarte,  
By the track he left behind,  
O'er a mountain Montesinos,  
Rough and steep, his path inclin'd.

Forward as he pensive journey'd,  
Scarce had beam'd the morning ray,  
When the bells of Paris sounding  
Told the early dawn of day.

Hewn to pieces was his armour,  
Soil'd with blood, no longer bright;  
But his left hand held the bridle,  
And his spear's poor half his right:

For its fellow-half lay bury'd  
 In the bosom of a Moor ;  
 In the mighty Albenzayde's,  
 Welt'ring whom he left in gore.

Useless was the broken remnant,  
 Save to make his charger go ;  
 Who, fatigu'd, advances forward,  
 Still with painful step and slow.

All along the greensward trav'ling,  
 When he saw it stain'd with blood,  
 Wildly throb'd his manly bosom,  
 Fear his gen'rous soul subdu'd.

Dreading sore to find some Chieftain,  
 E'en the dearest of his friends—  
 Thus in deep suspense remaining,  
 Tow'rd a lofty hedge he bends.

Stretch'd beneath he found a warrior  
 Who he thought his name express'd ;  
 Hark ! again he faintly calls him,  
 As the life's blood leaves his breast.

Montesinos little knows him,  
 Though he views the Knight so near,  
 For his beaver, closely fasten'd,  
 Will not let his face appear.

From his steed at length alighting,  
 Anguish seiz'd him, when he found  
 'Twas his cousin Durandarte  
 Dying of a mortal wound.

When the warriors knew each other,  
 Deeply sigh'd each noble breast,  
 When his cousin Montesinos  
 Durandarte thus address'd :—

(Though, at first, sad sobs prevented  
 Ev'ry word he wish'd to say,  
 Till his voice, an utt'rance finding,  
 Sore bewail'd the fatal day.)

“ Long may France lament this battle,  
 “ Her best soldiers strew the plain ;  
 “ Brave Count Palatine Orlando  
 “ Lies at Roncesvalles slain.

“ Bleeding, too, in pain and misery,  
 “ On the dusty ground I lie :  
 “ Well I know my wound is mortal ;  
 “ Cousin, I must shortly die !

“ But one favor I entreat you,  
 “ When my soul to heav'n is fled,  
 “ And when fast with sorrow streaming,  
 “ Your sad eyes behold me dead,

" Take my heart out from my body,

" And to dear Belerma bear ;

" Tell her, cousin, I consign it

" To her kind and tender care :

" Tell her that, in battle dying,

" 'Twas the last request I made,

" That the heart, which dearly lov'd her,

" To her arms shou'd be convey'd.

" All my fair estates I leave her,

" Say, my friend, they're all her own :"—

Utt'ring this, the fainting hero

Gave a loud expiring groan.

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MONTESINOS and DURANDARTE.

---

PART THIRD.

---

CLOS'D in death lies Durandarte,  
Montesinos sees him die,  
And, awhile in sorrow musing,  
Heaves a deep distressing sigh.

When he saw him mute and lifeless,  
And the warmth his corse forsook,  
From his friend his sword and helmet,  
And his armour off he took.

Then, with bitter anguish weeping,  
He fulfils his last request ;  
And, the hero's left side opening,  
Takes the heart out from his breast.

When he saw it lie before him,  
 Loud he rais'd the voice of woe :—  
 " Cousin, like a fountain streaming  
 " O'er thy heart my tears shall flow.

" Never France a warrior boasted  
 " More undaunted in the fight :  
 " Mild in peace, in war a lion ;  
 " Never liv'd a better Knight.

" To the grave thy corse consigning,  
 " Long thy virtues still shall live ;  
 " But thy heart to fair Belerma  
 " Will I, as thou bad'st me, give."

Deep he digs the grave, the body  
 Leaving to its native clay ;  
 Takes a parting look, and, weeping,  
 Bears the hero's heart away ;

From all eyes his face concealing  
 Till he had Belerma seen ;  
 Round his head his helmet fast'ning,  
 On he rides with pensive mien ;

And, the gates of Paris ent'ring,  
 To Belerma's palace goes,  
 To distract her gentle bosom,  
 And afflict her soul with woes.



THE ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
MONTESINOS AND BELERMA.

---

PART FOURTH.

---

LAUGHING with her damsels round her,  
With a gay and sprightly mien,  
As in France the fair Belerma  
Was in bloom of beauty seen ;

With a playful air she rises,  
And with smiles her thoughts express'd,  
" Liv'd there ever yet a lady  
" Like Belerma truly bless'd ?

" Gallant Durandarte loves me ;  
" Never did a Knight so true  
" Lead his gallant troops to battle,  
" And the stubborn foe subdue."

Partial lest that some might deem her,  
 She in calmer voice exclaim'd,  
 " Not as one enamour'd speaking  
 " Have I Durandarte' nam'd.

" Ev'ry eye that sees the hero  
 " Must his gen'rous worth confess ;  
 " Matchless in the field of battle,  
 " Nor in noble lineage less.

" Courteous, gentle, and engaging ;  
 " Cou'd a maid her love control,  
 " While his image reign'd triumphant  
 " In the inmost of her soul ?"

As she spoke, Belerma fainted,  
 Falling back upon the floor ;  
 But, recov'ring, thus she utter'd,—  
 " Evil sure is nigh the door !

" Never so my heart misgave me,  
 " Never felt such throbbing pain ;  
 " It forebodes some strange disaster  
 " I am fated to sustain."

Pearly tears her eyes distilling,  
 Round she turn'd, and from the fight,  
 Slowly and fatigu'd approaching,  
 Montesinos met her sight.

Pale and sad the hero's visage,  
All its ancient lustre fled ;  
On it wrote the dire misfortune  
That Belerma seem'd to dread.

On his knees he bent before her,  
Pitying much the weeping fair ;  
Fain had spoke, but could not utter,  
When he cou'd, he did not dare.

With a sigh his voice recov'ring,  
" Hark !" he cries, in accents low ;  
" News I bring you, lovely lady,  
" News of deep afflicting woe !"

" O ! say first," cry'd fair Belerma,  
Full of sad foreboding fear,  
" Where's your cousin Durandarte ?  
" Where he stays ? and why not here ?"—

" Cold beneath a green hedge lying,  
" Cold I left the hapless youth :  
" Lo ! his heart, he bade me bring it  
" To confirm his plighted truth.

" Deeply wounded, just expiring,  
" 'Twas his dying last request,  
" Lest the ravenous birds should tear it,  
" That I'd take it from his breast :

" Lest those worthless guests should banquet  
" Where your lovely image lay,  
" I fulfill'd this painful service,  
" And have brought the heart away.

" Ev'ry honor, ev'ry tribute,  
" That you might in life design,  
" Now, fair lady, you may pay it,  
" For this heart did your's enshrine."

---

BALLAD  
OF  
BELERMA.

---

PART FIFTH.

---

O'ER the heart Belerma weeping,  
Did her fatal loss deplore ;  
Tears of blood her eyes fast streaming,  
Watery tears would flow no more,

Her fine flaxen hair dishevell'd,  
All its beauteous tresses torn ;  
Clasping both her hands together,  
Long she does in silence mourn,

As she view'd the heart before her,  
As she fondly view'd it round,  
With fresh drops of blood 'twas cover'd,  
Slowly falling on the ground.

" Precious heart of Durandarte,  
 " Heart of him I lov'd so well !  
 " Blest in love, but cross'd in battle,  
 " Where the bleeding hero fell :  
  
 " He, alas ! that hither brought thee,  
 " Was, though passing cruel, kind :  
 " All thy fond and faithful service  
 " Rushes fresh upon my mind.  
  
 " Well will I repay thy service,  
 " Though from me all comfort's fled !"  
 Utt'ring this, the weeping maiden  
 Like a willow bow'd her head.



BALLAD  
OF  
BERTRAM'S FATHER.

---

THIS Ballad belongs likewise to the Battle of Roncesvalles, but is not particularly mentioned in Don Quixote. Perhaps this Bertram is the son of the gentleman so frequently mentioned, "Count Bertram, call'd the Old."

---

SLOWLY through the field of battle,  
Through the field where heroes bled,  
Goes th' old Man, his arms are weary,  
Turning of the numerous dead.

O'er and o'er he view'd the Frenchmen,  
Bertram still he cou'd not spy :  
Sev'n times cast they lots to seek him,  
Who shou'd with the task comply.

Fortune shews in three her malice,  
And on four she set a spell ;  
All the seven on his father,  
On his luckless father, fell.

Now he gives his horse the bridle,  
And pursues his lonely way ;  
On the road by night he travels,  
Seeks him on the heath by day.

On a lofty turret watching,  
 He at length a Moor espy'd,  
 And in Arabic address'd him;  
 Thus the aged warrior cry'd:—

“ Saw you, Moor, a noble Captain,  
 “ One that's clad in armour bright?  
 “ Gold I'll give you for his ransom,  
 “ If a pris'ner seiz'd in fight.

“ But if slain, his body give me,  
 “ In the hallow'd ground to rest.  
 “ What without the soul the body?  
 “ Poor the favor I request!”

“ Friend, describe the Knight you're seeking,  
 “ Him you fear some ill betides?”—  
 “ White the colour of his armour,  
 “ On a sorrel steed he rides.

“ In the cheek he once was wounded,  
 “ Where the mark is still display'd;  
 “ When a little boy, through anger  
 “ By a rav'ning goss-hawk made.”—

“ In yon meadow, cold and lifeless,  
 “ Lies the Knight you wish to greet:  
 “ In a sand-pit lies his body,  
 “ In the water lie his feet.”



THE ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF THE  
BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES.

---

THIS is the Ballad mentioned in Don Quixote, together with the Ballad of Calainos. Had it related wholly to the battle of Roncesvalles, it would have been introduced before the last six ; but it alludes to an event that happened seven years after, for which reason it is placed last in the list.

---

ILL you far'd at Roncesvalles,  
Frenchmen, fate your glory cross'd ;  
There your Peers in battle perish'd,  
There your King his honor lost.

And your Admiral Guarinos  
Fell a captive to the Moor ;  
Sev'n the Moorish Kings that seiz'd him,  
And their prize in triumph bore.

Sev'n times cast they lots to win him,  
Prince Marlotes won them all :  
Sev'n times to the brave Infanté  
Fortune bids the pris'ner fall.

More he priz'd the noble warrior  
Than Arabia highly blest,  
With its rich and royal city,  
When Guarinos he address'd :—

- " For the love of Alla, listen,  
    " And the Moorish faith embrace ;  
" Loaded then with wealth and honor,  
    " Thou shalt far excel thy race.
- " Then my daughters will I give thee,  
    " Daughters twain, their father's pride ;  
" One to robe thee, and the other  
    " For thy fair and faithful bride :
- " All Arabia for her portion,  
    " And its pleasant city too ;  
" More if you shall ask, Guarinos,  
    " More I promise yet to do."

Thus the gallant Chieftain answer'd,  
    You shall soon hear what he said :—  
" God himself, great King, forbids it,  
    " And his high behests I dread.

- " Christ's pure faith forbids to leave it,  
    " And on Mahomet rely ;  
" Neither can I wed your daughter,  
    " For in France a spouse have I."

At this speech, enrag'd, Marlotes  
    In a furious passion flew,  
And, his hands ignobly shackling,  
    In the pris'n Guarinos threw ;

300 THE BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES.

And with pond'rous iron loads him  
From the shoulders to the feet ;  
Thrice too in the year condemns him  
Stripes of open shame to meet :

At the Beiram, then at Christmas,  
And at Easter-tide again :  
Still, as they revolve, Guarinos  
Groans beneath afflicting pain.

Days were come, and days were over,  
'Twas St. John's illustrious day,  
When the Moors, the Jews, and Christians,  
Fêtes and solemn rites display :

Moors wear sumptuous robes of gala,  
Reeds the gallant Christians throw,  
And, the festive day to honour,  
Jews the streets with rushes strew.

Then Marlotes, for his pastime,  
Rais'd a \* trophy fair and high ;  
Tow'ring with stupendous grandeur,  
Lo ! it reaches to the sky.

---

\* It does not appear exactly what this game was. The word, I have rendered trophy, signifies apparently a scaffolding, against which they either pushed or threw their lances, that required great strength and ability to throw down.

Now the Moors, their lances poizing,  
At the lofty trophy aim'd ;  
Not half way they flung : Marlôtes  
In a passion then proclaim'd :—

“ To her child the tender mother  
“ Shall not dare the breast to give :  
“ None shall taste of food ; by Alla,  
“ If he does, he shall not live ;

“ Till that lofty trophy yonder  
“ To the ground is bravely thrown,  
“ And some Moor, his skill exerting,  
“ Hath his gallant prowess shewn.”

When Guarinos from his prison  
Heard so great a shouting made,  
“ Help me, heav'n !—what means this tumult ?”  
In a trembling voice he said.

“ Or the Princess must be marry'd,  
“ Or a widow left forlorn ;  
“ Or, to grievous stripes that dooms me,  
“ This is some unhappy morn.”

When the Jailer heard Guarinos,  
As perchance he stood beside,  
“ Neither is the Princess marry'd,  
“ For she long has been a bride :

“ Nor a widow’s garments wears she,  
 “ Neither is it Easter-day,  
 “ When such grievous stripes you suffer ;  
 “ But St. John’s, when all is gay.

“ And Marlotes for his pastime  
 “ Hath a trophy rais’d on high ;  
 “ Tow’ring with stupendous grandeur,  
 “ Lo ! it reaches to the sky.

“ Moors have try’d to prove their valour,  
 “ And their lances vainly aim’d :  
 “ When Marlotes saw they miss’d it,  
 “ In a passion he proclaim’d,

“ ‘To her child the tender mother  
 “ ‘ Shall not dare the breast to give :  
 “ ‘ None shall taste of food ; by Alla,  
 “ ‘ If he does, he shall not live ;

“ ‘ Till that lofty trophy yonder  
 “ ‘ To the ground is bravely thrown ;  
 “ ‘ And some Moor, his skill exerting,  
 “ ‘ Hath his gallant prowess shewn.’ ”

When the valiant Admiral heard it,  
 Thus aloud he bravely spoke,—  
 “ Let them but the steed restore me  
 “ That once glory’d in my yoke ;

“ And return the goodly armour  
 “ That in fight I us’d to wear ;  
 “ And the lance that, lightly poizing,  
 “ I was wont in France to bear ;

“ And the trophy I will fling it  
 “ In a moment bravely down :  
 “ Let them slay me, if I do not  
 “ Thus confirm my past renown.”

Though the Jailer laugh’d to hear him,  
 To Guarinos still he cry’d,—  
 “ Sev’n long years a wretched captive  
 “ Here in prison you abide ;

“ Yet pretend with strength unrivall’d  
 “ This fair trophy down to throw ?  
 “ You shall try, for to Marlot’s  
 “ Will I this bold daring shew.”

In the square he found his master,  
 And aloud exclaim’d, “ O King,  
 “ Deign you but awhile to listen ;  
 “ News of strange import I bring.

“ That same captive whom you trusted  
 “ In the prison to my care,  
 “ When he heard you rais’d this trophy,  
 “ Tow’ring high aloft in air,

304 THE BATTLE OF RUNCESVALLES.

“ Though sev’n years in chains remaining,

“ Yet hath thus undaunted spoke,

“ ‘ Let them but the steed restore me

“ ‘ That once glory’d in my yoke ;

“ ‘ And return the goodly armour

“ ‘ That in fight I us’d to wear ;

“ ‘ And the lance that, lightly poizing,

“ ‘ I was wont in France to bear ;

“ ‘ And the trophy I will fling it

“ ‘ In a moment bravely down :

“ ‘ Let them slay me, if I do not

“ ‘ Thus confirm my past renown.’ ”

When Marlotes heard the Jailer,

Forth the hardy Chief was brought,

And the steed, his master’s glory,

Was through all the city sought.

Sev’n long years had they condemn’d him,—

O the weary painful time !—

In a cart to toil ignobly,

Drawing weighty loads of lime :

And his armour, too, they gave him,

Cover’d o’er so thick with rust,

That Marlotes laugh’d to see him

Thus preparing for the joust.

" And is this the famous warrior,  
" This the gallant Cavalier,  
" That pretends in strength to rival  
" All my valiant Nobles here ?"

In a furious rage Guarinos  
Dealt so rude a vig'rous blow,  
That above one half the trophy  
To the ground came thund'ring low.

Fierce as angry lions tow'rd's him  
Tri'es of Moors transported flew,  
But Guarinos in a moment  
Many a hardy Chieftain slew.

Still the Moors pour'd on so num'rous,  
'Twas in vain to dare the fight :  
Spurring then his gen'rous charger  
Soon he fled beyond their sight.

When in France they saw the warrior  
To his native soil restor'd,  
Ev'ry heart rejoic'd, and feasting  
Crown'd the Emperor's royal board.



THE ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
THE CID AND MOORISH KING,  
*Who lost Valencia.*

---

THERE are few heroes so famous both in history and romance as the Cid of whom we are now speaking, whose true name was Rodrigo de Bivar. He recovered Valencia from the Moors, but it was again lost after his death, for a short space only ; for it was recaptured, and never again submitted to their yoke. Among the numerous romances concerning the Cid, this was the only one found in company with the Twelve Peers ; and possibly, for this reason, it may be that mentioned in Don Quixote, though his name and actions are frequently alluded to.

---

LOOK, look, on the causey yonder  
Rides the Moorish King this way ;  
Like a trim light horseman mounted  
On his mare, a glossy bay,

Round his legs Morocco buskins,  
On his heels gold spurs he wears ;  
On his breast a shining target ;  
In his hand a lance he bears.

At Valencia is he looking,  
How 'tis strongly circled round.  
" O Valencia, O Valencia,  
" Fire consume thee to the ground !

" Once to valiant Moors belong'st thou,  
" Now the Christians o'er thee reign :  
" If my lance doth not deceive me,  
" Moors shall be thy Lords again.

" That vile dog the Cid I'll take him  
" By the beard, though ne'er so brave ;  
" And his wife Ximena quickly  
" Shall she bow my humble slave.

" But his daughter, fair Urraca,  
" For my mistress I intend ;  
" When I have enough enjoy'd her,  
" Then I'll give her to my friend."

All this heard the Cid, who, list'ning,  
Stood behind the city wall.  
" Hither, hither, my Urraca ;  
" Daughter, 'tis your father's call.

" Off your daily robes, and quickly  
" Put your Sunday garments on ;  
" Keep this haughty Moor in converse,  
" Whilst I arm myself anon.

" I must saddle my Babieca,  
 " And my sword about me gird."  
 To the window came Urraca,  
 When her father's voice she heard.

When the gallant Moor perceiv'd her,  
 You shall soon hear what he said :—  
 " Alla guard thee, fair Urraca !  
 " Alla guard thee, lovely maid !"

" Welcome ! welcome !" cry'd the lady ;  
 " Glad am I to see you here :  
 " Sev'n long years have I esteem'd you,  
 " Sev'n long years have held you dear."

" Just so many, lovely lady,  
 " In my loyal breast you reign."  
 Whilst the Moorish King was parleying,  
 Came the noble Cid again.

" Farewel, my true love," she answer'd ;  
 " I must go : adieu ! adieu !  
 " Hark ! it is Babieca's master,  
 " Loud doth he inquire for you."

Where the mare her foot sets nimbly,  
 There Babieca sets his own ;  
 Thus the Cid, with sorrow grieving,  
 Made his deep vexation known :—

" May the mother burst that will not  
" Wait her loving son's embrace !"  
Sev'n times doth he nearly catch him,  
Swiftly as he holds the chase.

But the mare was young and active ;  
To the river side she came,  
Where a boat was moor'd ; rejoicing,  
Thus the King did loud exclaim :—

" Boatman ! boatman ! hither, hither !  
" Time admits of no delay :"  
Leaps the King in haste within it,  
And the boatman rows away.

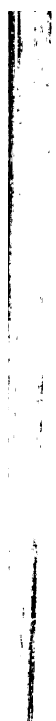
When the Cid came nigh the river,  
And perceiv'd the Moor was safe,  
Fury, in his bosom rising,  
Did his noble spirit chafe ;

But he whirl'd his sharp lance at him,  
And exclaim'd, with high disdain,—  
" Son-in-law, expect me shortly  
" To demand the lance again."

—  
*The End.*  
—

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